Middlebury

COLLEGE NEWS LETTER SUMMER 1976

News Letter Fiftieth Anniversary Issue

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COVER II (left): *Anne Morrow Lindbergh, commencement speaker, receives an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. Dean Dennis O'Brien places doctoral hood over her shoulders while President Robison presents the degree.*

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CREDITS: Graphics Design—Ray Denney. Pictures—Cover II, pp. 3, 7, 12, 17, 20, 31, 32, 33, 38, 44, 45—Eric Borg; pp. 19, 34 (top), 35 (top), 36—Max Petersen; pp. 2, 4—Rother Studio.

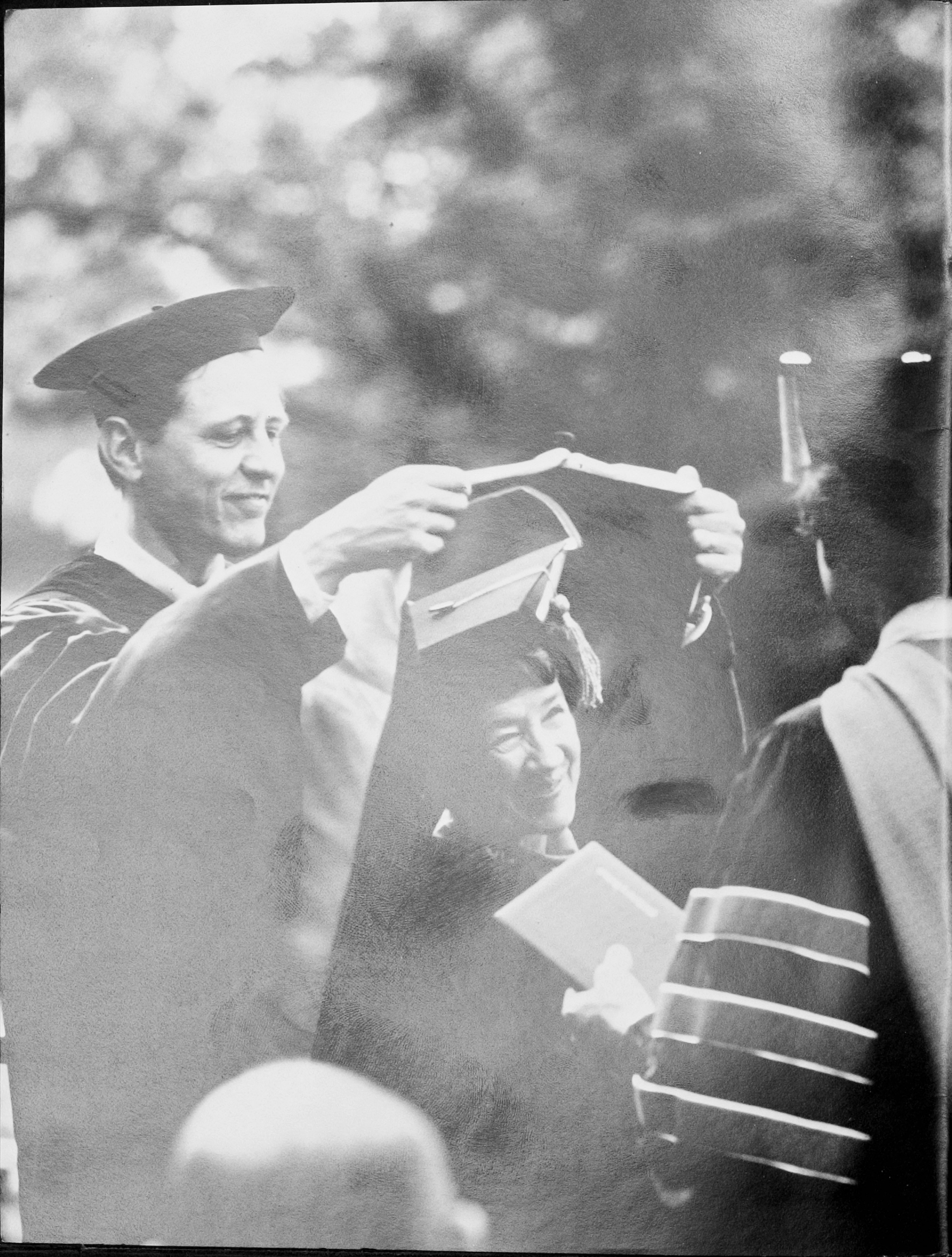
Middlebury
COLLEGE NEWS LETTER

VOL. 51, NO. 1
SUMMER 1976

EDITOR *(Summer Issue)*: George H. Huban. Editorial Board: Ray Bosworth '29, Murray Hoyt '26, Howard Munford '34, Lester Ingalls '41, Gordon Perine '49, Kenneth Nourse '52, Barbara Villet '52, Bruce Peterson '56, Max Petersen, Barbara Weeks Miner.

Middlebury College publishes the Middlebury College News Letter as a magazine four times a year and as a four-page bulletin twice in the fall and twice in the spring, for a total of eight issues. Editorial office at Forest Hall, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753. Second-class postage paid at Middlebury, Vt., and at additional mailing office.

The Middlebury College News Letter is mailed without charge to all alumni and to all parents of students and recent graduates. Each reader who is about to move can save the College money by sending in a change-of-address card at the earliest possible date.



and 35 sophomores in its first year of training. Under the original terms of the agreement with the College the two-year basic ROTC course was compulsory for all students while the two-year advanced course was optional.

The Middlebury unit soon grew to 600 men and remained at those levels during the 1950s and early 60s. Enrollments began a slight decline in the mid-1960s and fell further when the College terminated the two-year compulsory requirement in favor of an all voluntary program. A larger drop in participation was in evidence following a narrow faculty vote which called for an end to academic credit for ROTC courses in 1969.

Attacks on ROTC, which was under fire throughout the country during the Vietnam War, led to a further steady decline of cadets. New programs, which provided more ROTC scholarships and opened the course to women plus an easing of Far East tensions helped to reverse slumping enrollments, but failed to improve participation to the levels required by the Army.

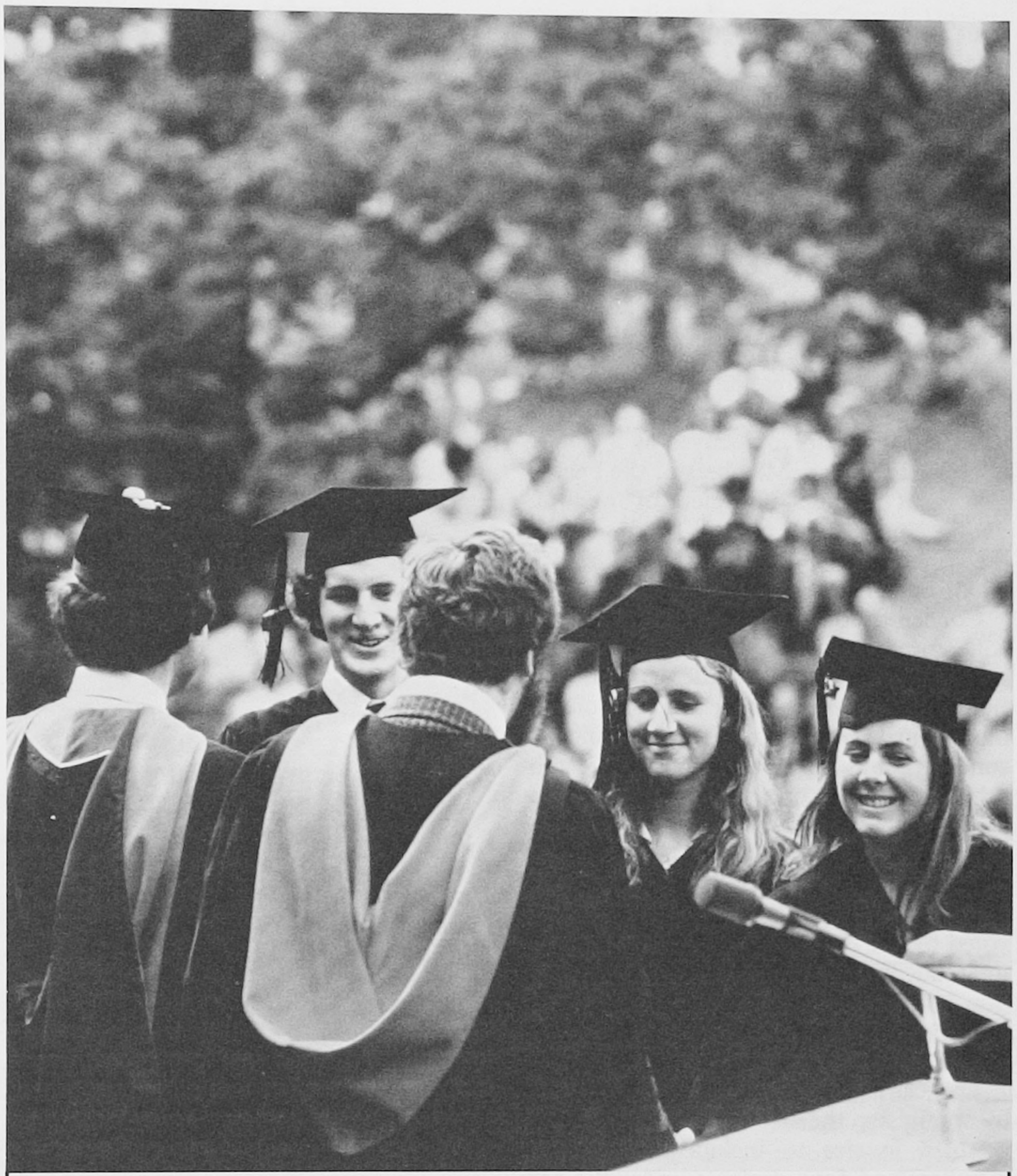
Since its establishment on campus in 1952, the ROTC program at Middlebury has turned out several hundred quality officers who have distinguished themselves throughout the world.

Students To Have New Curriculum

Major curriculum changes, designed to assure that each Middlebury student's education include a certain breadth of knowledge have been announced by President Olin Robison. In outlining the new curriculum, the President pointed out that changes approved "do not mean a return to distribution requirements, but nonetheless reflect an attempt on the part of the College and faculty to see that students are introduced to the broadest possible spectrum of ideas. While the curriculum will no doubt change many times in the future," he said, "I am convinced that this is the logical next step."

Under the new plan, the first major revision of the Middlebury curriculum in nearly ten years, two mechanisms, foundation courses and concentrations, were adopted to guarantee a student's education include exposure in different disciplines. In addition, a unique, new extended majors program was established to offer Middlebury students an opportunity for advanced study of disciplines other than literature in a foreign language. In a related curriculum change, President Robison, announced the addition of an undergraduate program of Chinese with the appointment of John Berninghausen as Lecturer in Chinese next year. The College has had a summer school of Mandarin Chinese since 1966, and with the addition of Japanese in 1970, became

Continued on page 4



Geology majors (left to right) Douglas Reusch, Janeann Rogers and Jill Robsinson received their degrees.

176th Commencement Held Outdoors

For the first time in the history of the College, commencement was held outdoors on the lawn in rear of Forest Hall on a beautiful Vermont Sunday afternoon with a large attendance of parents, friends and alumni. The College awarded 385 Bachelor of Arts degrees. Sixteen seniors graduated *summa cum laude,* 26 more *magna cum laude,* and 125 *cum laude.* Departmental honors went to 121 — nine received high honors, and 49 earned honors — and 57 were elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Six honorary degrees were conferred *(see page 19)* and the commencement address — *Aspects of Communications* — was given by Anne Morrow Lindbergh *(see page 16).* Mrs. Lindbergh's granddaughter, Kristina Lindbergh, was a member of the graduating class.

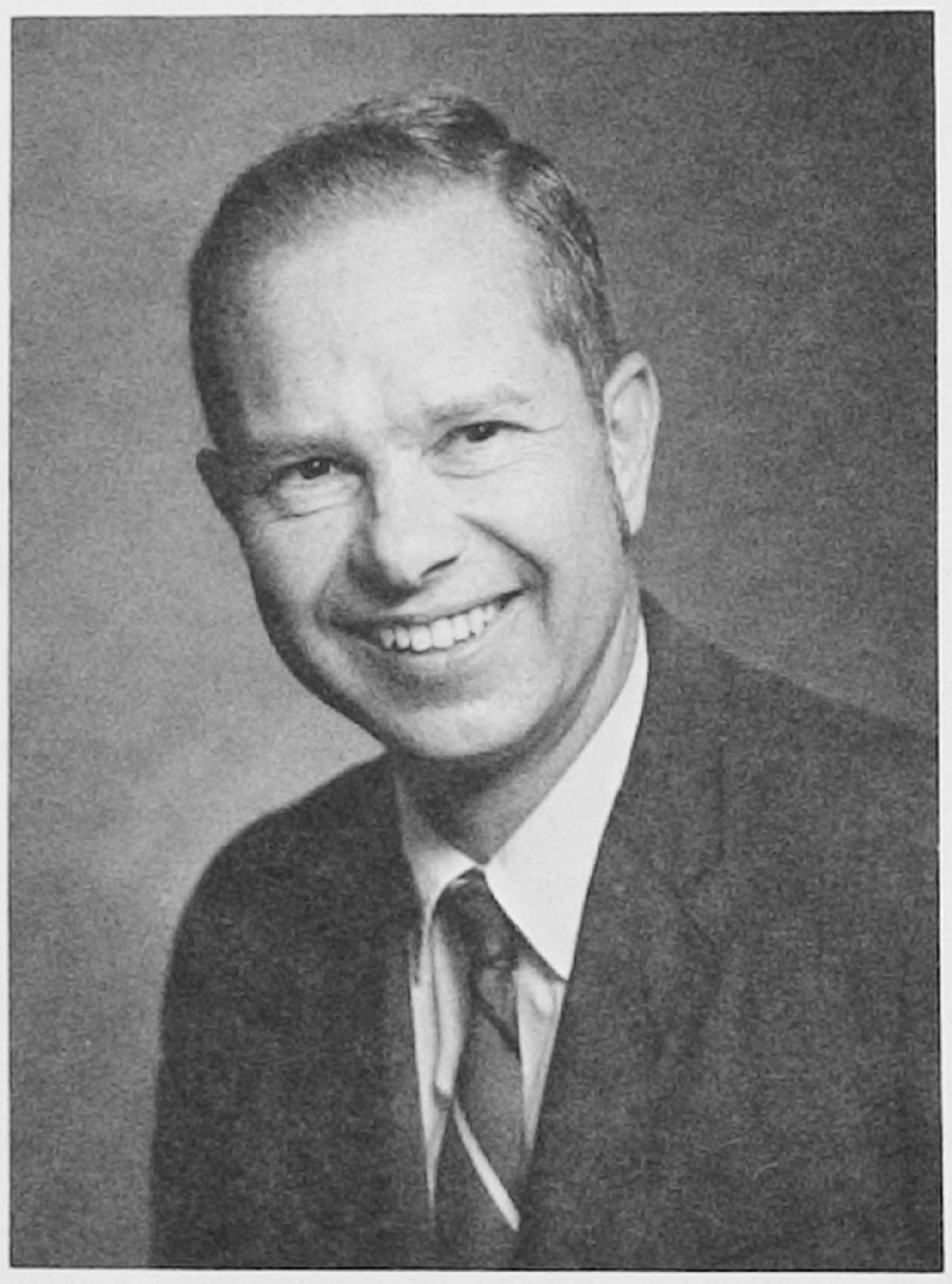
Mead Chapel on commencement morning was filled to capacity when President Robison gave the baccalaureate address entitled *The New American Dream (see page 29).*

Around the Hill

Academic Administration Realigned

A major restructuring of the academic administration of the College developing more than one level of academic administration with all academic administrators teaching, has been announced by President Olin Robison.

The administrative realignment creates a vice presidency and deans to head the three divisions of Arts and Humanities, Foreign Languages, and Science. It also eliminates the position of Dean of the Faculty.



George M. Saul
Vice President, Academic Affairs

Dr. George M. Saul, Charles A. Dana Professor of Biology, has been appointed Vice President for Academic Affairs. A leading geneticist, he has done research in radiation, bio-chemical, developmental genetics and extra-nuclear inheritance at the University of Zurich, the California Institute of Technology, Dartmouth and Middlebury. He joined the Middlebury faculty in 1967 as the College's first Irene Heinz and John LaPorte Given Professor in Pre-Medical Sciences and was named a Dana Professor in 1974.

Dr. Paul M. Cubeta, formerly Vice President for Academic Affairs, has been named to the new post of Vice President of the College. In this position Dr. Cubeta will be the senior administrator charged with providing resources for the College's graduate programs. He will continue to serve as Professor of English and Director of the Bread Loaf School of English. Professor Cubeta joined the Middlebury faculty in 1952, he has been Director of the Bread Loaf School since 1964, and was Dean of the Faculty before becoming Academic Vice President in 1970.

Dr. Roger M. Peel, Director of the Language Schools, will assume the additional title of Dean of Foreign Languages. He is the Jean Thomas Fulton Professor of Spanish and came to Middlebury in 1969 from Yale, where he was a director of the Summer Language Institute. He served as dean of both Middlebury's Spanish Summer School and Spanish School in Madrid, in 1970, and became Director of Language Schools in 1973.

John Spencer, Assistant Professor of History, has been appointed Acting Dean of the College. He joined the MIddlebury faculty in 1974, following a six year career in business, two years with the Institute of Current World Affairs and three years with the Ford Foundation. Dr. Spencer's graduate work was done at Columbia, where he received his master's and Ph.D. degrees.

Following the appointment of Roger Peel as Dean of the Foreign Languages Division, Associate Professor of Philosophy Stanley P. Bates has been named Acting Dean of Arts and Humanities. Associate Professor of Political Science Russell Leng was appointed Acting Dean of Sciences. Both acting appointments are for the 1976-77 academic year.

John D. Emerson, Assistant Professor of Mathematics and assistant to the Dean of the Faculty, will continue to serve in a similar capacity to the Academic Vice President, and Gloria Vaglio, Lecturer in Italian, has been named assistant to Dr. Peel.

Four Promotions Announced

Four members of the Faculty were promoted to full professors, effective July 1. They are: Rudolph K. Haerle, Jr., Sociology-Anthropology; Edward A. Martin, English; Robert W. Hill, Jr., English, and Chandler Potter, Drama.

Dr. Haerle first joined the Faculty in 1962 as an instructor. He left the College in 1966 to accept the post of Project Director and Senior Research Sociologist at the Center for Urban Education in New York City. He returned to the College a year later as associate professor and chairman of his department. He is the author of several reviews and articles for professional journals.

Professor Martin joined the Faculty in 1961, and in 1965 was named Assistant Director of the College's Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. He has been Administrative Director of the Conference since 1973. His published works include articles on H. L. Mencken and Walt Whitman written for *The South Atlantic Quarterly, The Walt Whitman Review* and *Texas Studies In Language and Literature.* He also has written *The Selected Writings of Don Marquis, Literature in America, 1890-1930,* reviews and articles for literary magazines.

Dr. Hill came to Middlebury from the Amherst faculty in 1966 as an assistant professor. He has written for the Norton Critical Edition of *Tennyson's Poetry,* is working on a book on Yeats, and is the author of articles for literary magazines.

Before joining the Faculty in 1956, Professor Potter was a designer at St. Lawrence University theatre, Stephens College, and at the Pittsburgh Playhouse. He has been a set designer at the College's Wright Theatre for the past 20 years and has taught classes in theatre.

ROTC Unit Phased Out

The commissioning of five cadets as Army officers during Commencement Weekend ceremonies officially marked the end of the 24-year-old Middlebury Reserve Officers Training Corps unit, which was ordered phased out by the Department of the Army due to a low level of student participation.

President Robison said that he regretted the termination of the ROTC program, and mentioned that he has requested the Army to consider re-establishment of a unit at the College at such a time as it might again become feasible. The President went on record in support of ROTC when he told the Faculty it is his belief that the military should have graduates from such institutions as Middlebury in its officer ranks.

ROTC was established at Middlebury in September 1952 and attracted 185 freshmen

American Council of Learned Societies for advanced training in Chinese and fieldwork in Taiwan.

Michael Claudon, Assistant Professor of Economics, will leave for the fall and winter terms to work on a book on New England economic development in the nineteenth century. Wayne Bell, Assistant Professor of Biology, will be on leave during the winter and spring terms to study the utilization of algal products by natural populations of marine bacteria.

Editorship of News Letter Changes

Ron Nief will assume the editorship of the *News Letter* with production of the Autumn Issue. He replaces Gregor Hileman who resigned his position with the College in April. In addition to his duties as *News Letter* editor, Ron will serve as Editor of Publications with responsibility for writing feature story articles, fund raising literature and some college publications. He has been in college public relations work for the past nine years, and comes to Middlebury from self-employment as a public relations consultant.

A 1965 graduate of Boston College, Ron served as Assistant Director of Public Relations at Boston College, 1967-73, and was acting director for some months before joining Brandeis University in 1974 as Assistant Director of Public Affairs. At Brandeis he served as editor of the University Bulletin and developed and coordinated promotional programs for fund raising.

Ron was Director of Public Relations and assistant to the Director of Public Affairs at Boston University in 1975 before becoming a public relations consultant.

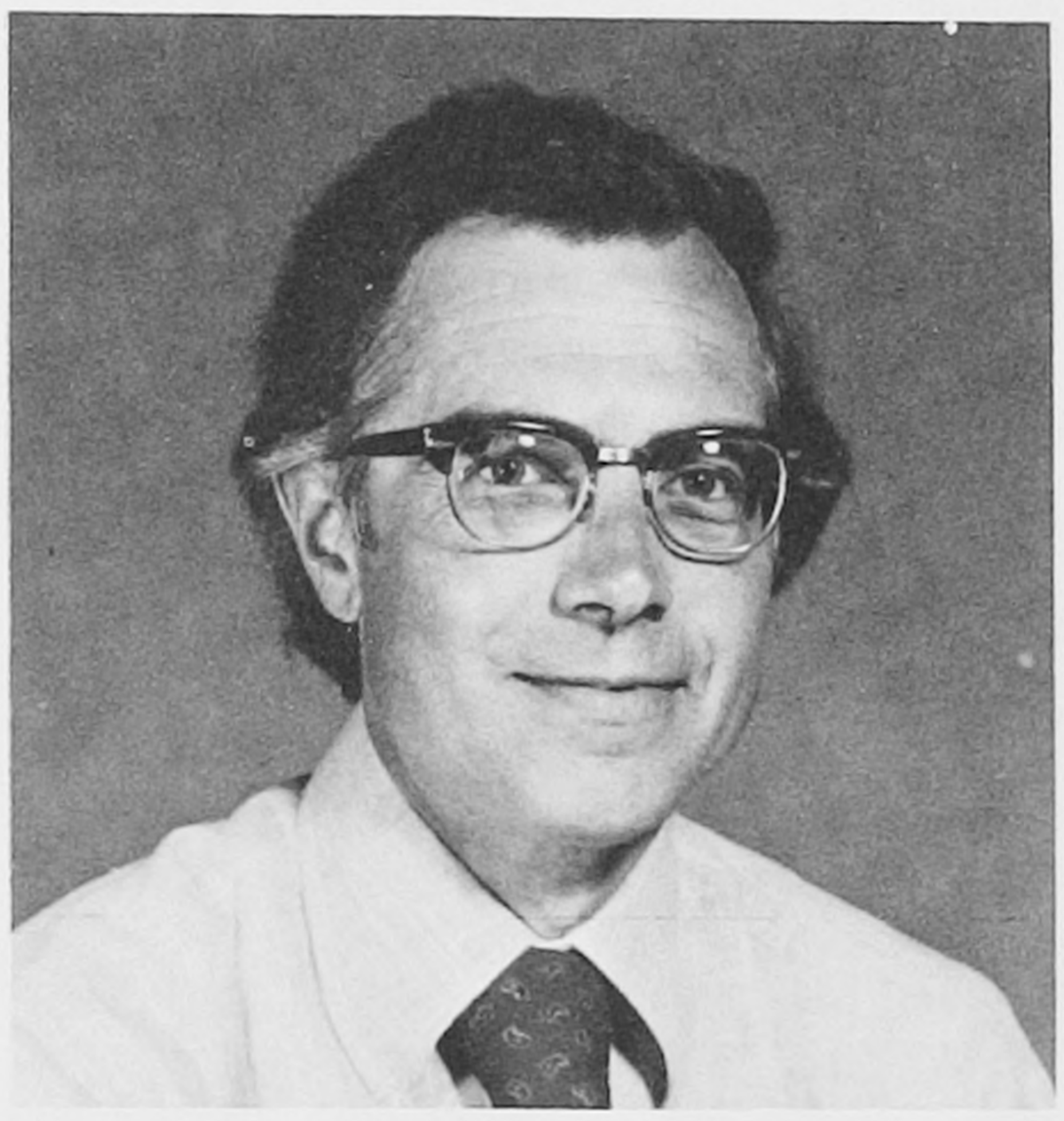
Dr. Winkler Receives Sloan Fellowship

An assistant professor of Physics at the College has been awarded a $17,000 Sloan Fellowship to support continuing research in the field of astrophysics. Dr. Frank Winkler is one of 91 outstanding young scientists at 46 colleges, universities, and research institutions in the U.S. and Canada selected from among hundreds of nominees. The two-year fellowships were awarded by the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation to faculty scientists on the basis of their potential to make creative contributions to scientific knowledge in the early stages of their careers.

Dr. Winkler plans to continue his investigations of X-ray sources in our galaxy and others. His research has been underway since 1973 and has been sponsored by a grant from the National Science Foundation. The Sloan Fellowship will be used primarily to support his analysis of data collected and returned to earth by MIT's third Small Astronomy Satellite.

College Names New Librarian

Ronald E. Rucker took over the duties of Librarian of the College on July 1. He replaces John R. McKenna who died of a heart attack last fall. The new librarian comes to Middlebury from Cornell University where he has been the Librarian of the Undergraduate Library. In his new position he will have charge of the Egbert Starr Library, which houses more than 300,000 volumes and contains a Robert Frost collection, and an outstanding collection of American literature.



Ronald E. Rucker
Librarian

Mr. Rucker received his A.B. degree from Pomona College in 1960 after attending the University of Southern California and Whittier College. He earned a master's degree in musicology at Harvard University in 1963, and took his Master of Library Science, with specialization in academic librarianship, at the University of California at Berkeley in 1964.

He started work at the Cornell University Libraries in July 1964 as assistant librarian of the Central Serial Record Department, and became acting head and later permanent head of the department in 1967. Named acting librarian of the Undergraduate Library in 1967, he became librarian in July 1968. He is married and has two sons.

The Undergraduate

By Stan Fields '76

Many things happen in four years of college, especially a college like Middlebury. At the end, it is often difficult to know exactly where one stands and what it has all meant. This is one graduating senior's attempt to sort out a few of the memories and put together some of the pieces of his college experience. - Ed.

"I ca'n't help it," said Alice very meekly: "I'm growing."

"You've no right to grow *here,"* said the Dormouse.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Alice more boldly: "you know you're growing too."

"Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace," said the Dormouse.

Four years ago, falling down, down, down Route 30, Alad came upon the loveliest college you ever saw. How he did enjoy leaving the big city and disappearing into the soft grasses under the blue skies of Middleland.

On the one side of him was one set of mountains and on the other side was another set. Above were the northern lights of sun and stars. And perhaps most of all, beneath was the Middleland of his new home.

It meant a lot more than what it might appear to others that it might have been was not otherwise than what it had been had it been otherwise. But it was a part of why he had come, a great part of why he had fallen in love with it, and maybe one of the most parts he would ever remember.

In wintertime the snows came. Up in the mountains, on the most silent of trails, in midst of the most whitest of views, were some of the warmest of moments. And there were both beds of bright flowers and cool fountains.

———

"I can't explain *myself,* I'm afraid, Sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

Alad began his adventures a bit scared, a bit unsure, a bit bewildered. But at least recognizable. He was himself, the product of all the years that had brought him to where he was.

He isn't anymore. Not that the Alad of now would recognize the himself he was when he came to Middleland because he undoubtedly wouldn't. Growing too fast and too much. But for that, for all that which has happened, his new home never changed at all. Middleland will always be Middleland. It is only the visitors passing through who lose themselves.

That first year there was a bucket of water falling out of the fourth floor landing with dead aim on a red-headed spot lounging too comfortably below. A long game of hockey in the hallway that did more than it ought to have done to the walls bringing up an upset resident who threatened unholy wrath

Curriculum — continued from page 3

one of a few institutions in the country to offer a Summer East Asian Program.

Foundation courses are designed to "offer introductions to major historical traditions, great ideas and great works, providing foundations for further learning." Each student is required to take three of these specially designed one-term courses in as many different divisions by his sophomore year.

The Faculty calls such a program an important factor in creating at Middlebury a community of discourse, which should be one of its primary objectives as a quality liberal arts college. Members of the Faculty also point out that fulfillment of the foundation course requirements by the end of the sophomore year will assist students in making an informed choice of major.

Concentrations are arranged to generate coherence and substantial knowledge in a significant portion of a student's work outside of his major. Consisting of four or more courses unified by a general principle, concentrations may be chosen from established programs or designed by the student.

Curriculum innovations grew out of a year-long study conducted by the Educational Council of the College. Changes, voted by the Faculty at its final meeting of the academic year, provide for implimentation of the concentrations program this fall and foundation courses in the fall of 1977.

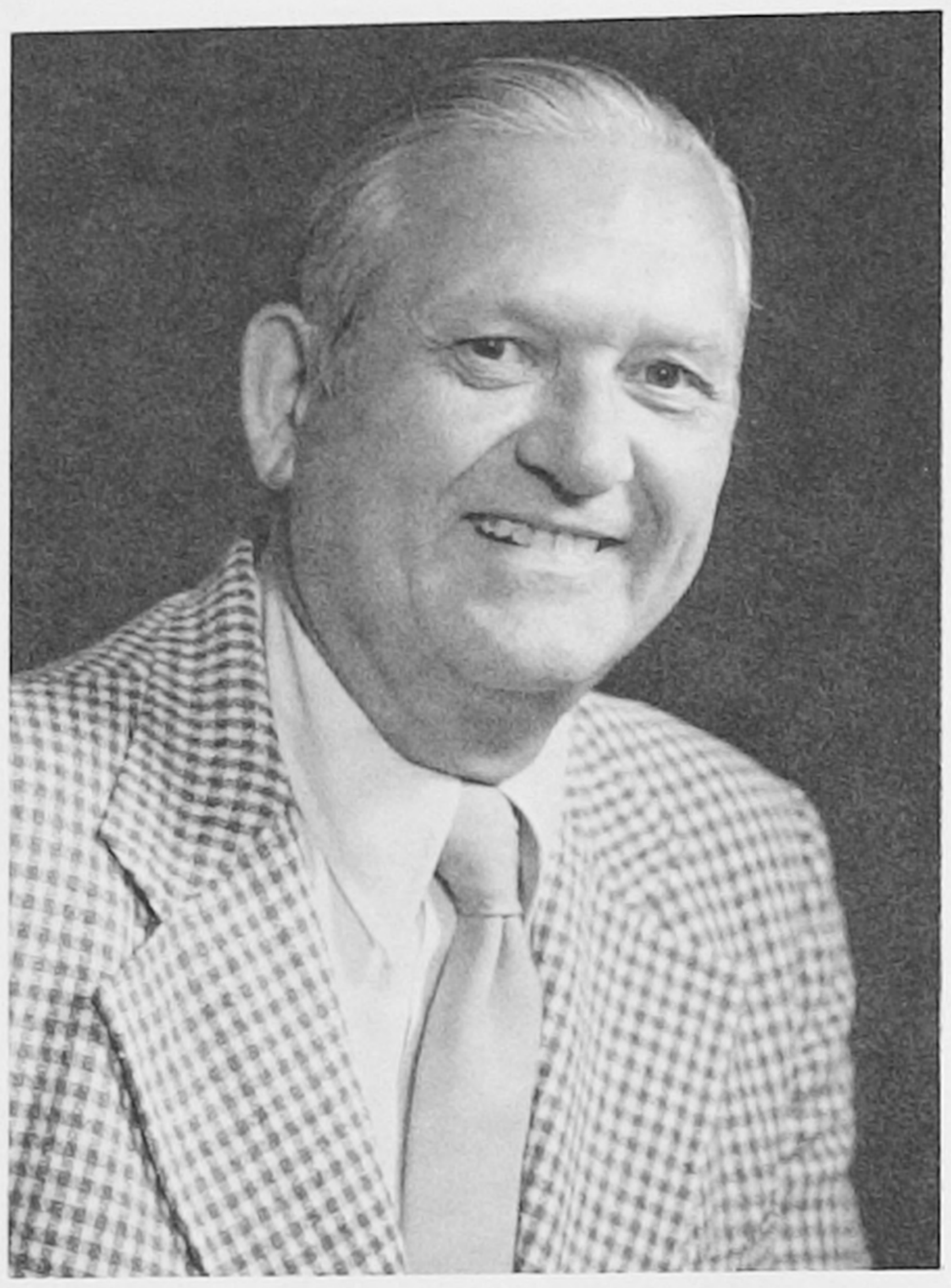
The Curriculum Committee, designated to administer the new program, has been doubled in size to include four faculty members and four students under the new program.

The Autumn Issue of the News Letter *will contain a comprehensive article discussing the major curriculum changes. - Ed.*

Please Note!

Middlebury College is offering two unusual properties for sale in New Hampshire. One is a heavily wooded lot on beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee with 170 foot frontage on the lake (there are few lots available on this popular lake and it can be purchased for only $40,000). The other property is an ideal retirement or summer home in Meredith, less than a mile to Lake Winnipesaukee. This four bedroom, two story home on approximately one acre of land is a large, comfortable home with a two-car garage, surrounding porch and an excellent living room with an attractive fireplace. Priced at $46,000.

Jim Ross '51, College Business Manager, will welcome inquiries at his office (Phone 802-388-7944), or at his home in Cornwall (802-462-2872). He will be pleased to show either of the above parcels to interested alumni or parents.



Gordon C. Perine
Director, Bequest Program

Alumni Directorship Changes

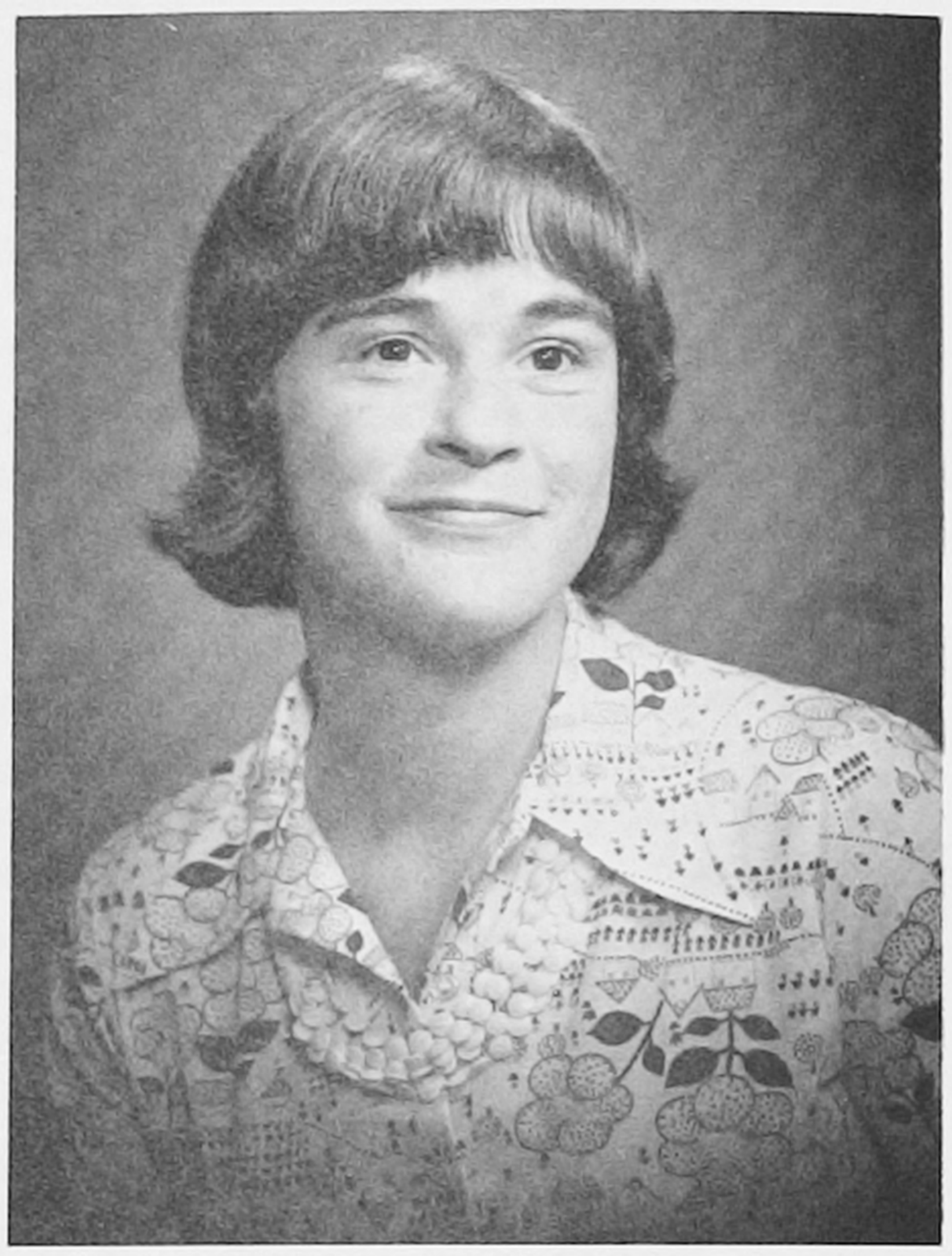
Gordon C. Perine '49, Director of Alumni Relations for the past twenty years has relinquished this position to become the first Director of the College's Bequest Program. Barbara Weeks Miner, Assistant Director of Alumni Relations and a graduate of the University of Michigan, will succeed Gordie Perine as Director of Alumni Relations.

President Olin Robison also announced the appointment of Kenneth A. Nourse '52 as Associate Director of Development. He will assume the new development responsibilities in addition to continuing as Director of Public Affairs, and will report directly to Walter E. Brooker '37, Vice President for Development.

Ken Nourse, in his newly created development position, will have responsibility for leadership gifts, and provide leadership for the President to Parents and Annual Giving Fund Chairmen, resource councils and national alumni officers on development matters.

Gordie — as he is known to hundreds of alumni — joined the College staff in 1951 and has served in various positions during the past twenty-five years. His new development duties will be detailed later when the College's Bequest Program is formally organized.

Bobbie Weeks Miner has been associated with the College since 1971 when she accepted a position as an associate in the development office, after working as a research associate for a financial firm in Switzerland and an editorial researcher with *Reader's Digest.* Two years later she moved to the alumni office as an assistant in charge of coordinating alumni activities on and off campus.



Barbara Weeks Miner
Director, Alumni Relations

Faculty Plan Leave Projects

Leaves of absence for research and study during the 1976-77 academic year have been granted to eight members of the College Faculty, according to President Robison.

Projects planned by the Faculty members this year range from study in China to completion of a book on philosopher John Dewey.

Under the terms of the leave program, members of the Faculty are invited annually to submit applications for study leaves, which are designed "to enhance the scholarly and teaching capacity of the individual faculty member and to promote the general interest of the College." Leaves are generally granted for one term plus the shorter winter term, or for the entire academic year.

Granted leaves for the academic year 1976-77 are Nicholas R. Clifford, William R. Keenan Professor of History, to work in China on a study of a 1925 incident in Shanghai which was important in the development of modern Chinese nationalism, and in the weakening of the British position in Southeast Asia; Edward A. Martin, Professor of English, for completing research and writing of a book on American humor and satire from 1910 to 1930; Carol Rifelj, Assistant Professor of French, study at Yale and research on nineteenth century French poetic vocabulary under a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowship; E. Kirk Roberts, Professor of Chemistry, to prepare a manuscript for a one semester Physical Chemistry course; Steven C. Rockefeller, Assistant Professor of Religion, to complete work on his book on philosopher John Dewey, and John McCreery, Assistant Professor of Anthropology, to accept a grant from the

RALPH MYHRE: *a man for all seasons*

BY MAX PETERSEN

Middlebury College, with its scenic golf course and well-known Snow Bowl, provides some of the finest recreational and physical education facilities for its students, alumni and friends of any small college in the country.

Most people ski the well-groomed trails and play the manicured greens taking for granted how they got that way and who was responsible for their care. Recently the man behind the scenes, Ralph Myhre, was honored by the College in recognition of his 25 years of good grooming and sound management of both Middlebury facilities.

Ralph received the laurels on the occasion of his 25th Middlebury Winter Carnival as Snow Bowl manager. For many years a witness to winning skiers picking up awards at the Carnival banquet, this year Ralph found himself on the receiving end of a silver bowl given by friends of Middlebury skiing.

Presented to him by College Treasurer Carroll Rikert, Jr., the bowl was inscribed: "In recognition of Ralph O. Myhre, for 25 years the mainstay of Middlebury College Carnival ski events."

Recognizing that Ralph and his wife, Lee, whose efforts have supported him at the Snow Bowl, are also golfers, and pointing out that he is presently engaged in designing and supervising construction of an additional nine holes at the College Golf Course, President Olin C. Robison, on behalf of the College, presented Mr. and Mrs. Myhre with a gift certificate for a week of golfing at the Dorado Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico this spring.

In making the presentation, President Robison told the large gathering that Middlebury could not be what it is today without the loyalty and dedication of many skilled people, for which the College has found a number of ways of expressing appreciation in the past, and to which in the case of Ralph Myhre it wishes to add another.

President Robison recalled, in paying tribute to Ralph Myhre, that in 1951, when he began work at the Snow Bowl, only the 55-meter Gignac Memorial Jump, one of the main facilities now comprising the Bowl complex, had been completed. The President pointed out that the Starr Shelter, Worth Mountain Chair Lift, pomalifts and the trail network they serve, and the intermediate 35-meter jump were all completed during Myhre's tenure and reflect in many ways the effects of his efforts.

Years of service to the College as manager of the Snow Bowl and Golf Course were noted in the spring with a banquet for Ralph Myhre (right) and presentation by President Robison of a silver bowl full of golf balls.

Ralph and his crew have built the Snow Bowl into the finest college owned ski area in the East. Because of its efficient operation and outstanding facilities it has become a favorite for Vermont, New England and Eastern schoolboy and collegiate ski meets. It has hosted two NCAA Ski Championships in 1962 and again in 73 and has been host to the Eastern Intercollegiate Ski Association Championships for the past five years. Last year, for the first time, the Bowl also ran the Eastern women's meet.

Good facilities for training and competition lead to good results as was evidenced this spring when the Middlebury women skiers brought home the national title from the first such championship, held at Boyne Mountain, Mich.

Although Ralph's managerial exploits at the Bowl are many and cover a longer period of time, he also has accomplished and is now engaged in some exciting improvements at the Golf Course.

Since the College began leasing the course for its students after World War II, there has been a continuous program of improvements to the greens and fairways. Following its outright purchase in 1963, the course has been developed into one of the finest and sportiest in the state. Slight alterations of terrain, a major tree planting program and a general improvement of playing surfaces have all enhanced its beauty and quality.

The major improvements under Ralph's direction involve the construction of an additional nine holes and an underground sprinkler system for greens and fairways. Designed by and being built under the supervision of Myhre, the new additions to the course are expected to be ready by midsummer of 1977, at which time the 18-hole College course will be of championship quality. All work is being done by college employees with college equipment.

According to Ralph, who is himself an expert golfer and active in the U.S. Golf Association, the new par-71 course will measure about 3,135 yards out and 3,405 yards back.

Ralph has developed the ability over the years at Middlebury to go quietly about making first class improvements by using a minimum of money and the materials and talents at hand. He has been able to develop a perfect blend of facility efficiency with natural beauty. □

but knew when he left the game would and did continue as usual. A long night at a fraternity ending on a spink rink and four on four to three on three to two on two to home.

Other years other moments. Moments only, isolated, now memorable, very personal. To each a few — to stay and perhaps finally fade changingly away. No perspective on it all, at least not now, not this soon.

———

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least — at least I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

Begin not too obscurely with a warm evening in early spring with a dinner outside the SDU's. The sunset so magnificent no one is willing to return but rather wants to remain outside to watch the sky change colors. People talk.

If it were always just and only talk, with just and only anyone, Alad would not remember it quite so fondly. But that and much more was as much a time to learn, a larger classroom and a wider faculty.

Late nights, a few beers, some music, comraderie, more talk. Of the lovely mix of religion and politics, of men and women, of the absurdity of life and the reality of Middleland. A campfire. Different for all. But a time to find out. Alad learns, he thinks, to know and know, he thinks, to learn — that is, to know. A time of pressing, of pushing the bonds of trust and feeling.

———

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it . . . We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day."

Yes, there was even a formal education waiting for Alad in Middleland. School every day, and something left over for weekends.

It began at the beginning — an introduction to modern concepts. It grew for Alad into a major development, running through such unliberal topics as physiology, genetics, microbial and cellular biology and disgressions into such fields as organic chemistry. For this Alad at least.

As the travel through Middleland progressed, Alad stopped at good places and bad, and was challenged at the entrances or was not. Perhaps more formers than latters. Yet he remembers less the stopping places than the guides posted there. Even more, less the guides when they remained at their posted territory than when they left.

Guides are intimidating at first — they are supposed to know the way and the hapless traveler is lost. But by the time the distance out is equal to the distance in, the guides have taken on names — the names of the travelers.

Alad wonders if his guides are aware of when they best show the way. The sharing of a lunch, the invitation to a home, the long conversation late in the afternoon when all else is done. Only when everyone is on the road together and the way is a mystery to all that the wise guide becomes the most meaningful. But how can you tell them?

———

"'Tis so," said the Duchess: "and the moral of that is — 'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!' "

I was sitting alone and I felt depressed and you stopped by and talked for a few minutes and then I felt much better and I was able to do what I had to do. He said she said.

The old road doesn't split Middleland into two anymore, and visitations are paid now only by ghosts, but people find each other nonetheless. It's as good a chance as could be dreamed, and works almost as often as preprofessionals. Enough said.

———

"What *can* all that green stuff be?" said Alice. "And where *have* my shoulders got to? And oh, my poor hands, how is it I ca'n't see you?"

If anything was too comfortable about Middleland, it was that Middleland was sometimes too comfortable. Sure and there was a right and a privilege to be there — the elite to be educated to the elite. So that the whole nation, perhaps the world, might finally benefit.

It was a far different place from a decade ago, when it was upside down. Travelers have learned that the way through the forest is not to cut down the trees, but then it seems that there is nothing worth cutting down trees for anymore.

"I cried because I had no shoes until I met a man who had no feet." Not Alice. But what becomes of those who not only have shoes, but ski boots to boot?

The once mighty reaper is dead, as is its archfoe that guided soldiers out of Middleland. Yes, it's harder to maintain oneself in green after leaving the forest. Learning takes on new relevance, and everything is quiet.

If four years have worked, if liberal includes a decent feeling of love and respect for fellow men, if this preaching comes to meaning, then the justification is there. The questioning itself is necessary, but is not done often enough. But hope, at least, surviving, the future only, can tell.

———

"Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock."

But not stop it. Especially not in Middleland. In fact, the further into Middleland Alad went, the faster Time raced ahead of him.

Over now, and what has he taken away? There's the real knowledge — of art and history and religion and philosophy. The specialized knowledge, out of place no doubt, but useful, necessary, preparative. There's a tolerance — different ideas, different people — that should be able to outweigh the superiority of the best. The growing perhaps, bigger and smaller, ever bigger ever smaller, but somehow finally making progress.

But in the end, it was less the land, the Middleland, the places, the challenges, than the fellow travelers.

———

"Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!"

They will be seen again, you can go home again, but not the same. Alad travels a path once and leaves it behind — he knows he can only return to the fringes.

In the midst of nowhere, for a common alleged purpose and with established designs of accomplishment, assembled a uniformly individual group of searchers for the way in and the way out. With myriad trappings devoted to diverse pursuits to educate unlimited minds and bodys, this Alad still pauses to remember the collected more than the collector.

Less the events than the eventors. Forgetting every carnival, class, and blackout dance, party, pre-A, and final day, and remembering those who went the road along with you. Friends.

———

"Every thing's got a moral, if only you can find it."

Except fairy tales and fairy tales of fairy tales. Colleges not included.

. . . As you join the ranks of the alumni. Two numbers after the name, like trombones and bicentennial celebrations. A college graduate even.

No way to look back now and say what it meant. No need to. The best four so far of a very nice twenty one.

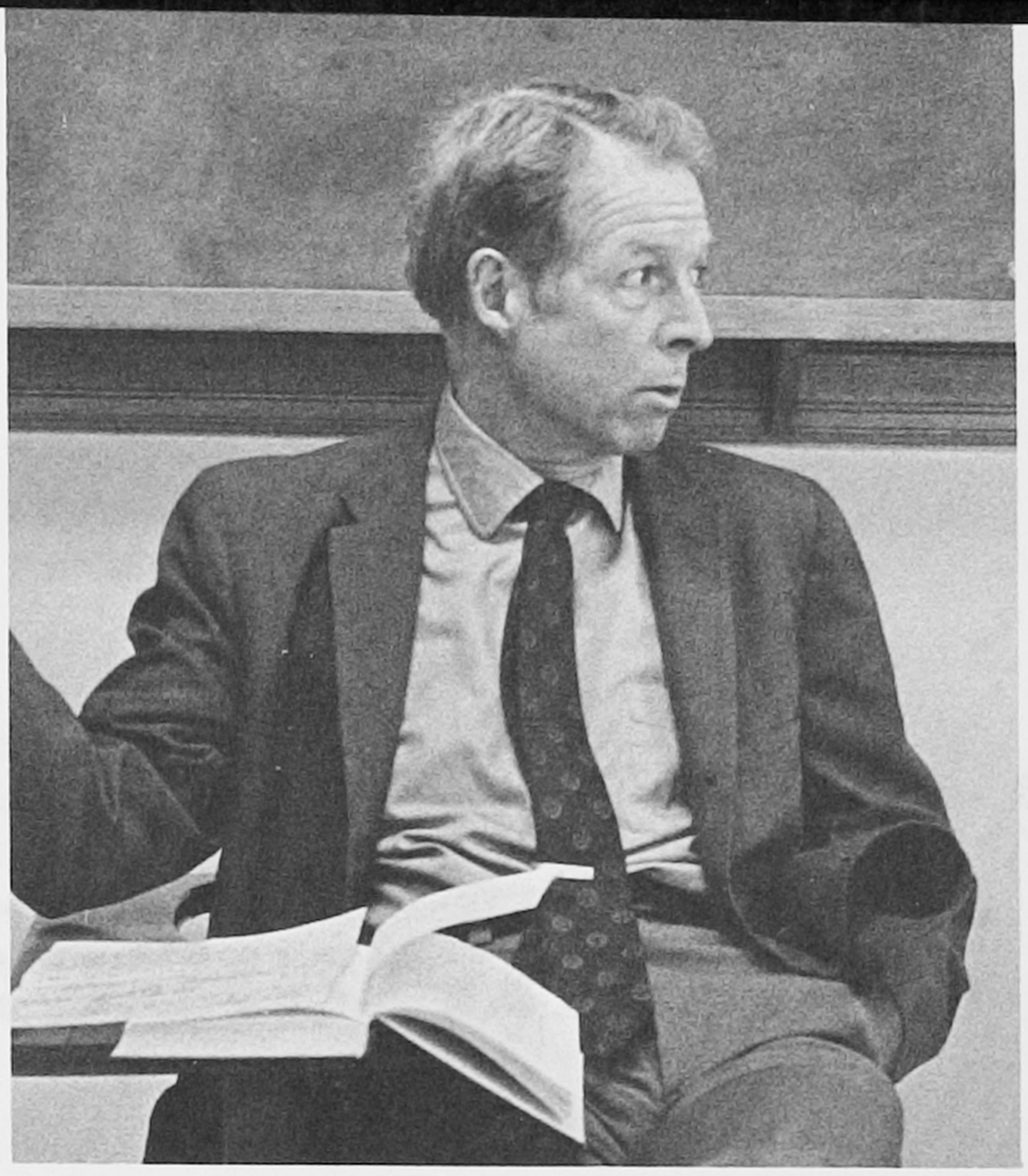
There was something there, here — something in the way a professor jokes with you over coffee in the early morning before class, in the way friends know without having to speak, in the way the sun comes up over the mountains. Putting a finger on it only pushes it farther away. Like a dream to be seen and felt but never completely known. ☐

Stan Fields majored in biochemistry and while at Middlebury was a College Scholar and an Independent Scholar. A member of Phi Beta Kappa, he was Campus *News Editor, columnist, production manager, and served as a laboratory instructor in Introductory Biology. During the next three years Stan will be an American Keasbey Scholar studying biochemistry at the University of Cambridge, England.*

he is on a softball team, what an ardent fan he is of professional sports, especially of the Boston Red Sox.

"Geographically, it once seemed a long way from Lawrence College in Appleton, Wisconsin and from Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois to Middlebury, Vermont; but love of the arts knows no boundaries. It has been Middlebury's good fortune that Erie came East. Over the years, he has communicated a sense of the professional's commitment to the perfection of his craft, and in his plays he has given us pleasure and reflective participation. We can only be grateful for this demonstration of unflagging dedication and distinction. In light of Erie's thirty-five-year career at Middlebury with all of its triumphs and inevitable strains, we are reminded of the credo of the actress Nina in Chekhov's 'The Sea-Gull,' 'One must bear one's cross and have faith. My faith makes me suffer less, and when I think of my vocation I am no longer afraid of life.' "

Two Professors Join Emeriti



Philip W. Carruth, Professor of Mathematics, took advantage of the College's early retirement plan and retired at the end of Middlebury's 175th academic year. He received his A.B. at Hamilton College, his M.A. at Syracuse and his doctorate at the University of Illinois. Professor Carruth taught at Illinois and Swarthmore before joining the Middlebury faculty in 1966. He was named Old Dominion Professor at the College for the 1969-70 academic year.

Fellow faculty members honored Professor Carruth at their May meeting for his devoted service and contribution to the Middlebury academic program. The Faculty citation follows:

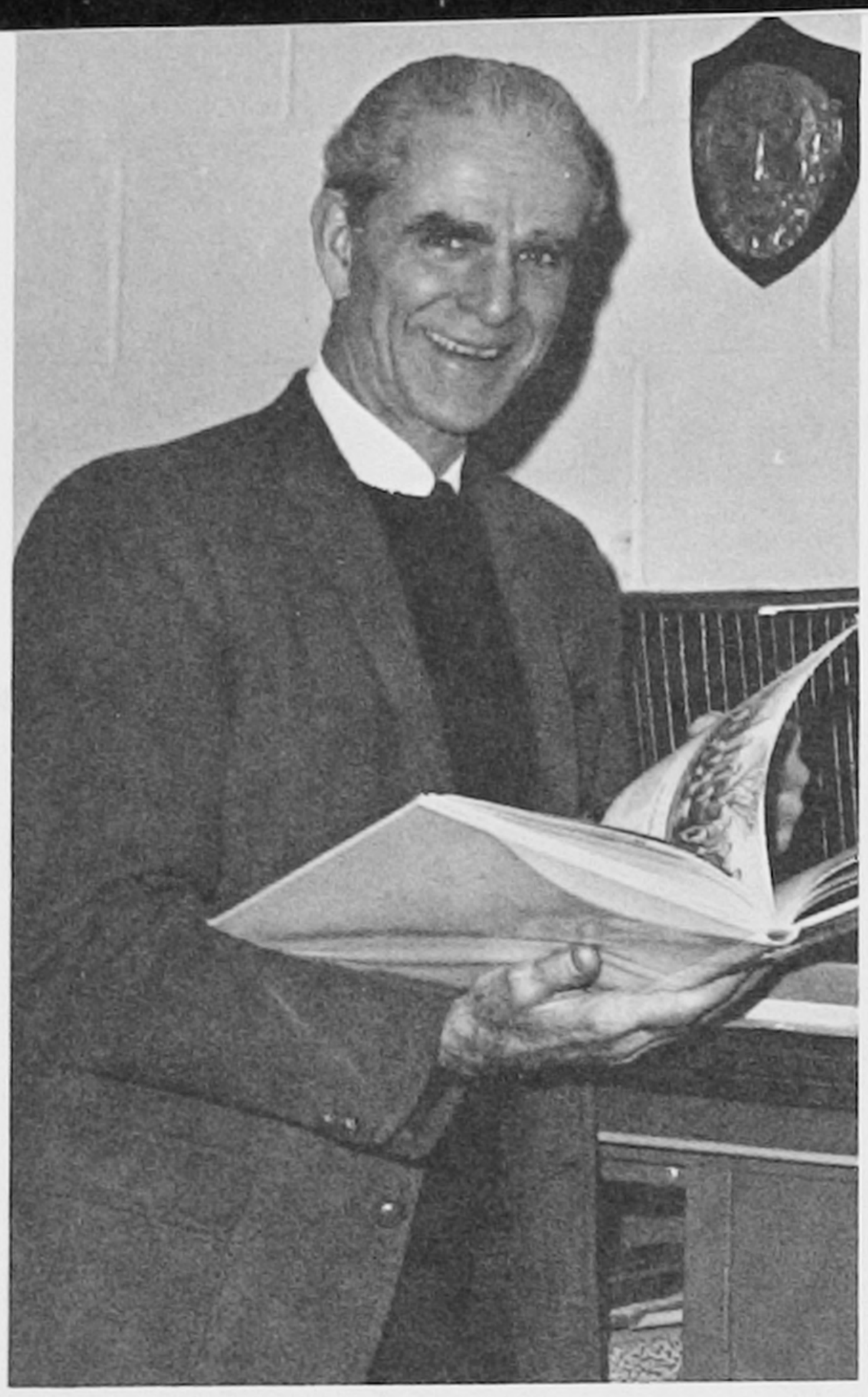
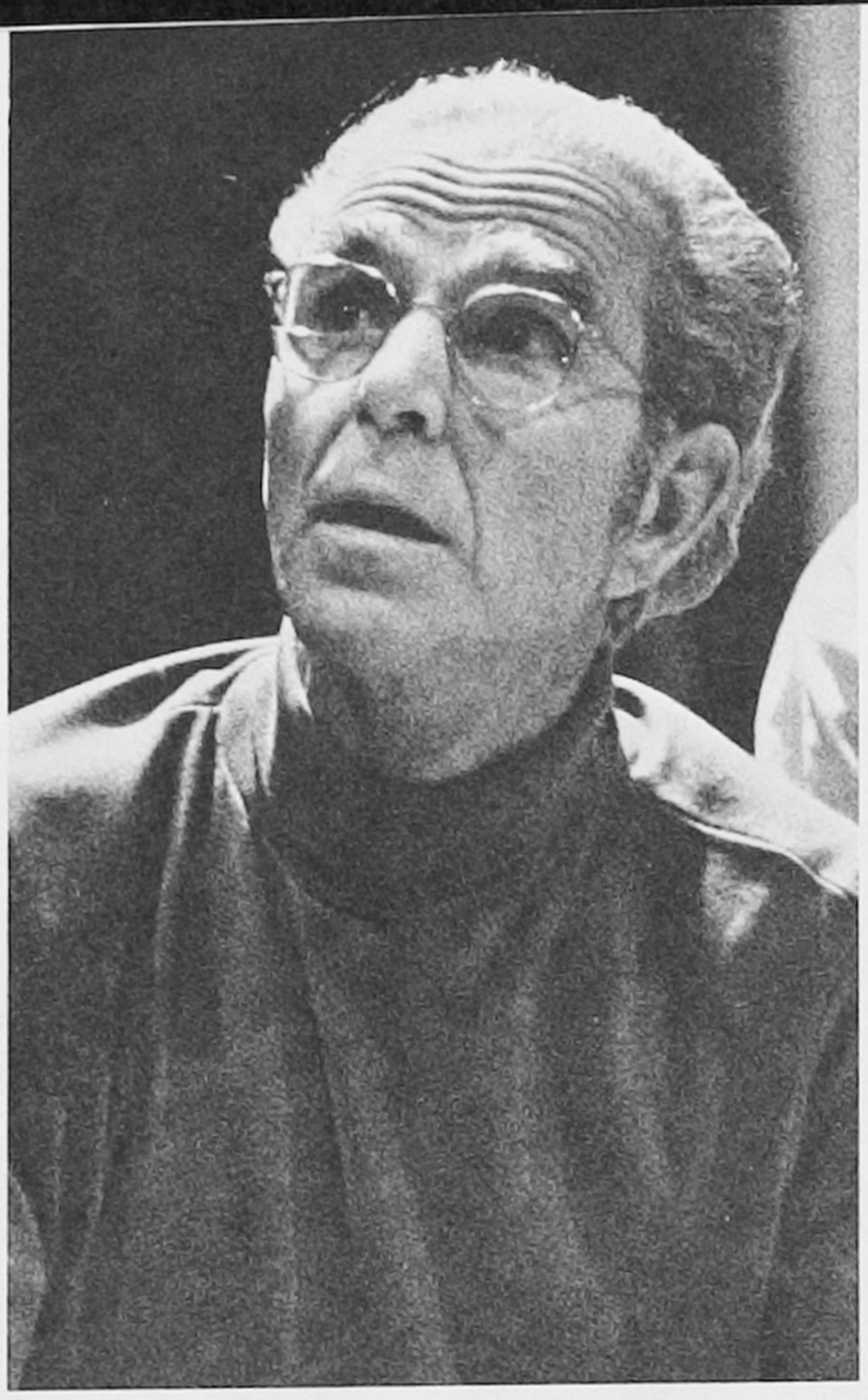
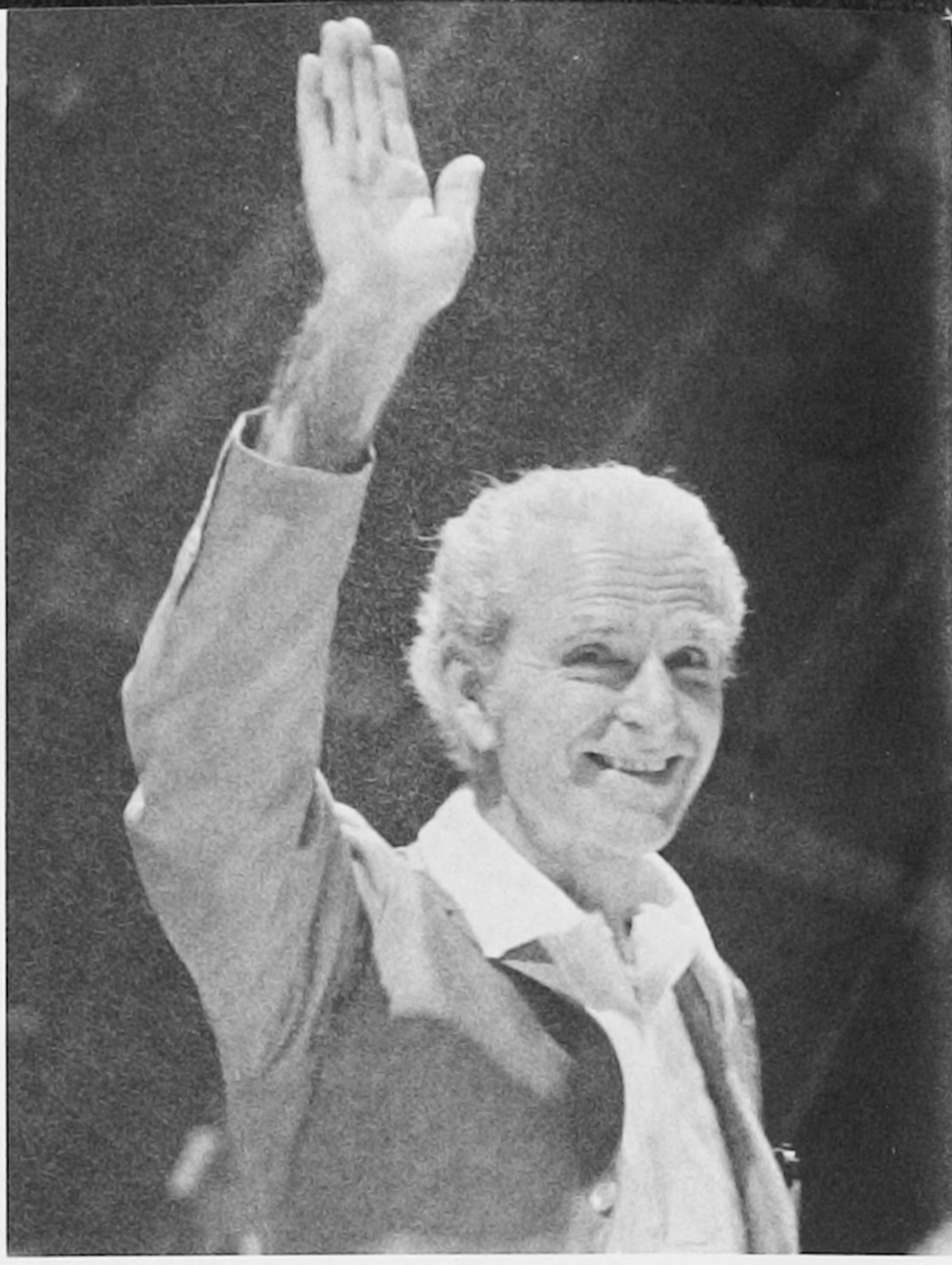
"This is one of those moments of confusing emotions when we honor a trusted friend on the eve of his retirement. Philip Carruth, friend, colleague and advisor for the last ten years, today attends his last faculty meeting — perhaps with feelings as mixed as our own.

"Phil Carruth came to us after many distinguished years at Swarthmore. After an undergraduate career at Hamilton and four years of army service in World War II, he returned to mathematics receiving an MA at Syracuse University and his Ph.D. at the University of Illinois. Two years as an instructor at Illinois preceded his appointment as assistant professor at Swarthmore. He joined the Middlebury faculty as Professor of Mathematics in 1966. Serving as chairman of the department of Mathematics from 1973 to 1976 he endeared himself forever to the members of the department through a strictly enforced policy under which the department learned to conduct its business in a single half hour annual meeting.

"Phil is a quiet man whose many sides are known to too few. He is a vigorous athletic man, an outstanding tennis player, a lover of the Vermont countryside near his home in Peacham. Like the best Vermonter he is self-sufficient, and generous, asking little of his friends but more than willing to share the burdens of others.

"But we honor him today for his role as mathematician and teacher. His papers have appeared in the best mathematical journals. He has played a major role in the mathematics advanced placement testing program, particularly during the years of its greatest expansion. He served for several years as Chief Reader for the Advanced Placement tests, and those who served under him can testify best to his remarkable ability to make a week of exam grading as close to pleasant as such a chore can be. During these years he argued continually with ETS for the maintenance of high grading standards. Characteristically, few knew of these battles, but their importance in maintaining the continued success of the mathematics advanced placement program cannot be overstated.

"Since coming to Middlebury, he has brought his difficult specialty to life for hundreds of Middlebury students. He unfolds the subtleties of abstract algebra like the petals of a flower to reveal the complex and beautiful center of mathematics. His infinite care and patience are revealed in beautifully prepared lectures and these are typical of the generosity with which he has contributed his time to his students and to their benefit . . ." □

Erie T. Volkert, Professor of Drama and Director of the Theatre, retired in June at the end of the academic year and thirty-five years as a member of the Middlebury faculty. He had completed his A.B. degree requirements at Lawrence College and received an M.A. degree from Northwestern University when he came to the College in 1941. During his first twelve years at Middlebury the old Playhouse on Weybridge Street was the center of drama activities. After fire destroyed the Playhouse in 1953 he utilized the Gables, McCullough Gymnasium and the Middlebury High School auditorium for the next five years until the construction of the Wright Memorial Theatre.

Looking at his years at the College in retrospect, Professor Volkert notes the rewards of pleasant association with hundreds of students "in our mutual concern with the creative process, both in the classroom and on the stage." He says that "in the classroom I have enjoyed being in on students' discovery of the wealth of human motivations and actions revealed in dramatic literature. And in rehearsals and performances, I have been rewarded when students learned more of themselves and of their creative potentials."

The following citation from the Minutes of the Faculty, May 3, 1976 pay tribute to Professor Volkert's long service to the College:

" 'To make a drama,' said the elder Dumas, 'a man needs one passion, and four walls.' In his early years at Middlebury that was about all Erie had to work with, a passion and four walls: a small building on Weybridge Street, previously a church, destroyed by fire in 1953, improvised space in various buildings for the next several years, the Little Theatre at Bread Loaf. For thirty-five years he has been the living embodiment of the central truth of Dumas' austere principle. Whether producing 'Hamlet' in the cavernous depts of the McCullough Gym or Saul Bellow's 'The Last Analysis' in the relative luxury of Wright Memorial Theater, the intensity of his devotion has made the drama a vital part of the Middlebury experience for generations of students and faculty.

"One of the truly dedicated teachers in a continuing tradition of teaching excellence at our College, he has made the drama program neither a polemic forum nor an ego trip. Both on this campus and at the Bread Loaf School of English, he taught drama as a humanistic art in which students learned how to interpret, how to speak, and how to stage a play effectively. It is the distinction of his contribution that he helped set the tone of a collegiate community in a spirited group participation.

"To measure the extent of Erie's accomplishment, it is necessary to get beneath the self-effacement and self-deprecation and appreciate the interminable hours of hard work, the long patience, the acquired knowledge, the refinement of skill and, above all, the steady objective: to help students to grow up through the dramatic arts. Most of all, we remember how much he has given of himself, year-in, year-out.

"He was, first and foremost, a teacher of the theatre in whom always discernible was the knowledgeable actor, the skilled performer. No one who saw him center stage can forget his own talent for acting, most memorably as Lucky in Samuel Beckett's 'Waiting for Godot.'

"After one of his many productions of a Robert Frost poetic drama, some of which had their premiere production under Erie's direction at the Bread Loaf School, in this instance 'The Masque of Reason' in which he himself took a leading part, Frost, a careful praiser, gave Erie an accolade. 'I admire him more than I can say,' said Frost. 'He won me over.' And Edward Albee, the playwright, after viewing in Wright Memorial Theater Erie's presentation of 'Waiting for Godot,' called it 'the best collegiate production I've seen.' Erie won others over by his initiative in presenting not only Shakespeare and Shaw, Ibsen and Chekhov in the great tradition, but also the innovators of our time, Brecht and Beckett, Ionesco and Albee, O'Neill and Miller, Wilder and Williams.

"Erie's roots are deep in the community. He has served actively in local community groups, been a leading member of the Middlebury Fire Department, and one of the truer voices in the Congregational Church choir. He has helped unstintingly in the presentation of town plays, here and in nearby communities. He is also a good athlete. Those of us who appreciate amateur sports know what a tough competitor he is on the tennis court, what a superior pitcher

. . . all those retired professors, deans and other college officials who brought both love and fear to the hearts of their students at Middlebury College. A couple have moved to such places as Somme and Thuir, located in France. Another has retired to Sarasota, Fla., others have settled in various sections of the East, while still others have elected to make Middlebury their home. The 30-plus Emeriti screened total several centuries of experience.

fessor and Chairman of the Biology Department at Bates College. In 1972-73, he and his wife, Martine, spent nine months travelling through Europe and the British Isles. Prof. Hitchcock reports that he has been continuing his research on the migration and longevity of bats in northeastern North America. The Hitchcocks live at 1 Locust Lane in Middlebury. One daughter lives in North Haven, Conn., another lives in Waterville, N.Y., while their third daughter lives with her family in Orkney, Scotland.

Mathematics Professor Emeritus **Donald Ballou** stated he has "enjoyed the freedom to order my activities as I wish." Since retiring in 1973, he has vacationed in Florida and Arizona, and has been reading and gardening. He lives at 27 Weybridge Street. His son, also named Donald, lives in Delmar, N.Y.

Philosophy Professor Emeritus **John T. Andrews** and his wife, Libby, circumnavigated the USA immediately after his retirement in 1971. They went to Europe in 1974 and stayed in 47 different hotels, which must be close to a world record. Mrs. Andrews disclosed that "John goes swimming every day, so he keeps out of trouble." The Andrews live at 57 South Street.

Viola C. White, Curator Emerita of the Abernethy Library, lives at the Johnson Nursing Home in Middlebury. Mrs. Maurice Johnson, guardian, said, "Miss White enjoys having her friends, but she is confined to her room." Geography Professor Emeritus **Phelps N. Swett,** a member of the faculty for 43 years, and president of the National Bank of Middlebury from 1935-1969, announced his retirement in January 1976 as an active member of the bank's board of directors. Prof. Swett, who was responsible for laying out most of the roads in Addison County, lives with his wife, Eleanor, at 49 South Street. Their four sons live in various parts of the northeast: Phelps Jr. in Burlington, Malcolm in Fairfield, Conn., Donald in Gladstone, N.J., and Eleanor in Barrington, R.I. All graduated from Middlebury except Eleanor, who attended Duke University.

A number of wives of deceased faculty members also live in Middlebury. (Mrs.) **Barbara Carter,** wife of the late Music Professor Emeritus **Alan Carter,** lives at 36 Seminary Street. Prof. Carter, founder and Conductor Laureate of the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, and director and president of the Chamber Music Conference and Composer's Forum of the East, died unexpectedly Sept. 22, 1975. He was 71-years-old. Geology Professor Emeritus **Bruno M. Schmidt,** an active member in community affairs and an avid college sports fan, passed away June 22, 1974. His widow, Sabra, lives at 16 Chipman Park. (Mrs.) **Perley Perkins,** wife of the late English Professor, resides by 12 Adirondack View. (Mrs.) Mildred Bogart, wife of the deceased Political Science Professor Emeritus **Walter Bogart,** lives in RD 1, Middlebury. (Mrs.) **Waldo Heinrichs,** wife of the late Professor Emeritus of Contemporary Civilization, makes her home at 46 South Street.

Three Emeriti make their homes in other parts of Addison County and Vermont. Fine Arts Professor Emeritus **Arthur K.D. Healy,** and his wife, Troy, live in Vergennes. Prof. Healy has been travelling, writing, and painting since retirement in 1967. He is on the Vermont Historic Sites Board, and is also a Trustee of the Sheldon Museum. Presently, he is trying to get more recognition for the Sheldon, which is the oldest village museum in the country. The Healy's mailing address is Box 184, Vergennes, VT 05491. One of his children, Sophia, is an art teacher at Bennington College while Arthur Jr. is living in Ferdinand, Idaho.

While Mrs. **Elizabeth B. Kelly,** Dean Emerita of Women, has been selling her home in Bennington, she has alternated between spending winters in Eustis, Fla. and summers in Maine. For a mailing address she prefers — 419 South Mary St., Eustis, Florida 32726. Dean Kelly's husband, John "Red" Kelly '31, who directed intramural sports at the College for 36 years, died on March 17, 1975.

Ruth W. Temple, Assistant Dean Emerita, of Women, resides at 56 Pleasant Street, Rutland, VT 05701.

Where have all the Emeriti gone?

By Richards Gordon '75

Mathematics professor **John C. Bowker,** Dean of the Faculty Emeritus, is one of 19 Emeriti or relations who have remained in Middlebury. Prof. Bowker and his wife, Doris, reside at 14 Adirondack View. He reported they have travelled extensively throughout Europe since his retirement in 1967, after 41 years at the College. Still, they feel most comfortable in Middlebury. "Almost all faculty who have retired in the last 10 years have opted to make Middlebury their permanent home. From our experience we find life on campus very happy," he noted. Prof. Bowker has been president of the Middlebury Savings and Loan Association since he was appointed in 1966. The Bowkers' son, also named John, lives in Princeton Junction, N.J.

Physics Professor Emeritus **Ben Wissler** and his wife, Prindle, spent a month in Norway and also took a vacation in Hawaii during the past year. They reside at 23 Weybridge Street. Both of their children also live in Addison County, Christina in East Middlebury and Richard in New Haven. Russian Lecturer Emerita **Bertha Normano** reports that she has travelled to the Soviet Union, France, and Switzerland since her retirement in 1968. Mrs. Normano was executive secretary of the Russian Summer School from 1951-68. She lives at 7 Court Street.

Physical Education Professor Emeritus and noted coach **Walter J. "Duke" Nelson** comments that he has been enjoying golf, fishing, and coaching youth hockey since his retirement in 1972. Rumor has it that the birds at the college golf course are imitating his voice they hear it so often. He and his wife, Marjorie, live with their son, Harry, on Pulp Mill Bridge Road.

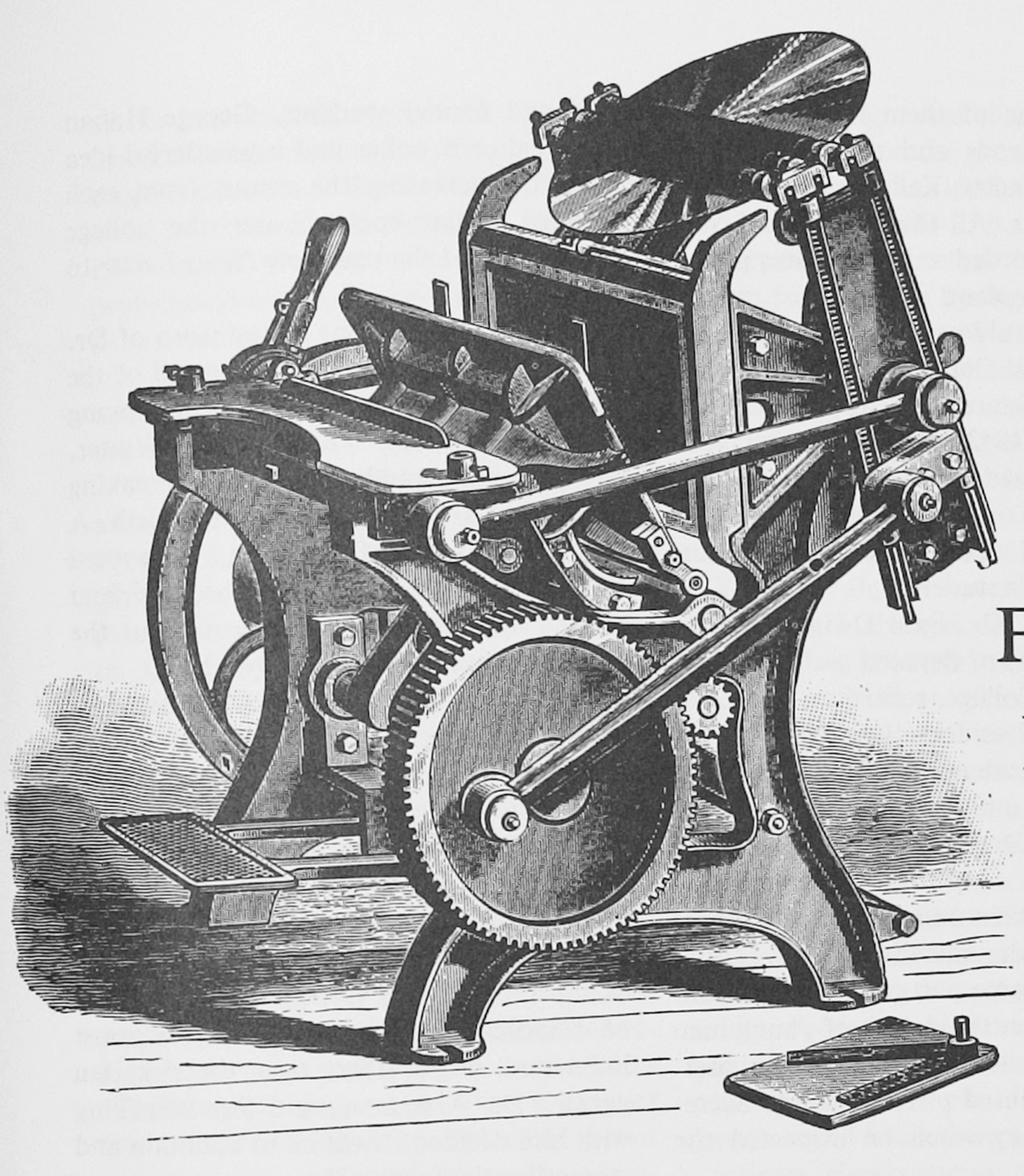
Sociology-Anthropology Professor Emeritus **Russell G. Sholes** is chairman of the Vermont Joint Legislative Committee of the National Retired Teachers Association and the American Association of Retired Persons. "I suppose it's logical that I should have moved into this organization. Rather to my surprise I found that the membership is over 35,000," he wrote. Undoubtedly, Prof. Sholes is keeping busy. But he is also active in other organizations. He is district governor of Rotary International, a member of the Vermont Board of Parole, and was a representative in the Vermont House for six years. He and his wife, Faith, live at 10 Adirondack View. Their three children are divided between New Haven, Conn., Burlington, Ontario, and Rochester, N.Y.

Since retirement in 1970, after 45 years at the College, French Professor **Stephen A. Freeman** has written a 407-page book entitled "The Middlebury College Foreign Languages: The Story of a Unique Idea." Prof. Freeman, Vice President Emeritus, was formerly Director of the Language Schools. He reports that he and his wife, Ruth, have travelled around the world visiting such countries as Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, Iran, Nepal, Afghanistan, and Burma. Presently the moderator of the Congregational Church and President of the Addison County Grammar School Corporation, Prof. Freeman and his wife reside at 24 South Street. One of their children lives in Shelburne while the other two are split between Needham Heights, Mass. and Sanford, Mich.

English Professor Emeritus **Douglas Beers** has been keeping active as a member of the Board of the Friends of Ilsley Library, soliciting funds for the Porter Medical Center Drive, and initiating and editing the first Ilsley Library News Letter. Prof. Beers, whose wife, Doris, passed away in March, 1975, resides at 9 Green Mountain Place. His daughter, Katherine, also lives in Middlebury.

American Literature Professor Emeritus **Reginald ("Doc") Cook** wrote that he has given occasional college lectures and written a book since his retirement in 1968. On the Board of Directors of the Vermont Academy of Arts and Sciences and the Thoreau Society, Prof. Cook and his wife, Nita, live on Pulp Mill Bridge Road.

After retirement in 1968, Biology Professor Emeritus **Harold B. Hitchcock** had teaching appointments at Boston University, Norwich University, and the University of Hawaii. From 1969-72, he was Dana Pro-



HAPPY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, NEWS LETTER

By Murray Hoyt '26

This is Middlebury College *News Letter's* 50th anniversary: half a century. So in a raspy baritone that could easily set music back ten years, this grateful alumnus would like to sing, "Happy birthday, dear *News Letter.*"

Like all of us, *News Letter* was very small at birth. But like us it increased in size and stature through the years. In 1926 its first issue was distributed to 3000 readers, and this was the entire alumni-ae body of the College. The Trustees picked up the tab for that first issue, but with the idea that subscribers among the Alumni would be solicited and the magazine would in time become self-supporting.

Its hopes and ideals were set forth in an editorial. "—to send the *News Letter* to every Middlebury home or desk as an old Middlebury friend who would come with news of the College, glimpses of the old Middlebury and the new, information as to what Middlebury men and women are achieving in their chosen fields, all serving to brighten old memories and old loyalties and awaken the new. Its future is wholly in front of it." This last was a bit tongue-in-cheek, as what future *isn't* wholly in front of us?

That first issue was edited by Alvin R. Metcalfe. After that Mr. Metcalfe was joined in this task by a Board of Editors consisting, besides himself, of Cap Wiley, Arthur Peach, Mary Gerris Higley, Myra A. Bagley and Frances Warner. Cap needs no introduction to alumni of my era, but for younger members of the Middlebury family, he was for many years Dean of Men, Director of Admissions and later Director of Alumni Relations and Placement.

There must have been painful moments while those first issues were being brought out. Because the January, 1927, issue said editorially, "'Born to fail, a name without an echo.'

"Newbolt's line seemed at times a fitting epitaph for the magazine. The fact that the magazine was not to fail must be credited to the steadfast goodwill of President Moody and the generous financial support accorded the publication by the Board of Trustees in their action of November 13. As a result of that action, Middlebury is no longer the last of the recognized colleges of the East without an alumni publication."

But matters did not go well with the subscription list. By 1932 there were only 500 subscribers, and because of the schedule of reduced appropriations, the remaining 3000 or so who were by then on the mailing list could not receive the publication. It was ruefully admitted by all concerned that the 500 were probably the most loyal of the Alumni, who therefore needed the publication the very least. The *News Letter* Committee felt that for so many to labor so hard and so long for so few, was a waste. They therefore petitioned the Trustees to raise the appropriation to $2000, so that a 24 page magazine could again be sent to all the alumni mailing list. The petition was most persuasive, and on October 15, 1932 this appropriation was voted and the magazine was out of the woods.

Meantime W. Storrs Lee '28, had taken over the editorship. He handled these editorial chores until June 1941, when he left

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Murray Hoyt celebrated another 50th Anniversary when he joined the Class of 1926 for its reunion this spring. A former national president of the Alumni Association, he has long been active in the affairs of the College. Mr. Hoyt has experienced success as the author of a number of books and short stories. He has authored eight books, co-authored two, and sold between 400 and 500 articles and stories to magazines from the Saturday Evening Post *and* Reader's Digest *to* Modern Maturity. *Some of the stories have been reprinted in anthologies. Two books that have come out within the last eighteen months are "Thirty Miles For Ice Cream" and "Creative Retirement."*

Following lunch for the Emeriti of the College on a rainy spring day on the campus, this picture was taken. Left to right are: (front) Russell Sholes and Mrs. Sholes, Mrs. Berthe Normano, John Andrews, Stephen Freeman, Harold Hitchcock, President Olin Robison, (rear) Reginald "Doc" Cook, Benjamin Wissler, Gene Bowker, Donald Ballou. Not in the picture are the emeriti who were busy talking with current faculty members at the time the photo was taken.

President Emeritus **James I. Armstrong** heads a group of Emeriti who have settled in other parts of the Eastern section of the country. Dr. Armstrong and his wife, Carol, live at 13 Seagate Road, Darien, Conn., 06820. He is president of the Charles A. Dana Foundation in Greenwich. The Armstrongs have a daughter Elizabeth at Colby College; a son, James Jr., in the graduate school of music at the University of Wisconsin; and another daughter, Carol, who is the wife of Roth W. Tall '65, Assistant Director of Development and Director of Annual Giving. The Talls will leave Middlebury at the end of the school year and go to Ohio where "T" will be Director of Development at Western Reserve Academy.

Russian Professor Emeritus **Mischa H. Fayer** has been travelling and lecturing since retirement in 1967. He and his wife, Florence, live at 2121 Nicholasville Road, Lexington, KY 40503. Assistant Treasurer Emeritus **J. Wilbur Smith** reports he has helped organize an Audubon Wildlife Film Series for Chapel Hill, N.C. since retirement in 1972 and lives with his wife, Peg, at 24 Sinnot Circle, Parkwood, Durham, N.C. 27707. One of their daughters lives in Burlington, VT, while the other makes her home in Hollywood, Calif. Both are married.

Mrs. **S. J. Prentice,** wife of the late Economics Professor Emeritus, lives at 8 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa. 17030.

Since retirement in 1967, German Professor Emeritus **Werner Neuse** has published two textbooks and has had one-year teaching appointments at both Lehigh University and Eckert College. He and his wife, Erna, live at 7 Cobb Road, Brunswick, N.J. 08901. One of their children Karl, is a noted Middlebury attorney.

Professor Emeritus of Physical Education and former Athletic Director **Arthur W. "Coach" Brown** and his wife, Amy, have retired permanently to Florida. They live at Plymouth Harbor, Apt. 1901, 700 John Ringling Boulevard, Sarasota, 33579. Both of their children though, have remained in Vermont. John lives in Brandon while Elisabeth Smith Hoffmann makes her home in Burlington.

Political Science Professor Emeritus **C. Leonard Hoag** reports that he has been busy with politics, music, stamps, and continuing education since retirement in 1972. He is executive director of the Research Triangle International Visitors Center, Inc. in Durham, N.C. and director of the Duke University Host Family Program. Prof. Hoag and his wife, Mary, live at 2701 Van Dyke Ave., Raleigh, N.C. 27607. Their son is working in the office of Congressman Foley in Washington, D.C. while their daughter is a student at Harvard Law School.

On the international scene, we have four Emeriti residing in various sections of France and Italy. **Prof. and Mrs. Salvatore Castiglione** temporarily moved to Florence, Italy in January 1976, after their retirement last year. Mrs. (Pierina) Castiglione is working with the Middlebury Language School while Prof. Castiglione is helping with other American programs in Italy. Their address is c/o Borrani, Via Dei Bardi, No. 17, 50125 Florence. The Castiglione's permanent residence is located in Cornwall, a short distance from the campus. French Professor Emeritus **Claude L. Bourcier** resides at Peu del Causse, Sainte, Colombe, 66300, Thuir, France. He is reportedly doing theatre work. His wife is a French teacher at Middlebury Union High School and lives at 11 Adirondack View, Middlebury. Another French Assistant Professor Emerita, **Lea. Z. Binand,** is residing at Hangest-sur-somme, Somme, France. □

Richards Gordon is currently employed as a journalist and does free-lance writing.

of the best known, world-wide, was Mrs. Lyndon Johnson. And for pure interest and laugh-production, Zero Mostel's antics when he received his Honorary degree in 1974 should rank at the top. Mr. Mostel proved beyond doubt that he could not resist an audience — any audience. After all, how many degree recipients sit in someone's lap or try to give a dollar bill to the degree-giver?

This present issue will be mailed to 23,300, a long jump from that first 3000. The Lane Press of Burlington printed *News Letter* beginning in 1932 until the late sixties. (Before that *News Letter* was printed by the Register Company in Middlebury.) The Salina Press of East Syracuse, N.Y., took over then, and now the George Little Press in Burlington is waiting to take over the contract from them.

During this last decade, inflation has come among us. The needs of the College kept expanding, and the purchasing power of the dollar kept dropping. And so, on Thursday, October 28, 1971, President Armstrong announced the 175th Anniversary Fund drive which was to have a $10,500,000 goal. He entrusted the raising of this sum to John Kirk '39. Thirty-two months later, June 30, 1974, Dr. Armstrong was able to announce that the goal had been surpassed by $272,132. The final tally turned out to be even greater: $13,880,705. A truly colossal 175th birthday gift.

In 1974 Dr. Armstrong announced in *News Letter* that he was resigning. A few issues later *News Letter* gave us the news that the Selection Committee had chosen Dr. Olin C. Robison to be Dr. Armstrong's successor.

Dr. Robison was inaugurated Saturday, November 1, the College's 175th birthday, at 10:30 A.M. in a colorful and, for Middlebury people, moving ceremony. *News Letter* gave its Winter 1976 issue over to the inauguration.

During its lifetime *News Letter* has given us sports schedules and results. Across its pages have marched the names of our athletic heroes.

Names have had a tendency to re-occur as the new generations came along. For a while *News Letter* printed names, even pictures, of sons and daughters of alumni in the Freshman class. This has been most interesting to me personally. I understand there is some thought of returning to this custom.

News Letter began to publish the names of those who donated to the Alumni Annual Giving campaign, and this must have had some influence on the growth of this effort over the years. In 1930 the Fund raised $3,127, while in 1974-75 it raised $340,606.

I reported earlier that *News Letter* had grown stouter. The Spring 1963 issue contained 35 pages, the Winter '64 issue (an inauguration issue) contained 71 pages, and the Autumn 1965 issue which described the dedication of the Language Center, contained 87 pages. The One Hundred Seventy-Fifth Anniversary issue, which I've already mentioned, was a 65 page issue.

We older alumni not only learned about the physical changes in our college, we learned, too, about the changes in attitude. We learned about the new mid-winter semester, the phenomenal acceptance of skiing, about the co-ed dorms, and the effect of the rapidly increasing tuition costs on the make-up of the student body. We learned about the impact of the second Field House, named for Paris Fletcher '24.

Throughout these years I've looked forward to receiving *News Letter,* have read it avidly. From it I have had many pleasant hours, many sad moments when from its pages I learned of the death of some of those whom I had known at Middlebury.

Names, always names, marching through its pages; new names and old, names for the first time and the last. And all these names have been people, some of whom I've known, some of whom I haven't, all of whom I've probably, during fifty years, seen.

News Letter has kept Middlebury people together. And now, with new and exciting changes contemplated, new money already raised, the new 1800-student body-size already with us, we will need and enjoy it more than ever. Maybe life begins at fifty, not forty. It should prove to be that way for *News Letter.*

As I have said, for doing all these pleasant and helpful things for me, I am tremendously grateful. So, can I have a lot more basses and tenors, many sopranos and altos who feel as I do and who will join me? A chord please, Professor. All together now.

"Happy birthday dear *News Letter,*" — and a long barber shop on that last note — "happy birthday to you." □

THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE NEWS LETTER
THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE NEWS LETTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE News Letter
THE MIDDLEBURY OF TOMORROW
What is the College's perspective for the future?
Will there be changes in the curriculum?
What is the future of foreign Languages?
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE News Letter
A Special Report
Middlebury
Middlebury
THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE NEWS LETTER
SESQUICENTENNIAL EDITION

Middlebury to enter the Navy. After the war he served as Dean of Men. He now spends his winters in Maui, Hawaii, with Pemaquid Point, New Harbor, Maine, his permanent residence.

During the war years there were three Acting Editors. They were: Mrs. Elizabeth B. Walsh, Sept. 1941-Sept. 1943, Mrs. Margaret L. Fayer, Dec. 1943 to June 1944, and Lester W. Ingalls '41, July 1944 to Nov. 1945.

In 1945 George H. Huban, prewar editor of the College's News Services, returned from Army duty, assumed the editorship and brought out the first postwar issue in February of 1946. From then until 1968 George watched over *News Letter's* diet, appearance, and growth with loving care. In 1968 Gregor Hileman took over the editorial chores and carried on through the Spring issue of 1976. I served on the Editorial Board under Greg Hileman and felt that the Autumn 1975 issue — the One Hundred and Seventy-Fifth Anniversary issue which was completely historical in content and traced the College's growth from its tiny beginnings to the present — truly reached a peak. It was a tremendous issue, definitely worthy of being the last before *News Letter's* fiftieth birthday year.

George Huban has returned to the *News Letter* editorship for this summer issue, and the newly appointed editor, Ron Nief (see page 5) will take over his duties with the autumn issue.

Fifty years. And through these tumultuous, eventful years *News Letter* has dutifully lived up to the promises it made us in that first issue. It has come into our homes and told us all about our college. It has brought us news and messages. It has told us about each other. It has kept us up to date.

It has had news to bring us, too. There was no Forest Hall when *News Letter* started, no Gifford Hall, no Battell North, South and Center, no Stewart Hall, no Munroe Hall, no Allen Hall, no Proctor Hall, no Memorial Field House, no Artificial Ice Rink, no Brown Swimming Pool, no Wright Theatre, no Sunderland Language Center, and Dana Auditorium, no Snow Bowl, and a much, much smaller Starr Library.

In 1963 the decision was made, and duly chronicled by *News Letter,* to enlarge the student body from 1300 to 1800. This would require more dormitory and classroom space; new buildings came thick and fast as a result. Even living right here in the town of Middlebury and having *News Letter* to guide me, I've had trouble keeping track of them all. Some of them have even been named for friends and acquaintances of mine: Cook, Hadley, Kelly, Freeman, Lang, Milliken, Voter. All these additions *News Letter* duly recorded as they became part of the Middlebury plant.

News Letter told us about the opening of the first Writers' Conference, and in 1931 it gave us, with pictures, the story of the Bread Loaf fire. In 1942 and for several years afterward, it made us understand the impact of the war on the campus. Those were the days when I would walk downtown and see hardly a male student.

In 1942 also, Dr. Paul Dwight Moody, after many years of devoted and successful service to the College, retired on June 1 as Middlebury's President. Dr. Freeman became acting president. All this *News Letter* reported for us and a year later brought us the news of Dr. Samuel S. Stratton's inauguration.

The College went on an accelerated three semester schedule, and the Navy V-12 unit of 500 men became part of the institution. With their advent the dearth of young men on the campus was a thing of the past. *News Letter* printed pictures of the Secretary of the Navy when he inspected the Middlebury unit.

News Letter told us about the establishment of a Russian Summer Session in 1945. In 1949 the Memorial Field House (moved to Middlebury in pieces from across the lake) was dedicated to the 62 men killed in action and the 1390 Middlebury College men and women who served in the armed forces during World War II.

That same year, an academic first, we learned of the establishment of the Middlebury School of French in France, a beginning which was later to be expanded to give us other schools on foreign soil to teach other languages.

The hurricane which hit Middlebury, and the destruction of the College Playhouse by fire, were two of the disasters of the 1950's which *News Letter* told us about.

In 1955, as you might expect of someone 29, *News Letter* became a father. It had only the one child, about which most of the alumni-ae know nothing unless their own children have gone to Middlebury. This newcomer's name was *Your Family and Middlebury.* It was printed from *News Letter* type after each issue of *News Letter* had been printed. It was much thinner than *News Letter* — we all become a bit portly as we grow older — because the editor selected only material of interest to parents. This publication was sent to 2800 parents of current and former students. George Huban and Walter Brooker had a wonderful idea here for increasing the return from each printing dollar spent. Later the college began to send the complete *News Letter* to parents.

News Letter brought us the news of Dr. Stratton's June 1963 retirement and of the Strattons' intention to go on living among us in Middlebury. Then, in the Winter, 1964, issue it brought us the heart-breaking news of Mrs. Marjorie Stratton's death. A gentle and wonderful person, a devoted hospital "gray lady," she had been a friend to all Middlebury people throughout the twenty-one years we had known her.

Dr. James I. Armstrong and his lovely wife were chosen to be our President and First Lady. Those of us who were unable to attend the inauguration of Dr. Armstrong were given details of the event by *News Letter.*

Since that day there has been exciting news for us in Dr. Armstrong's evaluation of the Liberal Arts College in general and of Middlebury in particular. "The most important single effort over the next ten years," Dr. Armstrong and those working with him decided, "will be to maintain and strengthen the faculty."

News Letter brought us the announcement that, to this end, the President hoped to increase faculty compensation, give more leaves-of-absence for study and research, enlarge library resources. He announced the need for a Language Center, an Art-Music Center, a Science Center. And of course we know from *News Letter* that these things are now a reality. A conditional grant for the Language Center from the Charles A. Dana Foundation and a 1.7 million dollar challenge grant from the Ford Foundation made these and other things possible.

But not without a lot of hard work. The 1.7 million challenge fund had to be matched two for one from other sources. Undaunted by the magnitude of the sum, Middlebury tackled with enthusiasm the task of raising it. Then in the midst of the campaign the sights were raised even higher and it was decided to try for 6.6 million instead of the original goal of 5.1 million. The final total was 8,295,902, a fantastic sum. When *News Letter* told us, we were elated. As President Armstrong and the Trustees showed us, you can do a lot with 8.3 million dollars.

These fifty years have been interesting ones for *News Letter.* It has seen many celebrities at commencement time arrive on campus to receive Honorary degrees. One

a very simple paradox: we are social animals and at the same time we are solitary, irrevocably solitary. We communicate in order to break out of our solitude, our loneliness; in order to be part of our world, in order to share our experiences, and perhaps to try to discover their meaning. In other words, we communicate in order to illuminate our lives, or the lives of others. We try to illuminate the darkness both within ourselves and outside of us.

At least this is why I write — to illuminate for myself and occasionally I hope, for others. Since writing is the form of communication I know best, I must concentrate on my own special field today, although I think the process is much the same in any creative act, any career undertaken, any piece of work well done, including the welding of a relationship or the art and discipline of life itself.

There are some wonderful moments in the creative process, especially in the beginning. At the outset there is the moment of vision, the first glimpse of what you want to say or create, or do. It is the point of departure — whatever it is that sets you off on your journey. It used to be called "inspiration." Today it might be called a kick-off or a hunch or an insight. A French poet once called this point "la ligne donnee." One line of the poem is "given" to you. You must work to add the rest.

There are an infinite variety of points of departure but there is one thing they all have in common — and that is "the gift." Something is "given." You remember in the old fairy tales when The Goose Girl or the King's son set out on their journeys, they were given something. The gift always had a magic property. It opened up unexpected possibilities: a table cloth that produced meals when you said "Spread, table, spread," or a comb that turned into a forest to delay your pursuing enemy, or a key that unlocked bolted doors. The gift is very precious. Don't ask where it comes from or who gave it to you: whether God gave it or your unconscious or some angel or some devil. Don't ask, because you might doubt the gift.

This is the first temptation — not to take the gift seriously. You have had a vision, in whatever form it came; a glimpse of what you want to do, and you wonder if it's real, if you can trust it. Moments of vision, you think, are deceptive; they are irrational. In a culture that today values the rational above all else, visions don't make sense. Besides, you are too busy; there are other things to do: clean out your desk, do your laundry, wax your skis, write a letter to your mother — or your grandmother! Usually these are only excuses for avoiding the demands of the gift.

If you have a gift, you have a responsibility. If you have a line of poetry given and don't pursue it, you may never be given another. The passage to the unconscious may be blocked. If you strike a vein of gold and don't tap it, the mine may be closed forever. If you have a glimpse of where you want to go and don't take a compass reading, you may never reach your destination.

We will assume though (for the purpose of continuing our journey) that when we have this moment of vision, we stop; we pay attention; we appreciate the gift.

It is as if one were standing on a look-out point and seeing across the valley to the peak one wants to climb. One must look at it well because one never quite sees this view again. It is a beautiful clear day and the peak over there is not only dazzling but it looks astonishingly near. A few hours' brisk walk would reach it or, at most, an afternoon's expedition. But one doesn't move because it's so beautiful, so perfect and so clear. Nothing, one thinks, will ever be the same again. Nothing will ever be as difficult, because one has had this glimpse of reality. One is struck dumb; one wants to stay there forever, looking at the view.

This is the second temptation. Many people get stopped at this point. I've been here myself. One is so enamored of the vision of the poem or work of art, or destination, that one can't move ahead toward it. And one must.

Vision is a miracle, a gift, a point of departure but it isn't communication. To communicate your vision, you have to leave the look-out, go down into the valley, trudge across the bog, make your way through the dark forest at the foot of the mountain, and climb up the steep stony paths at the summit. You have to surrender the vision in order to give it form, shape and body. The flower of insight has to be sacrificed for the fruit of a finished work.

So now, if you have courage enough to leave your vision, you start your descent on the practical path of action. You tighten up the laces of your hiking boots and off you go. Surprisingly, once you leave the vision, this first part of the journey is easy. It is early in the day and you have lots of energy and it is downhill all the way. You tear down the path pell-mell. You are going so fast that you stumble over your own feet. You can hardly keep up with the momentum. Ideas are coming faster than you can use them or put them on paper, if you are writing. And, worse still, you can't discriminate between good ideas and bad ones. The flow of this first impetus of creation is like a mountain stream, carrying everything it meets along the way: sticks, stones, weeds, flowers, pine cones, empty beer cans — everything is carried downhill in the first wave of enthusiasm.

Unfortunately, rather swiftly one reaches the bottom of the hill, the end of the first stage. With a hard thump you find yourself on level ground. The early morning impetus is spent. You are alone, and you've lost the vision and you don't even see the mountain peak because you're in the scrubby lowland. You have only the memory of your vision and your faith in it, a kind of compass on which you have set a course.

At this low point I find there is unexpected help — the stimulus that comes from being in the actual process of work.

Aspects of Communication

By Anne Morrow Lindbergh

"Communication is the translation of one's individual talents into a negotiable form. What you — and only you — have to give is transferred to other people in a form they can understand, accept and use constructively. The forms may differ but the transfer, the exchange, is the essential element always present."

As I think back over my life and the differences in our generations, in our life-styles, in our worlds, then and now, I try to bridge those gaps and to remember what I felt in college. I was on the whole, much less sophisticated, less experienced, and probably less educated than you are now, despite the rich fields opened to me by Smith College, under President Nielson, almost 50 years ago. Many of the things I felt then I have outgrown or forgotten, but I remember vividly one remark I made that is still part of me. It was strangely prophetic. I said, "To me the most exciting thing in life is communication." I consider that sentence now over a long life of admittedly exciting events, both good and bad: romance, marriage, crossing oceans in single engined planes, flying over the Greenland Ice-Cap, forced landings in deserts and arctic waters, experiments in gliding, giving birth to children, meeting death and sorrow, watching people prepare for war, or stagger back to normal life when war ended. After all this life of adventure, astonishingly, my statement of almost 50 years ago still has validity.

Communication still matters to me. That is why I am here today. At least, that is what interests me the most about this occasion. I am to talk about communication, what I think it is, and why I think it is important, and some of the difficulties in the particular and limited form of communication I practice.

Let me start out by saying what communication is *not.* It is not what Clarence Day once described in a moment of frustration when he said, "Most communication is like shouting through a mattress with words of one syllable." This is not what I call communication. For communication there has to be an answering voice and it doesn't have to be a shout — it can be a whisper. It is more than this, of course.

Communication embraces much more than I thought it did when I was in college. As an undergraduate, communication meant the exchange of thoughts with my fellow students, my teachers, my friends, and through books and research. It was an exciting two-way flow of ideas. The new discoveries for me then were novelists like Virginia Woolf and James Joyce, poets like Rainer Maria Rilke and William Yeats and Vermont's Robert Frost. That kind of communication I still respond to when I discover new books today — different ones, of course: a new book by Joseph Campbell on myths and symbols, a new novel by Doris Lessing, or a new study of Jung or a new book on Zen or on Teilhard de Chardin, or on ecology by Rene Dubos or Barbara Ward.

But today, communication has come to have a much broader meaning for me. It seems to me the basic fabric of our lives, the fibre that joins man to man. It is not only the web of relationships that binds us together in personal life, — families, marriages, friends — it is built into the structure of most professions. I do not need to point out here that good teaching is one of the most vital forms of communication. But it is equally important for doctors to communicate with their patients, lawyers with their clients, businessmen in selling their products, scientists in making known their discoveries. For men and women in public affairs communication means active participation in civic issues. It is the connective tissue knitting together social groups.

In trying to define communication broadly, I have come to feel that it is the translation of one's individual talents into a negotiable form. What you — and only you — have to give is transferred to other people in a form they can understand, accept and use constructively. The forms may differ but the transfer, the exchange, is the essential element always present.

Artistic or personal communication also has many forms. The exchange can take place, most of us will agree, in speech or writing or even in glances, in music or dancing and in art of all kinds. There is also silent communication, the sharing of an experience with another person. Wordless communication is one of the highest forms because at this point, communication becomes communion. The Irish poet Yeats once spoke of (I quote) " . . . that supreme experience of life: (which he thought possible only for the young) to share profound thought and then to touch."

I have been trying to define communication — to say what it is — but as someone once remarked, it is easy enough to explain what a tree is, it is more difficult to say *why* is a tree? Why is communication? Or why is communication important? Thinking about it I decided it was important to me because of

Honorary Degree Citations

Left to right: Walter D. Knight, Paris Fletcher, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, President Robison, Arthur K. D. Healy, Hyatt H. Waggoner, Virginia Phillips Whitney.

PARIS FLETCHER '24

Doctor of Laws

Today as you return to Middlebury, your birthplace and childhood home, Middelbury College honors one of her own. Undergraduate leader, Phi Beta Kappa scholar, member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, you have carried on a family tradition dating from 1838. Member of Middlebury College's Board of Trustees under three presidents, your contributions to this College and to the Town of Middlebury are as solid and as permanent as the buildings which honor you and your forebears: Fletcher Field House, Warner Science, and the Fletcher rooms in the Egbert Starr Library and the Town of Middlebury's Sheldon Museum. An indefatigable worker, you have spent countless hours sharing your wisdom, wit, and historical perspective as you have helped guide the Worcester Home for Aged Men and Women, the Hahnemann Hospital, and Worcester Polytechnic Institute. We honor you today for your thoughtful devotion to Middlebury College, your keen sense of humor, wide-ranging wisdom, and Yankee common sense.

ARTHUR K. D. HEALY '24

Doctor of Humane Letters

Architect, gourmet, professor, political candidate, Francophile, supervisor of PWA, Irish conversationalist, museum director, expert on the Duke of Wellington — artist. Which of your many careers should be honored today? The public world has clearly honored your work as a painter for your water colors grace the collections of many distinguished museums including the Harvard Museum, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the Kansas City Art Museum. Your chosen medium of water color was the perfect match for a temperament which emphasizes quickness, wit, boldness, and strong color. Characteristics relished by generations of Middlebury students and envied by faculty colleagues. You capture the special moments of life's grace: the subtle colors of a Vermont spring, the flash of jockeys at the ready, and game flushed at dawn. Grace has been your medium as artist and gentleman. You inspire all of us with your art and your art of living, for color and courtesy of conversation and canvas.

WALTER D. KNIGHT, JR. '41

Doctor of Science

From student days at Middlebury when you tested the buoyancy of a fellow student by trapping him in an overflowing bathroom, to the invisible world of sub-atomic particles at the University of California at Berkeley, your interest in physics experimentation has been remarkable. Surviving the rigors of Professor Wissler and a brief career as a baritone at Middlebury, you received a Ph.D. at Duke. Alfred P. Sloan Fellow and Guggenheim Fellow, you have been not only a researcher but a teacher determined to read poetry to physics majors. A low temperature researcher, you also served as Dean during high temperature times at your university. As a physicist you unlocked the secrets of solids; as a Dean you suffered the presence of tear gas. Discoverer of a significant principle of atomic behavior, we are pleased to note that it has been changed from its original designation as "the Knight effect" to "the Knight shift." Though you specialize in the Knight shift and write on Nuclear Relaxation Times, there is nothing somnolent about your record of over fifty publications. For your work as punster, physicist, teacher, and administrator, your alma mater is proud to honor you.

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

Doctor of Humane Letters

Graduate of a sister institution to the south, you began writing early and were recognized for your talent while still an undergraduate. In a partnership to chart the unknown you became a navigator, pilot, and chronicler of the human urge to test the limits of technology and personal endurance. In advance of writing fashion, you counseled a conscious selectivity in life's demands, balancing physical, intellectual and spiritual life. A profound sensitivity to nature glows in your poetry and prose, giving us a humane vision of what our relationships toward each other might be; to use your own words, "The best relationship of all . . . the meeting of two whole fully developed people as persons." And yet you wisely remind us that life has its ebbs and flows, that as "each cycle of the tide is valid," so "each cycle of a relationship is valid." We welcome you to this beautiful valley. We share your joy in the graduation from this College of your eldest grandchild. And we are honored to make you a part of this community.

HYATT H. WAGGONER '35

Doctor of Letters

Our Vermont neighbor, eminent scholar, passionate teacher, you are the embodiment of the dictum that the teacher affects eternity. Acknowledging, in the dedication to your first major work, the determinative influence on your own life of two great teachers at Middlebury, Vernon Harrington and Reginald Cook, you went grandly on to become the vital center of American Studies at a great university, leading students by the intensity of your teaching "to paths they never expected to take." A Christian humanist by your own definition, the informing principle of your scholarship has been the conviction that our great American writers are men speaking to other men on questions of human and religious value across the centuries. Your solid engagement with religious, philosophical, and critical issues, the clarity and force of your writing, your discovery and illumination of new dimensions in the work of Emerson, Hawthorne, Faulkner, and the American poets have defined a new awareness of the American literary tradition for our time.

VIRGINIA PHILLIPS WHITNEY '36

Doctor of Letters

Member of the Class of 1936, honors graduate in political science, you started a second career nearly twenty years later as a library assistant in East Orange, New Jersey, while rearing three children and sending two of them to Middlebury. By 1971 your determination and dedication achieved high professional recognition. You served as President of the Association of Research Libraries, member of the Advisory Council of Princeton University Library, and became Director of the twenty-one libraries in the Rutgers University System. Your professional expertise has also served your avocation as you lovingly restored an elegant home in Blue Hill, Maine, with a librarian's concern for authenticity and an innate sense of color, charm, and taste. You exemplify the high goals of a liberal arts education as you successfully combine motherhood, homemaking, and career. Middlebury College is proud to have you as an alumna. ☐

(Running down the hill-side wasn't work.) Engagement in process — the process of hacking out a path, or walking ahead — has certain rewards. They are not very romantic ones, but rather tough and earthy like the clods under your feet. You discover things about yourself, your endurance, your toughness, and even about your destination. Many irrelevancies drop away just from putting one foot down in front of the other. Discoveries surge up from the pound of your feet on the ground.

But, someone will say, suppose I discover I'm on the wrong path? Don't panic! This is possible. In fact, it is one of the gifts of process, of involvement. Involvement in action gives you the chance of discovering you're on the wrong course, perhaps even pointed toward the wrong mountain. But you would never have made this discovery by sitting on the look-out point. Without involvement you would be there still, not having found anything or learned anything. You may have to turn around, climb a tree, take fresh stock of yourself and your orientation, but you're further ahead than if you had never set out.

I'm going to assume we're on the right path, after perhaps one or two tries. The path leads to the mountain and we're feeling more confident. There are, of course, going to be difficulties. I can't describe them all, and you probably know them already. There are many diferent kinds and they have to be met in totally different ways. (The fairy-tale comb and tablecloth and key don't conquer them all.) Some of these hurdles must be met actively and some passively; some with will-power; some with rationality. Others must be met with just the opposite approach, by letting go, being open, listening.

I'll describe a few familiar hazards. One of the hardest to cross is the bog. In writing, this is the moment when you face the humiliation of the first draft. It takes an enormous amount of courage to face the pain of this moment. The disparity between your vision and the first draft is unbelievable. What you've written is messy; it's heavy; it's inarticulate. The words that come to you are awkward and lumpy, and they won't fit together into a sentence. You are like a two year old child fumbling with blocks. Why did you ever think you could write? This is the marsh, the bog, the quagmire and I've been in it often myself. I am sorry to have to admit I think this is a normal stage in writing. I have never found a detour around the bog. You have to go plodding right through it. It is the only way to reach the second draft. If one clumps ahead, no matter how awkwardly, one does reach the second draft, and then the third and the fourth.

Now you're doing all right until you reach a chasm — a deep gorge, with a river in it. In writing, this is the blank page, the dead end. You have had a vision; you have worked hard on it; you have made a beginning and now suddenly, and very unfairly, you are stopped cold. How do you get across the chasm? This is not the time to use the rational approach, or will power, or Evel Kneivel leaps. You can't argue yourself across the chasm, or swim it, or leap it. A totally new approach is needed, a helper, a guide, a sign. (In the fairy tale at this point a shaggy pony would appear and carry you across) You are out of touch with your unconscious and you need an intuitive signal, another gift. Relax, take a day off, do a job where you can see a tangible result; cut the lawn, bake a loaf of bread, forget about the chasm, and get a good night's sleep. The next morning you may find the smallest little thread of an idea to throw across the chasm. If it holds, then you can fasten a cord to the thread and then a rope — a bridge — and you're over!

With the chasm behind you, it is a relief to be up in the woods. There are no more gorges but after an hour or two of climbing around trunks and roots, you begin to be confused. You can't see the forest for the trees. This is a familiar stage in writing. You've written pages and pages but you can't get far enough away from it to see what you've done. You can't see it whole. You wonder what it's like — does it say anything? Would it mean something to another person? And suddenly you have a desperate idea: show it to your roommate, your friend, your husband, your wife. He'll know — she'll know, you think hopefully.

All I can say is, *Don't!* Not at this stage. No one else can help you here; no one else had your particular vision so no one else can compare the reality of what you've actually done to your early dream. They can't see where you are or where you're going, and whatever they say will only discourage you. There is nothing to do here but to climb around each tree as it comes, hoping you will eventually get out of the forest.

Finally, one sees sky through the trees and one comes out into the open. And here one is on the rocky upper slope of the mountain. Everything is very clear and bare — and boring. What you've written, what you've struggled over, what you've carved out with such difficulty isn't any startling creation. It is just a stretch of hard-pan platitudes. Those original ideas of yours are simply trite and obvious truths that everyone knows already. Why give the stuff to anyone? You want to throw it all away.

At this point you are probably wrong. You have worked at it too long and it has become stale. What is dull and familiar to you may be fresh and stimulating to someone else. If it is a piece of writing, don't tear it up. Type it out again, neaten it up, look at the clean copy and — at last, show it to someone. Just a little more climbing and you'll be at the top.

And what happens when you're at the top? No seven gun salutes, no fireworks, no vision. The peak doesn't look as it did from the early lookout point. I warned you, you would never see just that view again. In fact, you might be on the same hill you started from. Was the journey for nothing?

The journey was worth making because when you finish your poem or your book or your piece of work, it speaks to others. And it is the response of others who hear — and only this response — that tells you you have reached the point you aimed for. This response in itself is a great joy. It can be — as I said in college "the most exciting thing in life" — to know you have communicated your vision to others. You are not alone.

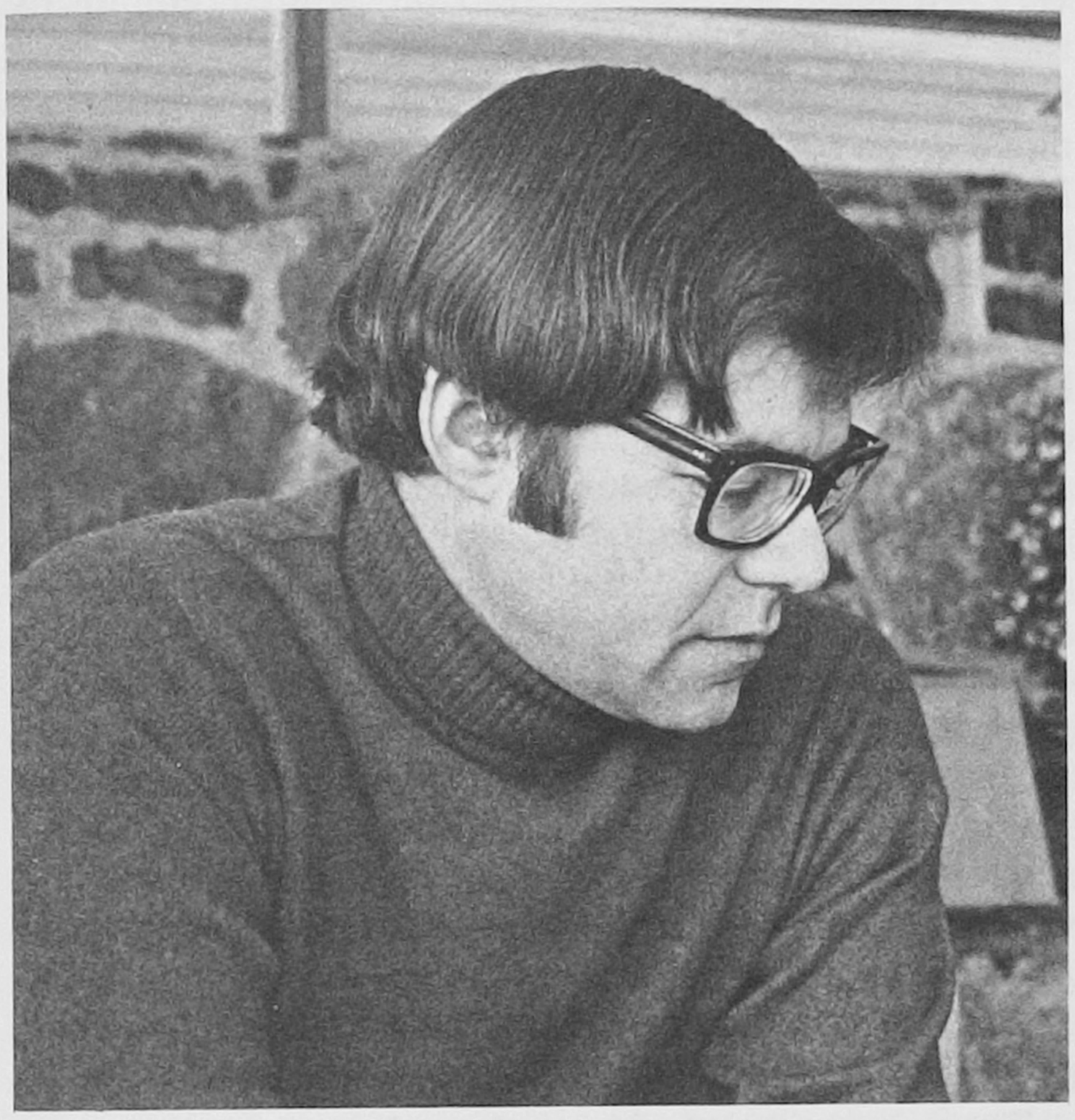
But the response is not the only reward. By your finished work, whatever it is, you have joined yourself to the human community in a totally new way. You have added a fresh step to the sum of human accomplishment, knowledge or insight. Because of what you have illuminated, others may see clearly and work further ahead on new ground.

And now about you, yourself — do you see more clearly? That is obvious, of course, when you reach the mountain-top a whole new landscape opens up below you, with other peaks on the horizon. The landscape was once described by a poet and I shall end on his words — from T.S. Eliot's *Little Gidding:*

"We shall not cease from our exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started from
And know the place for the first time."

☐

Many who heard Mrs. Lindbergh's Commencement Address have asked for a copy. One of the most interesting commencement speeches ever delivered at Middlebury, it is published here for the entire Middlebury family. A poet, essayist and novelist, Mrs. Lindbergh is also the grandmother of Kristina Lindbergh '76.



Art and Unhappiness

When Satan was asked:
"Why did you leave Paradise?" he replied:
"Because I wanted to become an Author."

by Robert Pack

The 46th Annual Abernethy Lecture, the last in the 175th Anniversary Lecture Series, was delivered in the spring by Robert Pack, Julian W. Abernethy Professor of American Literature. Professor Pack, Director of the College's Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, is the author of seven volumes of poetry. His new volume of poetry, Keeping Watch, *will be published by the Rutgers University Press in the fall of 1976. He has also written three children's books, a critical appraisal of Wallace Stevens, a translation of Mozart's librettos and a recent volume on the correspondence of poet John Keats. Professor Pack joined the Middlebury faculty in 1964.*

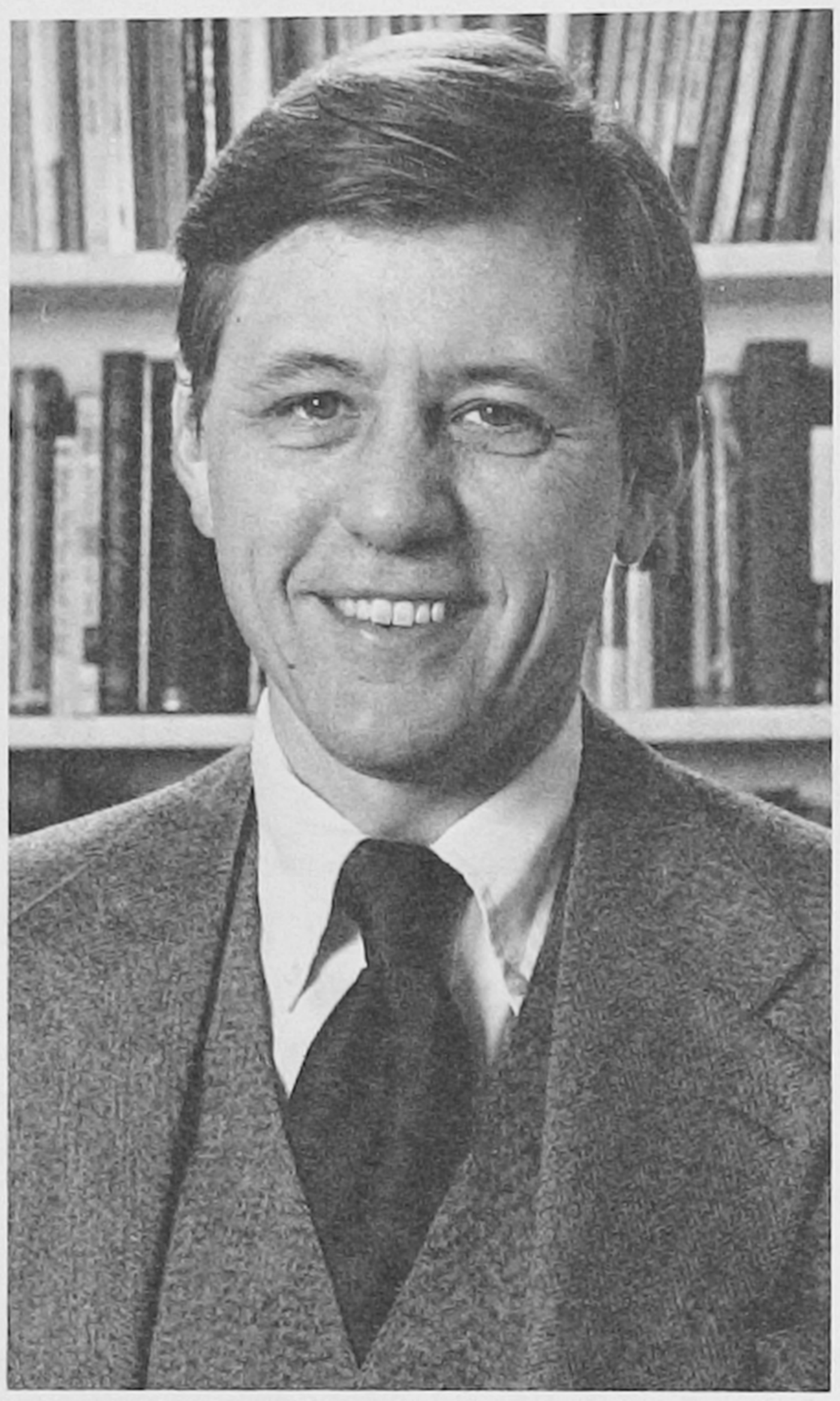
"Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." So Tolstoy begins *Anna Karenina,* choosing unhappiness as his primary theme, for only in unhappiness does human identity and uniqueness seem to reside. Happiness is anonymous, and therefore it is inherently uninteresting to the contemplative artist. It is an emotion to be lived, to be experienced, an end in itself with no need or compulsion to examine itself. Happiness is essentially wordless, or so the logic of Tolstoy's statement would imply. "And so they lived happily ever after." The happy lovers vanish into their happiness, and we as readers or writers return to our true medium, our suffering, where, in Keats' words, "to think is to be full of sorrow/ And leaden-eyed despairs." The inexorable dialectic of the thinking artist, to alter Descartes, would read: "I suffer, therefore I am." Or as Byron says: "Knowledge is sorrow." And as Denis De Rougemont claims in his study, *Love in the Western World,* "Happy love has no history."

There is no aspect of reality, theoretically, that the gifted artist cannot describe or dramatize. Does the theme of happiness, then, present the artist with some special problem? Is there something in the very nature of literary art that militates against choosing happiness as a theme? In paradise, or in a social utopia, would there be little motivation for the creating of art? If in choosing to become a literary artist one henceforth depends upon the world's unhappiness for one's creative substance, one's fundamental material, how can one oppose that evil upon which one's identity depends? Is all literary art in the devil's domain, and the history of literature the devil's enduring edifice, betokening his paradoxical mastery of our minds? Is the project of art in some way fundamentally tied to the sickness of man's loving the very afflictions out of which his art arises? The fact that one sets out to be an artist may effect the way one looks at the world by tempting one to focus on violence and pain because such themes are more exciting than those of tranquility or contentment. If as Yeats

DEAN O'BRIEN NAMED BUCKNELL PRESIDENT

Dennis O'Brien, Dean of the Faculty and Professor of Philosophy, left the College on July 1 to become the twelfth president of Bucknell University. Commenting on Dean O'Brien's appointment, President Robison said: "While I have worked with Dennis for only one year, I have come to appreciate why he is held in such high esteem by the Trustees, the Administration and the Faculty of the College. Dennis came to Middlebury in 1965 and has served as Dean of Men, Dean of the College, Dean of the Faculty and Professor of Philosophy. I need not remind Alumni of the turmoil which surrounded our campuses during the late 60s and early 70s. Dennis did an exceptional job during those troubled times. We are sorry to lose him. His departure is a serious loss to the College. However, I know of no one more deserving of such an opportunity and our very best wishes go with him as he undertakes his presidency."

The following resolution honoring Dean O'Brien was voted by the College's Board of Trustees at a Commencement Weekend meeting:



> Yale graduate, Chicago seasoned, Princeton refined, and Middlebury matured, George Dennis O'Brien leaves the mountains of Vermont after eleven years to become the twelfth president of Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Dennis has served Middlebury College handsomely as Dean of Men, Dean of the College, Dean of the Faculty, Professor of Philosophy, and chairman of his department, of countless committees, of sub-committees, of special committees, and of working groups in which he did the working. In 1967, he became Dean of the College and a tenured member of the faculty and, three years later, was promoted to a full professor. Dennis has served as a member of several visitation committees on behalf of the New England Association of Schools and Colleges. His educational leadership has been recognized throughout the academic profession as he serves on the Board of LaSalle College in Philadelphia and St. Michael's College in Winooski, Vt. Dennis is the rare teacher-scholar-administrator who will be remembered as the only man the Twentieth Century has produced for Middlebury who could claim to be President Ezra Brainerd's heir — a colleague who could teach the whole curriculum while administering all the affairs of the college.
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> His American Council of Learned Societies leave in 1971-72 gave him the opportunity to finish his well respected book on Hegel. But whether it be Hegel or "A Nude Descending the Philadelphia Museum" or "Adlai Stevenson: Politician" or "Prophets, Politicians, Professors and Priests" or "Academic Tenure: Licensing the Gadflies" or his contributions to the Middlebury College *News Letter* in the form of "Deans for Virtue" and "In Loco Parentis," Dennis O'Brien has been a pillar of the College administration. While he asked, in 1971 through the Wesleyan University Press, "Does Hegel Have a Philosophy of History?" there are countless students, faculty members, administrators, and Trustees of Middlebury College who know Dennis' own philosophy of history, education, life, and commitment to family and church.
>
> It is with great pride that the Board of Trustees joins with the entire Middlebury College community in recognizing Dennis' extraordinary abilities and send him south to Lewisburg with hopes for smooth seas and following winds...

President-Emeritus James I. Armstrong noted Dean O'Brien's presidency with the following statement:

> I am delighted that Dennis O'Brien will be the next President of Bucknell University. He has been a major affirmative force in the achievements of Middlebury College over 11 years, and I foresee a bright era at Bucknell under his leadership.
>
> Responsibilities during my administration grew largely from the particular talents of people, and thus Dennis O'Brien became Dean of the College because he combined in unusual degree talent for and interest in the educational and operational programs of the College. He made the job and the job was exceedingly well done — so well, indeed, that he was my choice for Dean of the Faculty when that office became suddenly vacant.
>
> Triple talented people are rare in the academic world, and Dennis O'Brien is one of these — a strong, imaginative administrator, a brilliant teacher, and a first-rate scholar.
>
> Last, and most important, Dennis O'Brien has influenced the quality of the College by the quality of his life — by his wit, his compassion, his humane values lived out among us. I was everlastingly grateful for his presence; we were all his beneficiaries.

Dean O'Brien is the second member of the College's academic administration to be named to a presidency in the past two years. Last year, Dean of the Faculty Richard Turner became president of Grinnell College. Another former Middlebury dean — Thomas H. Reynolds — serves as president of Bates College.

The O'Briens are the parents of three children: Elizabeth 16, Juliana 14, and Victoria 4. Mrs. O'Brien is a former president of the Addison County Community Action Group and the Addison County Housing Association, and at the time of her husband's appointment resigned as a Commissioner of the Vermont Housing Authority.

Commenting on Mrs. O'Brien's departure from Vermont, Governor Thomas P. Salmon stated: "I am pleased to join Judy O'Brien's many friends in the Middlebury community in honoring her, as she leaves with her husband for Bucknell University. Vermont is losing a good friend. Her unselfish contributions of time and talent have extended beyond the Middlebury area throughout our Green Mountain State. We shall miss her..." ☐

except through the natural process of childbirth, he must necessarily survey what his art has wrought and cry out with Keats: "Cold pastoral!" Art is the creation of dead things. All art is epitaph.

"We had fed the heart on fantasies," says Yeats, "the heart's grown brutal from the fare." The energy that goes into artistic creation, when violence is the theme of that creation, exploits that violence by directing it against mortality itself in the fantasy that the work of art can overcome the necessity of one's own death. But this fantasy must fail, and any art grounded in this fantasy is finally a pathetic rebellion against the inexorable facts of decay and mortality. Rather than relieving us of violent passion that rebels against our mortal condition, the energy of art, in the fantasy of creating its own order, exacerbates that feeling of violence out of the primary frustration of all art: it cannot prevent death, nor can it truly give life. Frustration compounds frustration; anger compounds anger, and the hatred of life for what it denies and what it takes away continues to build so that the given world comes to be seen entirely as adversary. Yeats' lines go on to define precisely the brutality that derives from the nurturing of one's fantasies. He asserts that there is "more substance in our enmities/Than in our love." Where then is the art that can proclaim our love and find in it a happiness that is equal to our hatreds? On what premise might an art be based that would free it from a dependence on violence as its primary source of energy and thus lead the artist from the maker's happiness back again into his life? In that return, the artist might become a model for us all, adding a tranquil perspective out of his ordering power, and thus freeing his voice from dependence on irony or cynicism.

For all Yeats' fascination with violence, there is a longing for an alternative power, an intense peacefulness, that is "by quiet natures understood." This peacefulness, potent in its achieved equipoise, is given intermittent expression in his writing, but nowhere is it more lucidly described than in his *Autobiography* where he says: "We artists suffer in our art if we do not love most of all life at peace with itself." I believe that Yeats means that the artist without a vision of life at peace with itself suffers as a human being, but equally he suffers *as an artist.* He suffers as an artist because his depiction of violence, his moral perspective of human suffering caused by human viciousness or injustice, is merely the thematic excuse for his art unless he possesses a heartfelt belief in a genuine alternative to such corruption. Without such a belief, he is an aesthetic hypocrite, for there can be no true moral horror in the face of violence if violence is the only possible mode of human interaction or the primary source of artistic power. The challenge the artist must confront is to realize the "drama," the quiet intensity, of life at peace with itself, so that all the imagery of violence will be felt, not as vicarious sadism, but as a deprivation of peaceful goodness.

Peaceful goodness can only mean the harmony of man with the conditions of his life, knowing what is within his power to change, and knowing as well what is merely in his power to accept. What every man must accept is his own history, his one life, his particular body, and finally his death which may be mitigated only by the survival of others, his children. For a little while his memory endures. For a little while, perhaps, his work endures. But within a finite span everything is lost. The human mind cannot avoid this thought. As Yeats says: "Everything that man esteems/Endures a moment or a day." The knowledge of final and absolute loss is inescapable. Yeats continues: "Man is in love and loves what vanishes." If this condition, the vanishing of all things, cannot be accepted, there can be no harmony, only the fantasy of an afterlife or the illusion of a kind of immortality through art. Neither the creation of art, nor the power of the tyrant, nor the murdering of rivals, can confer immortality. Men die. If the artist considers artistic creation as primary to the meaning or purpose of his life, he inevitably enacts the fantasy of giving birth to himself which is at heart the manifestation of his deepest despair—his wish for omnipotence. Until he can outgrow this wish and reject it, cast it out, he lives and works as the adversary of nature, for limitation and finitude are his enemies, and he must necessarily find his voice in the violence of opposition. His inescapable theme, seemingly beyond choice, must be unhappiness.

The only way to create life is through the sexual coming together of man and woman in the making of a child. Incredible as it seems, this is the limiting fact that the artist is prone to suppress or forget. The artist dreams that his mind is androgynous and has the power to generate living things, like Athena springing from the head of Zeus or like Shakespeare's King Richard in prison who imagines that "My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;/ My soul the father: and these two beget/ A generation of still-breeding thoughts." But they are only thoughts, and Richard is not free to escape his fate. He is not the omnipotent creator. His world of thoughts is a mockery of his condition, it is a marred imitation of true begetting.

The artist must take natural begetting and generation as his primary model, but he can never hope to emulate nature's model, for he cannot bring forth a truly living thing. Yet this knowledge can serve him, for it can combat the essential pride within his wish to be omnipotent and bring about a humility which will allow him to place his art in the service of life. This humility is the fundamental acceptance of limitation and the parent's knowledge that his/her life must be given over to the life of the child. Acceptance of the fact that one generation replaces another is the very trial of parental love. As says, "art is but a vision of reality," how can the artist hold to that model of objectivity if he wishes to compete for an audience whose powerful bias is to be told of anguish and terror, of human failure?

Each of us can recognize in ourselves the perverse pride that we take in talking about our own troubles as well as the perverse pleasure we take in gossiping about the failures of others. This is the universal principle of malicious joy, *Schadenfreude,* which the artist also suffers from and delights in, and has been wickedly described by Seymour Epstein as "the bearable sorrow one artist feels when a fellow artist receives a bad review." To be told by a friend that he understands your troubles is to be accepted as human, to be embraced for your endearing frailty. To be told by a friend that you have not suffered is to be condescendingly dismissed, to be banished from the human circle. "I suffer, therefore I am. I suffer more than you do, therefore I am more human." Such is the logic of perverse pride that worships pain and can make of art the temple in which pain is exalted.

The romantic fascination with and adulation of pain has come to dominate and perhaps even determine almost all contemporary poetry, novels, drama and film. Violence, sadism, rape, suicide—these are our themes. Hatred and anger—this is our voice. It is routine to find a movie advertised with such words as "shocking" or "brutal" with the safe assumption that these are "qualities" that will attract an audience. Imagine a book jacket that claims a novel to be about "a serene and peaceful marriage." Who would buy it? The most difficult achievement for an artist is to present suffering so that its main effect is not entertainment (and thus attention and profit for the artist), and to present what is good in such a way that the spectacle of goodness, as in human kindness, is as compelling as the spectacle of degradation and destruction. "Evil, be thou my good," says Milton's Satan. "Evil, be thou my source of power," is the unspoken principle at the heart of most contemporary artistic endeavor.

There is an alternative view of the artist's relation to evil which argues that all art is affirmative by virtue of the fact that it is the creation of order, no matter what its theme or its attitude toward evil. In this view, there is no nihilistic art, there is only good or bad art according to the coherence or power of its own order. The hidden assumption here, however, is that human life is fundamentally chaotic and without purpose. The order that the artist creates replaces the sorrow of chaos even as chaos remains the theme that has been given shape. This paradox suggests that art is joyous simply by being art, no matter how gloomy its vision is of the human condition. The artist is thus the happy bringer of bad news. Art is joyous in that it transforms existential (or social) cruelty and chaos into order and meaning, but in so doing it places art above life, and loses touch with the very evil that it purports to confront. Auden reminds us that "No metaphor, remember, can express/ A real historical unhappiness./ Our words have value if they make us gay./ O happy grief, is all sad art can say." But if art can only be happy, and if life itself is sad, then the happiness we enjoy in art is merely fantasy, a holiday from reality, and such happiness is all too fragile and vulnerable. The art in love with its own happiness can never help to guide us in our own lives. In our struggle to survive with purpose, what we need is an art in which the indigenous happiness of art, its order-giving power, is wedded to an idea of goodness—a goodness that is attainable in daily life. When this idea of goodness is passionately held, the theme and spectacle of evil may be treated without exploitation, for the deprivation or loss of good feelings (as in friendship or love) will be powerfully felt, and the power of the longing for their restoration will replace the increasing need for shocking stimulation that the imagery of violence generates. This desire to evoke and restore good feelings is what Wordsworth calls "tranquillizing power," and it possesses the "wondrous influence of power gently used."

The temptation of placing the value of art above the value of daily life is that it indulges the fantasy of existing beyond limits, for the artist has greater control of his own created world than he does over the historical and cultural conditions that the accident of his birth have thrust upon him. The wish for omnipotence, the desire for immortality, are manifest in our oldest myths, and they are undoubtedly primal forces in the human imagination. All artistic creation partakes of the wish for power and control, which in its fullest fantasy is the wish for immortality, to exist beyond the bonds of nature. Since the artist's creation is always himself, his own substance, he is both creator and creature in one, he is father unto himself, and he survives in the form of his own offspring which is also himself. The fundamental rebellion against nature and its absolute limit, mortality, is completed in the fantasy of creation, and as Freud argues, all our instincts are galvanized in the enactment of this fantasy: "All the instincts, the loving, the grateful, the sensual, the defiant, the self-assertive and independent—all are gratified in the wish to be the *father of himself.*" But such a wish, persistent as it has been throughout human history, is doomed to failure. We must return to our lives, to the limits of our aging bodies; we must return from the realms of our creation, from our imaginings, to the circumstances of time and place. Our invented worlds cannot replace the world that is given us prior to any choosing. As Stevens says, "we live in a world that is not our own." If we build our creations out of hatred for the world we have, since it is not the world we would have made or chosen, then we merely add to the hatred and ugliness that already is there. And since man cannot create anything truly alive, own mortality in the voice of parental acceptance. Choosing to be only what one is, the artist leaves his inheritance: the dramatized power to make such a choice. The choice changes nothing except his attitude toward necessity, but therein lies his freedom, and with that freedom an ecstatic peace becomes possible. In freely affirming the limits of his one and singular life, the parental artist may achieve harmony with his own mortality and thus find his own unique history infinitely precious for all its disappointments, and remake the choice to be exactly what he has become. Contained in that choice, which must continually be remade as the dynamic of daily life, is the vision that human happiness, what Wordsworth calls the "little unremembered acts of kindness and of love," is a higher value than the happiness that art can bring. If art is to serve human happiness, it must choose to remember our acts of kindness and of love even within the spectacle of violence and of loss, and celebrate their goodness.

Historically, the primary function of art was to praise God and his works, his manifestation in nature, or most grandly, as in Milton, to "justify the ways of God to men." Art was not its own end, for human creation served the purpose of extolling divine creativity and was totally dependent upon God as the creative model. The acknowledgement of this dependency was crucial for the artist in defining his humility before God's power and thus in accepting the limited scope of his art. In this spirit Hopkins enjoins us: "long before death/ Give beauty . . . back to God,/ beauty's self and beauty's giver." The origin of art was the ritualistic celebration of power and beauty beyond the fabricating strength of man's greatest efforts. The role of the artist was to serve and glorify divine power that "doth not need/ Either man's work or his own gifts," as Milton exclaims. The modern artist, sick with alienation from the world and thus from himself, speaking in a voice almost exclusively composed of satire, irony and black humor, retreats to his art as if it were a world in which he truly might live, though its only substance is his own unhappiness feeding upon itself. He has nothing to serve but his own creation, and thus his art becomes a monument to his own solipsism, his own fantasy of power. Even in an age deprived of the supporting belief in a benevolent God who can be justified and whose presence in the world makes all physical things holy, the artist still needs to place himself in the service of nature. In spite of nature's indifference, and man's historical inhumanity to man, the artist must continue to serve the simple power to enjoy what our senses engage in daily life, to enjoy the demands and consolations of family love as if those pleasures were all the meaning we needed and all the fulfillment that we desired. In such service to a power outside and beyond his art, the artist, as Wordsworth says, would embody an "homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves." We must learn again in our time of collective despair and pervasive apocalyptic imaginings to take pleasure in pleasure.

If we think of affirmed pleasure as the source of human meaning and thus the source of human happiness, we must return to the artist's fascination with sorrow and the peculiar problem that happiness itself may create. The fear of happiness, happiness taken as a human end, derives from the fact that affirmed pleasure brings us to a limit, forces the awareness of that limit upon us, and thus reminds us of our mortality. The instinct to rebel against our condition may arise in us most potently when, in happiness, we reach the border of human possibility. The greed for *more* is most threatening and dangerous when we have achieved what we have wanted. Unlike accepted happiness, however, sorrow projects us wishfully into infinite possibility, and secretly we may prefer this sorrow since it nourishes our fantasies in which no limits need be confronted. In this way, even happiness may be converted into sorrow so that our fantasies need not be abandoned, and in that sorrow the artist again may find his theme, seeming to oppose what inwardly he perversely nurtures. The difficulty of loving a real woman and real children is the same as the difficulty of loving the conditions of one's life and one's mortality. All require choosing the actual; all require the affirming of limits and the renunciation of the desire for something beyond. The power of the affirming artist is the power to celebrate those limits, to see in finite happiness not an image of deprivation, but of human fulfillment. The banishment of fantasy returns the artist to himself as friend, lover, and parent, to his one life in whose service he places his art.

To be happy, to allow oneself to be happy, to accept what one is, does not mean that one becomes passive in one's relationships or unfeeling toward the suffering of others. Rather, to know clearly the goodness that those who suffer are deprived of, may become part of the energy that seeks to better their condition. The artist with a vision of happiness, life at peace with itself, is compelled to enhance the desire for that happiness in his readers at the same time that he seeks to exorcise the reader's desire for power beyond human possibility. The vision of possible happiness, happiness that comes from the acceptance of limits, from human bonds and sustained caring, enables the artist to place evil and suffering in their proper perspective: they are seen as the deprivation of goodness. Without a vision of goodness as a possibility residing in ordinary experience, the artist is compromised by depending on the very suffering that is the source of his creative powers. With such dependency, the artist serves the devil, the father of the lie, the father of the fantasy of power, under whose aegis, as Isaiah proclaims, "we have made lies our refuge." The test of honesty in the face of the temptation of

Blake says: "The most sublime act is to set another before you," and this act of achieved harmony through renunciation and acceptance must be the artist's model as well as he humbles himself before the natural order of inevitable change. If there is no happiness in the creating and nurturing of children because the despair of relinquishing oneself for another is too great, then there is no image of life at peace with itself, life accepting its own passing, and thus the artist will have no theme but his unhappiness. A happy art necessarily celebrates biological creation and mortality, it is an art in praise of parental acceptance and parental love, finding its power in what it serves.

The suppression or replacement of biological creation as the primary model for creation with the model of the creative human mind, results in the repression of the fact of mortality. Such repressive thinking resembles the magical thinking of childhood and of dreams, for it places mind over nature, and it dwells in a holiday from reality that cannot be sustained. On the other hand, to affirm the idea of having and nurturing children as the true model for creation—woman and man together—reminds us that neither we nor our works are immortal; and we can then begin to seek what is good in our lives within this knowledge, free of the despair of longing to be other than what we are, of longing to become divine. Freud says: "as for the great necessities of fate, against which there is no remedy, these [man] will simply learn to endure with resignation." Art cannot cure us of our mortality, nor can it remove "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Art cannot even cure the world of man-made evil ("We have no gift to set a statesman right," says Yeats), it can only aid the individual artist, and his reader, in relieving despair in the face of death, fortune, violence and injustice. No matter how great the artist's satirical powers and his ability to shame us; no matter how compeling the artist's vision of suffering caused by human cruelty, the world goes on as it always has. If Shakespeare's *King Lear* could not and cannot humanize us collectively into becoming a just and gentle society, then what can? We leave the theater, this "two hours' traffic of our stage," a time apart from our lives, having been made happy by a spectacle of evil transformed by the poet's art into a play. Our minds have been seriously at play, and momentarily we enjoy the illusion that we are safe, that we live in an order created by the mind. But we are not safe; fantastic play comes to an end. What has that play added to the reality to which we must return? Is the violence that we must confront on our "awakening" intensified as a source of our unhappiness, so that our seemingly happy art, inevitably at its conclusion, speaks of sorrow?

For art not to be unbearably sad when its moment, its holiday of the mind, is completed, it must return us to a source of happiness that precedes the artist's "rage for order" as Stevens describes the basic human wish for power and control. That source of happiness, life at peace with itself, is the only theme that can rescue art from solipsism, the fantasy that its own order controls anything other than its own material which is not history or human events, but language. Satan's *"non serviam,"* I will not serve, is equivalent to the artist's refusal to put his art at the service of natural creation seen as natural goodness, and to make, in effect, a religion of art by regarding it as the highest of human values. Rather than serving in time ("Eternity is in love with the productions of time," says Blake), the rebellious artist seeks to perpetuate himself through his art as if he could control the future, and this "will-to-self-immortalization," as Otto Rank calls it, "arises from the fear of life." But to set another before you, to be at peace with the act of renunciation, to affirm it in its sublimity, is finally to accept one's replacement in life, the parent by the child. We owe nature a death, and to be at peace with the future, even to love one's children, is willingly to give over the gift of life. Not to do so is to desire one's own perpetuation through a denial of natural generation. This is "desire," as Stevens tells us, that is "too difficult to tell from despair." We are "sick with desire," Yeats shows us, when we wish to be "out of nature" and take on immortal form, to become, as it were, a golden work of art, to become one's own progenitor. The cure for such desire, which is the violent rebellion against nature, can only be achieved by the artist when he puts himself again in the service of nature, when he affirms the very conditions of his own death, and when he chooses the model of nurturing parenthood as his guide to achieve peace within what is possible. Stevens describes this possible peace, free from the sickness of desire for the unattainable, when he says: "the health of the world might be enough."

The artist who puts himself in the service of life becomes the artist as celebrator, but this can only be achieved when he overcomes his fear of life which is inseparable from the denial of limits. Only then does his art cease to be a retreat into a fantasy of power or of self-immortalization. Knowing that he cannot control the future, nor can he change the course of history with his art as a political agent, he may become free of the curse of pride and need not cry out with Hamlet: "O cursed spite./ That ever I was born to set it right!" Rather, he becomes Erikson's aged man who has achieved the peace of "integrity" through the "acceptance of one's one and only life cycle and of the people who have become significant to it as something that had to be and that, by necessity, permitted of no substitutions." Or he becomes the ecstatic Yeatsian artist who finds in "creative joy an acceptance of what life brings," so that "we laugh aloud and mock, in the terror or the sweetness of our exaltation, at death and oblivion." This is the sublime extreme of life at peace with itself, at peace with its own necessary limits, in celebration of its theme, as if unhappiness were the inescapable condition of human life, dooms itself through its own self-fulfilling prophecy and thus destroys the mind's freedom. As Yeats said in the fullness of old age, "I thought my problem was to face death with gaiety, now I have learned it is to face life." The artist returns to his source, life's possible happiness, and chooses himself as the celebrator of that gaiety. This model of the chosen self, which paradoxically is a choice of what one has already become as circumstances of time and place have shaped one's life, transforms the passivity of acceptance into something new. That something new is what choice has added, what Erikson calls "acceptance of the fact that one's life is one's own responsibility," as if one had willed to be what one has necessarily become; as if one had authorized the story of one's own life. This power of choice is what the artist may earn for himself and offer his readers as a guide leading from imaginary realms back into one's actual life. This power is the same gift that the parent leaves the child as blessing and inheritance: the gift to choose to accept one's own life. The passing on of this blessing, the renewing of the will to live and thus to die, is the holiness of tradition and the only immortality of which we may partake.

The creation of a work of art is an intensified model of the human will making choices. Although it is a dogma of the modern tradition that poetry must imitate natural speech, no good poem, in fact, is identical to modern speech. What is essential to the poem as such is not what it imitates, but what it adds as design or pattern. Poems are fabricated, usually slowly, and they are revised, embodying care, enhancing nature (what is already there) with their new presence. Though poems cannot reform society or deflect our fates, they can make possible feelings of happiness that otherwise would be lost to us, what Yeats calls "gaiety transfiguring all that dread," by affirming the mind's power, through patterned language, to remake itself. Stevens calls this power the "gaiety of language," and this gaiety is inherent in the human mind as a continuous source of possible happiness. When language is made to flourish through willed pattern, the feeling it brings forth is one of spontaneous pleasure, yet this is paradoxical, since the feeling of spontaneity is achieved only with the completion of the work of art, only *after* the necessary choices have been made. The making of the choices is what causes the feeling of freedom. Spontaneity and freedom come last; they are the achievements that result from mastery; they are the triumph of willed happiness. The willed happiness of art returns the artist and his readers to the source of that happiness, the power of language which is the power of choice, and in turn the power of choice returns him to the power of affirming the one life that he must live and lose, to the people with whom he bonds himself to share that process of cherishing and loss. Even the artist's own actual contentment, his palpable sense of the goodness of life at peace with itself, does not yield the full meaning of completion, until he can celebrate that happiness. He renews himself, choosing himself again, through the ongoing process of continuing to give praise. As Auden says, "there is only one thing that all poetry must do; it must praise all it can for being and for happening." In the absence of praise, the devil reigns, making evil his good, whispering his oldest lie: that "ye shall be as gods."

To receive the world in the spirit of celebration, of giving praise, the artist confronts his most fundamental temptation: the theme of unhappiness. ("Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.") Happiness does not have the immediate dramatic power that sorrow does. Conflict is more compelling to the viewer than peacefulness. It is as if happiness were beyond distinction and ineffable, not a theme for the artist. Tolstoy is right, happiness is essentially anonymous. But the anonymity of happiness differs profoundly from the anonymity of the artist who rejects his own life by replacing it with a world of his own making, by making art its own end, by living in a fantasy of power as if he were a god. To affirm one's happiness is to be unique in the fact that it is *you* who experiences it and *you* who chooses to celebrate that experience, not because you are unusual or different. "How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world that has such people in it," exclaims Miranda to her father. And Prospero replies: "'tis new to thee." The newness is the refreshing of immemorial human delight in others. It is as old as human history and belongs potentially to everyone. In that sense it is anonymous. Earlier, when Prospero overhears Miranda and Ferdinand exchange vows of love "with a heart as willing/ As bondage e'er of freedom," he remarks to himself: "So glad of this as they, I cannot be,. . . but my rejoicing/ At nothing can be more." There is really nothing new in the young lovers' happiness, nothing idiosyncratic, but it possesses a power that is great for its quiet modesty. Such moments of life at peace with itself, and the artist's (like Prospero's) participation in their moments of personal impersonality, inevitably evoke this paradoxical power of quietude. They are models of harmony against which evil, as in Milton's Satan, may be comprehended as the deprivation of good; they are models of the power of peacefulness.

Before Lady Macbeth's words to her husband, "look like the innocent flower/ But be the serpent under 't," have been realized, Banquo and King Duncan are returning to Duncan's castle. The good king says: "the air/ Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself/ Unto our gentle senses," to which Banquo replies:

> This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
> By his love'd mansionry that the heaven's breath

power necessarily must be confronted in the attitude an artist takes toward his material. It is not enough to hate what is hateful, for one cannot hate hatred away through satire or outrage which only add to the sum of hatred already in the world. The artist must love what is lovable, he must name it and glorify it, and his depiction of life in its simple and essential goodness, must be the theme that brings forth the power that resides in his love of language and verbal order.

Nothing comes more readily to man than self-deception. The artist in his pride is particularly susceptible to this vice. Yet we all need to dream at night; adult and child alike require a time to play; no one can endure without periodically taking a holiday from reality. Art can provide such play and such "feigning." Through art we can enjoy a holiday from our own lives and enter into the lives of others. But it is the peculiar burden of artistic dreaming and artistic play that they must return us to reality, hopefully freshened and strengthened. This is the vast difference between serious art and the many forms of entertainment. It is easy for entertainment to drive out serious art, for entertainment demands little of us; it encourages fantasy and self-forgetfulness. Pornography and violence are the predominant modes of contemporary entertainment, often presuming to be art. The lie inherent in the kind of fantasy that pornography inevitably evokes is that one can escape from oneself through sexual passion into a freedom from bodily limits. Pornography is the dream of anonymity whose motive, derived from fear, is to be unburdened of responsibility and commitment. Its pretense is that repressiveness can be overcome by destroying inhibition, but what is lost is tenderness, the freedom to show restraint in behalf of the other. When the other is regarded as an object, as anonymous, the defense of anonymity in the mind of the fantasizer tightens its grip and the illusion of freedom becomes a substitute for personality. As Freud has argued, "To ensure a fully normal attitude in love, two currents of feeling have to unite—we may describe them as the tender, affectionate feelings and the sensual feelings." In pornography, this essential tenderness has undergone repression, leaving us with a mockery of liberation in the form of uninhibited sensuality. Rather, as Rank says, "it is the willed affirmation of inhibitive family ties that is the creative and at the same time liberating factor." The pornographic "artist" is the exemplar of the lie of self-denial in the disguise of self-indulgence; for the rejection of family ties, of family intimacy and shared history, is again the rejection of limits and the rebellion against mortality. Both the anonymous love object, and the anonymous lover, who in fantasy can be anyone, are, in reality, no one at all.

The illusion that the depiction of violence most easily encourages is that someone else is the victim, that we the audience (or the artist) are the survivors. The extreme model of this illusion, ironically, may be found in the poetry of suicide. The fantasy of suicide enacts a death in which the dreaming author witnesses his own cessation, and thus, in effect, becomes his own survivor. Although the absoluteness of death appears to be the source of mourning, the inherent lie of the suicidal artist surviving himself as witness reveals that the proud wish for immortality has been repressed but not exorcised. The willed removal of that wish can be accomplished only by the parental imagination which sees not itself but the child as survivor. The continuity of life exacts the replacement of life. The liberation from the wish to survive oneself in turn liberates one from the wish to survive others, and thus the vicious cycle of violent imaginings may be broken. As Freud says: "no neurotic harbors thoughts of suicide which are not murderous impulses against others re-directed upon himself." The parental imagination, willing the necessary fate of its own replacement, nevertheless finds in the continuity of life a sufficient substitute for immortality. The bond that makes possible and protects that continuity is the willed acceptance of the finite self and the finite other in marriage. What is chosen is then endowed with the spirit of an absolute, so that the mutual and equal commitment to the raising of children is likewise taken as an absolute and thus made holy. In this spirit, the parents are at peace with their finitude, for they have willed it, and in their extended bond to their children, which in time involves relinquishing their children to their own lives, they celebrate continuity. Without the marital and parental bond that creates the context of love, sensual pleasure is merely repetitive, for such pleasure does not lead to a feeling of worth. The need for the continuous repetition of pleasure may be experienced as the feeling of being perpetually empty. Only within the bond of a continuing and chosen love can sensuality breed affection, so that the accumulating sum of one's life, one's shared history, may be seen as one's accrued identity and the earned source of a sense of worthiness. In the face of inexorable time and final loss, this is the happiness, built from pleasure, that the artist must celebrate. As Stevens says of the pineapple that is his symbol for the source of pleasure, "this is everybody's world."

Beyond purgative lament, lament that is inevitable as the artist beholds the repeating sorrows of human history, what the artist adds to the world is the order of celebration. Celebration imposes itself, its own energy, its own forms, upon an order that is already there—the immemorial order of generation in the form of parental love. The culmination of celebration is achieved in the artist's power finally to celebrate his own power of celebration, and thus every work of art, in this respect, takes itself as its own subject, demonstrating the power of the human mind to will itself to will. The pessimistic art that takes unhappiness as its central

The New American Dream

BY PRESIDENT OLIN C. ROBISON

The Baccalaureate address delivered on May 31st in Mead Chapel is presented, here, for News Letter readers.

I want to talk about The Dream.

"What dream?" you may ask,

The American Dream, of course.

There is some debate as to whether it is still around. Some say it died, about the same time God was said to have died. Others claim that it is still with us, but not in good shape at all. A dream in search of a dreamer.

The Dream has taken quite a drubbing of late. In some cases, it has come from those recently out of college and badly underemployed. Theirs is a song like that sung by the late Jim Croce:

> "I got those steadily depressing, low-down, mind-messing, working-at-the-carwash blues.
> "The man wouldn't listen to the fact that I was a genius,
> "He said we got all that we can use...."

For others, it is something far more bitter and cynical, perhaps better represented by the hard, depressing words of "That Old American Dream," made popular by Helen Reddy. Part of it goes:

> "She'll die all alone
> Yes, she'll die in a private room
> Don't cry, she did it for you
> She heard the word of the Lord
> But she took the Devil's hand
> And the Devil took her for his wife
> He sold her heaven on earth at a discount rate
> And she paid it for the rest of her life
> She believed in that Old American Dream, she believed in that Old American Dream"

During the last couple of weeks, I have asked several friends whether they think The American Dream still exists. A few have replied with a hesitant "yes," but most have wanted to qualify and restrict their replies......to hedge them about......to get me to talk first about what it is that I am after. If it exists, it is an elusive thing. It lacks the stuff of which common and easy identity is made. At this point in American History, it has a very low profile.

I first became interested in trying to clarify my own thinking about The Dream several weeks ago after reading an article by Russell Baker in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine.* His thesis was that he had, for most of his life, viewed the government as his friend. Having become aware that he no longer thought of the government in those terms, he set out to find out what had happened both to his views and to the government. It is a lengthy piece, but the provocative conclusion is that the government is now made up of people "who dream no dreams and make no music."

This is not the time or place to get into a discussion of whether the job descriptions of civil servants ought to include dreaming of dreams and making of music. But a discussion of The Dream might be very timely for those of you whom we honor today as you prepare to leave this beautiful valley.

The American Dream was first a European dream. Not for all, or even a majority of Europeans, of course. It came first to these shores in all shapes and sizes, noble and ignoble, benign and avaricious, plain and elaborate. It came with Columbus and Cortez as a quest for gold and adventure. It came to Jamestown and Plymouth under the banners of commerce and religion. It came with immigrants from England and Ireland. It came with Pilgrims from eastern and southern Europe. They came hopeful and expectant, singleminded and dedicated, aspiring and visionary.

Their reasons for coming were as many as there were individuals. But they all brought with them a part of The Dream. Each one had a piece of it, as sacred as the hope of life itself. Each came with a commitment as complete as any ever directed toward any promised land. The Atlantic was a wide Jordan which, once crossed, bound each communicant to a common investment in something called *Opportunity.*

> It was the Opportunity to be something other than what your parents and their parents had been.
> It was the Opportunity to create for yourself and your children a new set of choices.
> It was the Opportunity to believe what seemed worth believing.
> It was the Opportunity to be Somebody.

Dreams which began as personal hopes somehow, over time, became national aspirations.

The Dream was elastic and expansive. It was egalitarian and accommodating. It became all things to all people. The Dream knew few boundaries. It led an entire people to believe that there were no insoluble problems, that there was and would always be reward for those who worked, and that each generation would be able to out-achieve the last. Had the Lord not promised his people a land flowing with milk and honey?

John Locke, the English philosopher, had said in 1690 that "...in the beginning *all* lands were America," but something had gone wrong almost everywhere else. Most Americans became convinced that the opportunity for a better social order was to be found *only* in America. We were indeed man's last best hope. We possessed The Dream and it possessed us.

From the beginning Americans were willing to collaborate on The Dream. DeTocqueville noted in the record of his travels in the young nation that he had never seen so much inclination to form groups for individual and collective self-improvement. And this is still true today.

Those who, in the nation's infancy, articulated The Dream, both as to its promise and its costs, drew on powerful political and theological language to give shape to hopes and aspirations which, until then, were strong but vague. They declared the existence of unalienable rights, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, to freedom. And Thomas Jefferson defined The Dream when he declared of himself:

> "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal enmity against every tyranny over the mind of man."

Smells wooingly here: No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

The sum of the play's corruption, the breeding of destruction, (''Unnatural deeds/ do breed unnatural troubles''), must be measured against the grace of naturally generative life of which the martlet is the embodiment and symbol. In the image of the martlet building and breeding even in the walls of a human temple, man too is seen approvingly as a creature of fleeting time, a ''guest of summer.'' Merely to observe this scene is to be happy, delighting in one's senses so intensely that ''heaven's breath/ Smells wooingly here.'' To perceive nature as a ''procreant cradle'' is not to be unique, but merely to partake of a blessing available to all human beings. These are Banquo's words while he is still everyman, before he has taken on the specific but reductive identity of a conspirator, before he has, like Macbeth, become less than he was by seeking to become more. This moment, experienced in the same way by both Duncan and Banquo, in which the senses are ''gentle'' and the air is ''delicate,'' is Shakespeare's model of life at peace with itself, and to seek more is to violate what nature allows. This quiet power of intense gentleness is the human utmost, beyond which we must will ourselves not to desire.

In Wordsworth's poem, ''Michael,'' before Michael's son Luke must leave the family farm for the city, hopefully to help repay his father's indebtedness so that the farm might not be lost, Michael says to his son:

—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at other's hands: for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.

Michael is speaking in the voice of all fathers, in the voice of all sons who have been loved by their fathers and becoming fathers themselves pass along the gift of love to their own sons. It is an immemorial voice, accepting its indebtedness and transforming that indebtedness into the gift of generation and continuing love. Michael desires to feel nothing more than what he already feels in the parental love for his child. The failure of Luke to return in the poem (and sustain the covenant of memory by which love is renewed and passed on) must be understood in terms of Michael's utmost achievement, his kindness and goodness as a father. There is nothing more powerful to be felt beyond what Michael has experienced in the universal roles of son and father, merged into one; and the power of Michael's voice, at the human utmost, resides in its quiet restraint. To be able to say with Michael to his son: ''whatever fate/ Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,'' is to come to the end of human possibility beyond whose happiness there is no further power. Such happiness sets the measure for all loss and betrayal. It is passionate in desiring only what it already possesses, so that its energy is to be seen as if in repose or resolution.

The essence of paradise before the fall, as Milton shows it to us, is simply Adam's and Eve's contentment with one another, desiring no more than what they have. In this spirit, everything they do is a source of pleasure, as is the passage of time itself, and thus each moment has the quality of eternity. The bond between them, a bond language makes possible, allows them to celebrate what they possess, and their consciousness of shared pleasure raises pleasure into happiness. Eve says:

With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

The symmetry of the passage embodies the spirit of celebration: returning to what is already there, ''all seasons, and their change,'' with conscious and willed thankfulness. The limits of Adam's and Eve's world are set by what they have, the ''fertile Earth'' and each other. Their power, for the moment, is to choose to ask for no further power. This moment of life at peace with itself receives the benediction of Milton's most beautiful language which is quiet and filled with repose. Adam and Eve are the potentiality of all men and women, anonymous in the simplicity of their human happiness. All loss is measured against this measured happiness; nothing ''without thee is sweet.'' All violence reduces to such loss and flourishes bitterly in the fantasy of impossible power, of something more than a parent's love for a child, a man's and a woman's love for each other, friendship, the pleasure the senses may take in a fertile and generative world. These experiences are the utmost, and they are possible. ''The utmost must be good and is,'' says Stevens. Though all stories, fully told, must end in death, the artist, to be true to his sorrow, the inescapable theme of unhappiness, must equally be true to what he loves, and celebrate, beyond the desire for something more, what Stevens calls ''the full of fortune and the full of fate.'' □

gates allowed. Sounds easy, you say. I doubt it. Because ours is a society increasingly bent toward letting George do it. The code phrase is, "I don't want to get involved."

- A second worthy characteristic of the Old Dream is that it has to be personal before it can be collective. Your share of The Dream cannot affect the group until it has affected you. It is an American version of the platonic idea of knowing the Good. Plato, along with St. Paul, St. Augustine, and several others felt that if men know the Good, then they would do that which was good — it was that compelling. And so to have The Dream is to act on it. Failure to act on your dream is, according to this version of things, a sign that you do not fully perceive it.
- A third notable characteristic of the Old Dream is that it was never embarrassed by improbability. Practicality and predictability were never the strong suits of The Dream, even though when it came to inventing and producing, Americans remain the most practical and predictable of men.

  Why not send men to the moon?
  Why not wipe out smallpox and polio?
  Why not eliminate hunger?
  Why not find a cure for cancer?
  Why not?
  Why not, indeed.
- A fourth characteristic is that The Dream has always been unabashedly optimistic. It has not been for the fainthearted or the deeply skeptical.
- A final note about the Old Dream: It was unfailingly egalitarian. Not in practice, you say. Of course not. But heading steadily in that direction. This is perhaps the point where the Old Dream becomes insufficient for the present and the future.

For The New American Dream must be dreamed by men and women who understand complexity. The New American Dream — on the highest plane — must be *The Dream that our Democracy will work.* That it will be able to cope, that the eighteenth century concept of Liberty can be given twentieth century clothes which are suitably versatile yet which do not disguise the original. That stylish lady in the commercial is not the only person or idea around who has come a long way, baby.

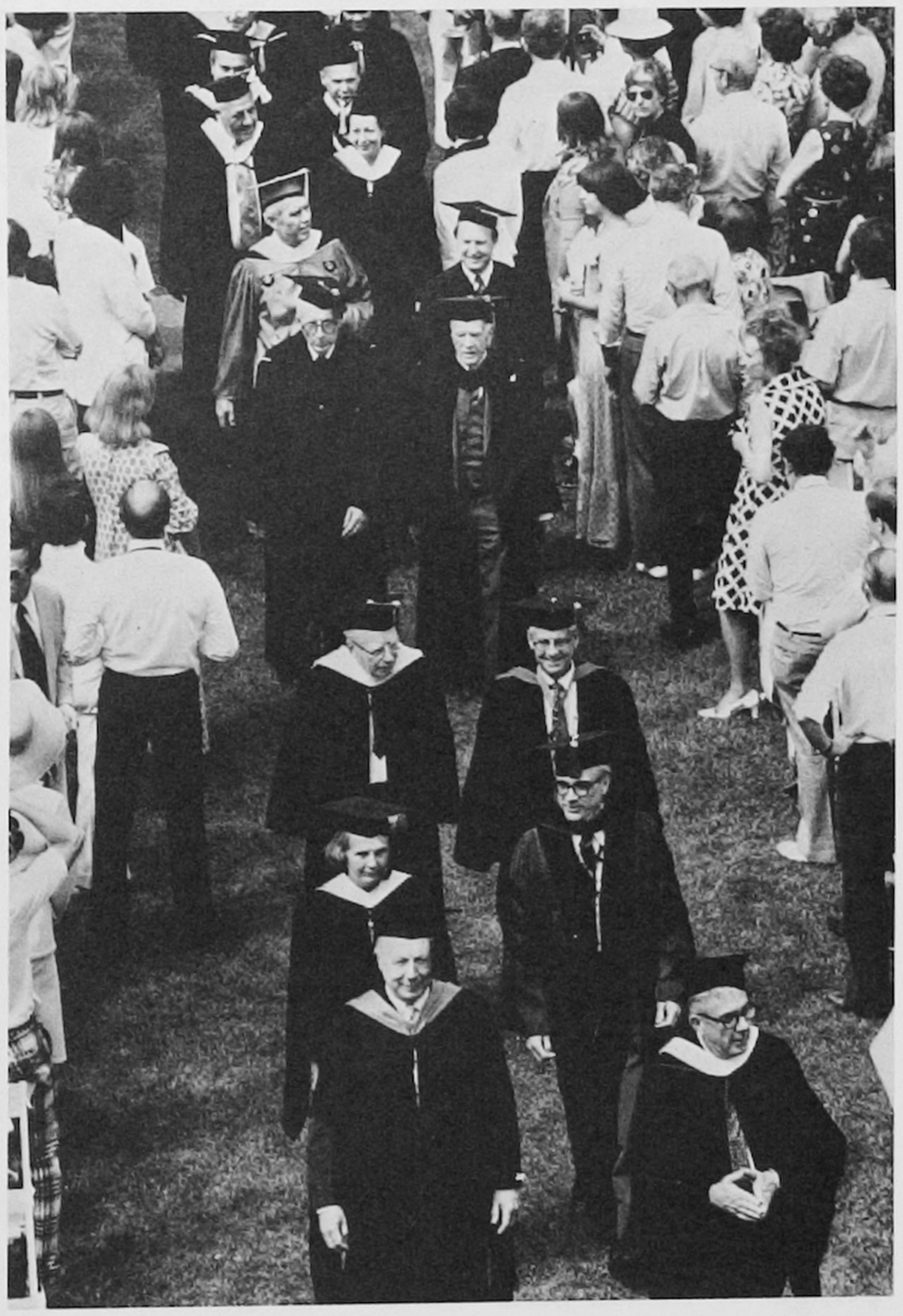
For the better part of two centuries, the assumption has been that our Democracy will work. The Dream has been so successful that most of us have never seriously thought that it might not. We are lulled by our own optimism into thinking that a working democracy is the natural state of things. And with that has come a subtle but seditious assumption that peace is the natural state of man.

But, you see, The New American Dream must buttress a beleaguered, democratic, egalitarian, free society in times so complex as to have been unthinkable two hundred years ago. But making the democracy work — The New American Dream — will demand all of those virtues from The Old Dream:

You must participate and be optimistic, and
add to it your own creative ideals.
Your participation must be personal before it is a
contribution collectively.
Your role must be active and dynamic rather than
passive and static.

I would like to close with the benediction from the musical, *Purlie.* The play is concerned with the struggle for racial justice, freedom and equality, treating a serious theme with deft humor and the most upbeat music you've ever heard. At the end, the benediction goes like this:

"And now may the Constitution of the
United States go with you;
May the Declaration of Independence
stand by you;
May the Bill of Rights protect you; and
MAY YOUR OWN DREAMS BE YOUR ONLY
BOUNDARIES . . .
Henceforth and forevermore."



The Dream required commitment. The Dream grew with the new nation. It went west with the wagons, and down the Ohio and the Mississippi. It even went to Texas!

Like the miraculous portions of oil and meal of the Widow of Nain, the more that was taken from it, the more there was to take. It was as though some modern Elijah had blessed the well-spring of the spirit of this Republic. It was big enough for the whole and yet divisible enough to accommodate numberless versions.

The Dream became so romanticized in the American musical theatre that it was attributed to other countries as in *The Sound of Music* with its Austrian setting.

"A dream that will need all the love you can give,
Every day of your life, for as long as you live.
Climb every mountain; ford every stream,
Follow every rainbow, till you find your dream."

It was idealized and elevated to the position of a moral cause in *The Man of La Mancha:*

"To dream the impossible dream,
To fight the unbeatable foe,
To bear with unbearable sorrow,
To run where the brave never go,
To right the unrightable wrong,
To love pure and chaste from afar,
To try when your arms are too weary,
To reach the unreachable star —
This is my quest, to follow that star,
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far.
To fight for the right, without question or pause,
To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause."

The Dream began to run into trouble in the early 1960's. That troubled decade saw The Dream dragged paradoxically through both its darkest and its finest hours. A version of The Dream — making the world safe for democracy — was given as the reason for Vietnam.

And yet another version of The Dream made it possible for Martin Luther King, Jr., to stand on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial and say:

> "I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American Dream.
>
> I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal.' "

The decade of the sixties was a period during which other people's dreams became suspect, and it became unfashionable to talk about one's own. We became a nation of reluctant cynics, only to discover that cynicism does not rest easily in the American character. A younger generation — under thirty, we were told — sought and claimed access to a newer vision. It was a complicated time of national aspirations gone wrong. Most choices were intensely moral, and our people were bombarded with misleading alternatives, usually expressed in coded language. The Right said love it or leave it. The Left said that if you are not part of the solution then you are a part of the problem.

More than that, there was the generational thing — Fathers and Sons and Mothers and Daughters being caught in the frustrations of misunderstanding the other. Parents felt the sense of failure which comes from not being able to pass their dreams on to their children. Their children in turn were often suggesting that the parents never had a dream. The best efforts of both seemed predestined to go wrong.

Many a father, in lighter moments, must have wanted to identify with "The Wiz" who, as you may know, is the Wizard of Oz in the current all-black musical version of that story, currently appearing on Broadway. In the new musical version, when the Wiz is finally exposed as the fraud that he is, Dorothy, the Cowardly Lion, the Scarecrow, and the Tin Man are all giving him a hard time for his pretentious role-playing. He finally says to them:

> "You all don't be so hard on me. All I ever wanted was the simple things in life."
>
> "Like what?" says Dorothy.
>
> "Power, prestige and money," says the Wiz.

Well, each of us might be apologetic if we have to define our personal dreams in only terms of power, prestige and money. And many of us may not find it comfortable to talk about any dream at all. It isn't a very chic thing to do. Some of us may be less reluctant cynics than others, and one of the benefits of four years at Middlebury must surely be the capacity to view oneself dispassionately. While a healthy detachment is usually a good thing, it would be the greatest of mistakes to suppose that those of you who go from this place today would be better off without a dream. Yours, you see, is the task of joining the rest of us in creating and defining *The New American Dream.*

The first step we ought to take in thinking about The New American Dream is to examine which parts of the Old Dream are worth carrying over. Ideally your Middlebury years should make you better able to articulate your version of The New American Dream. If they haven't, we have failed you and this is my last chance to remedy that.

Allow me to suggest some characteristics of The Old Dream *worth keeping:*

- First, The Old Dream demanded participation. The Dream is, by definition, *active* rather than passive. It is dynamic rather than static, and it never happens to you but is, instead, a part of you. You make it happen. By now you should have guessed that not to possess the dream is un-American. The Old Dream started with the assumption that it isn't enough simply to reject someone else's dream. It has to be yours, and it can be made yours by taking parts of other people's dreams and shaping your own. Remember, you can take from it without in any way diminishing the whole. A corollary to this first point is that it cannot be delegated. Transferred, yes, but not delegated. No surroparts and complements of those given in English during the academic year by the various departments outside the Division of Foreign Languages.

The fact that our summer faculty is totally non-tenured means that we can react almost instantly to suggested curricular changes, inviting new specialists from abroad to come to Middlebury and add to the special excitement of the months of June, July and August on this campus. These new courses are often unique in the American academic world, and as such we look to make them available not only to our own graduate and undergraduate students, but also to students from other institutions whose education can be similarly enriched by considering a summer at Middlebury as a logical extension of their own program of studies. In this way we seek to establish a more complete case for foreign languages — one that goes considerably beyond the standard statements of the past. For while we intend to sustain vigorously the traditional argument that the intellectual sophistication of studying Russian, German or Italian offers an introduction to Dostoevsky, Goethe or Dante, we intend also to provide an equally strong voice in support of foreign languages as an essential part of a much wider spectrum of academic and professional realities — foreign languages as the most humanistic of the humanities, as an every day fact of life in many communities, and as an essential support of other disciplines and careers beyond the classroom.

It is not by accident that these signs of life exist. The College has responded warmly to our new initiatives, and the various groups such as the Committee on Foreign Languages, the Educational Council, and a recent special committee commissioned during the 1976 Winter Term have found that their recommendations received an enthusiastic response from the full community. The College has come to appreciate more fully than ever the particular role of foreign languages at Middlebury, recognizing that the summer session and the schools abroad have become an asset that is the envy of many sister institutions. They allow us to expand temporarily in a most unusual, unbalanced way providing a refreshing counterpart to the relative orthodoxy of the academic year when a course in German or Russian quite properly is given no more emphasis than one in biology, economics, history or any of the other major departments of the College.

If the present is a challenge, the future promises to be even more demanding. In September of this year we plan to offer a new undergraduate program in Chinese as the first non-Western language taught during the academic year. This will be modeled on our successful summer Chinese School, and will make it possible for certain students to cover the equivalent of three full years of college Chinese in slightly less than fifteen months. We have set September of 1977 as a tentative opening date for a new school in Latin America, and already we are engaged in exploring the feasibility of our own school in Moscow within the next few years. Also on the horizon there is a possible program in Arabic studies, and on several occasions it has been suggested that we consider using our foreign experience to design a sequence of courses on the teaching of English to speakers of other languages. All of this will be examined, discussed and revised in due course, and undoubtedly there will be changes in the schedule as we proceed.

One of our principal assumptions in all such planning is that no new venture should be undertaken unless new funding is secured for its support. It would be inappropriate to expect that a greater share of the existing College budget should be allocated to establish any new program when the other divisions of the College quite rightly feel that their stake in the future is just as legitimate as the case for foreign languages. But here again there is cause for optimism: in recent years our proposals to several foundations in this country and abroad have been looked upon with favor, and many of the curricular and administrative innovations have been possible only because of their generosity to us. Without such assistance we would be hampered on many fronts: student fees would be even higher, faculty salaries would be harder to sustain, and curricular expansion would move at a far slower pace.

In his *History of the Language Schools,* Dr. Stephen A. Freeman makes frequent reference to the important contribution of certain individuals whose foresight and imagination were so influential in developing Middlebury's special place in American education. Fortunately this same spirit exists in the schools today, and it is constantly reassuring to witness the way in which new directors, deans, faculty members and students quickly develop a special allegiance to their Middlebury connection even though much of the year is often spent in a different part of the country at another institution. And just as we look upon this as a guarantee of continued strength in the future, it is equally important to acknowledge the many ways in which the various arms of the College have shown themselves ready to recognize and applaud the role played by foreign languages in defining our institutional identity. From the Admissions Office on one hand to the Alumni Office on the other we receive a sense that the College is well disposed to maintain this identity, and we now look to our former students and friends to continue to assist us by celebrating our unique opportunity to affect the Middlebury experience in the years ahead. ☐

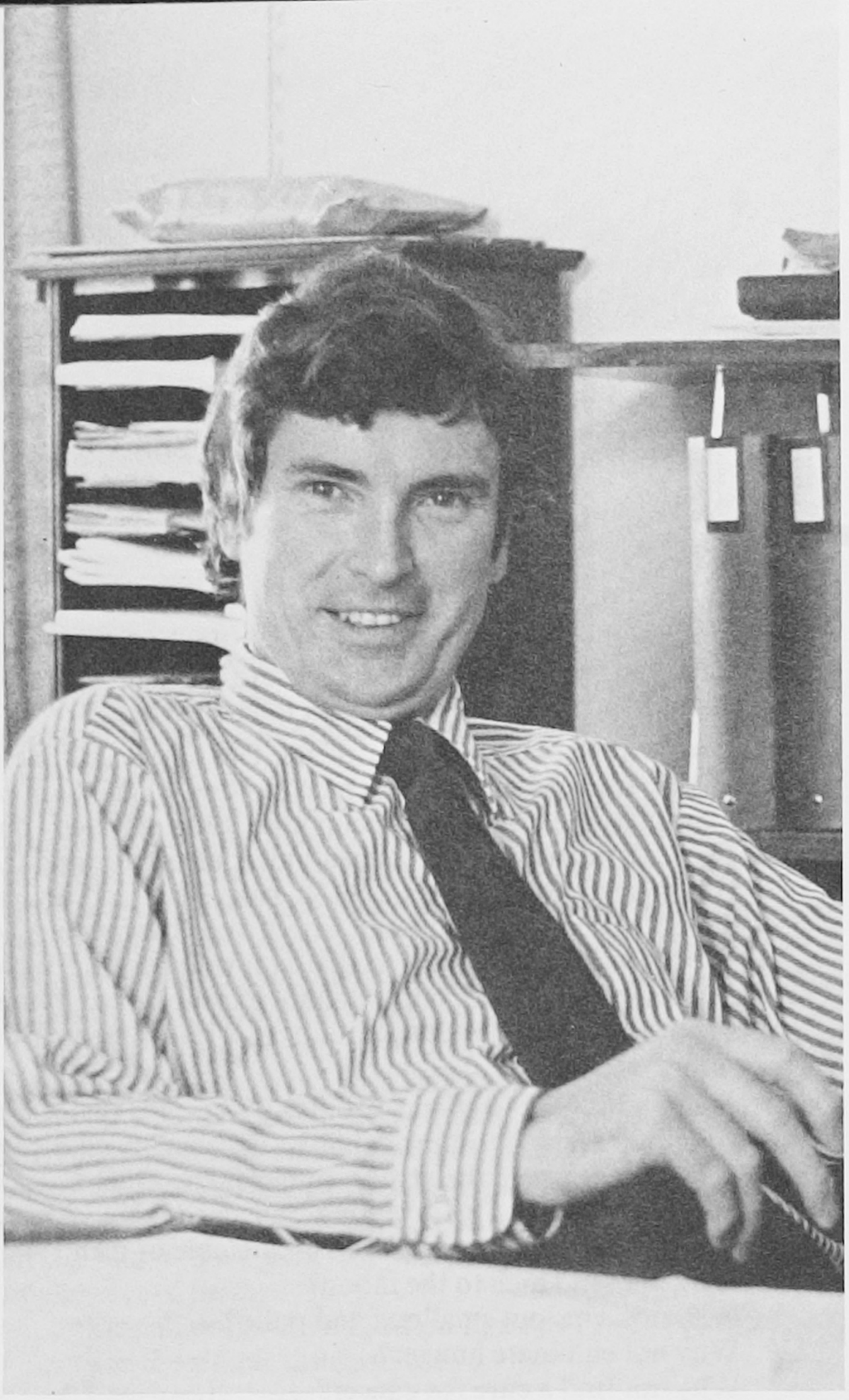
The Future of Foreign Languages at Middlebury

By Roger M. Peel

At a time when a decline of foreign language studies is a topic of concern at academic institutions across the country, it is perhaps boldly dangerous to state that languages at Middlebury have reason to face the future with confident enthusiasm. And yet this confidence is born of daily contact over the past few years with the full range of our many programs at the College: the five departments, the seven summer Language Schools, and the four schools in Europe.

In recent years the organization of the curriculum has been modified in major ways, with the result that a new willingness to expand and experiment has been added to the traditional strengths of the past that were so important in bringing Middlebury to the forefront of foreign language education, especially at the graduate level. It is now possible for more of our own undergraduates to move with relative ease between these different parts, to be more imaginative in putting together the components of their B.A. degree, and to arrange to spend a term at one of our schools in Paris, Florence, Madrid or Mainz with little more difficulty than if they were planning to return to the Vermont campus in the normal way. Some would argue that there are still obvious changes to be made in order to overcome present weaknesses or gaps, and while we would not take issue with this, the spirit of optimistic anticipation for the years ahead is clearly present.

The national decline of interest in foreign language studies can be attributed to several factors. When scanning the table of contents of many contemporary journals, it is not unusual to find reference to the tales of woe so common in many departments, and even though the topic of conversation at professional meetings often has to do with the results of the decline rather than its causes, it is not difficult to compose a list of events and attitudes that have contributed to the current situation. In some minds the decline is associated with the general erosion of interest in things foreign as a consequence of unfortunate national experiences beyond the boundaries of the United States. Others cite the decision to do away with most requirements at many institutions, which meant that the study of foreign languages was one of the major casualties of the emotional war of almost a decade ago against many of the traditional disciplines and academic structures. And then there are those who look upon languages as an unnecessary luxury on the fringe of the curriculum, a dispensable frill of little practical value. Much of this is perhaps true to some degree, and yet in many ways such external influences are secondary to the inescapable fact that many language programs remain routinely dull and unimaginative, a predictable sequence of courses laboring ponderously through grammar, conversation, composition and surveys of literature which stifle initial enthusiasm and spring from the vain assumption that most students in language classes plan eventually to follow the instructor's footsteps to become a major in French, German or Italian. Small wonder that students across the country have chosen to abandon their imposed French or Spanish boredom for supposedly more relevant issues.

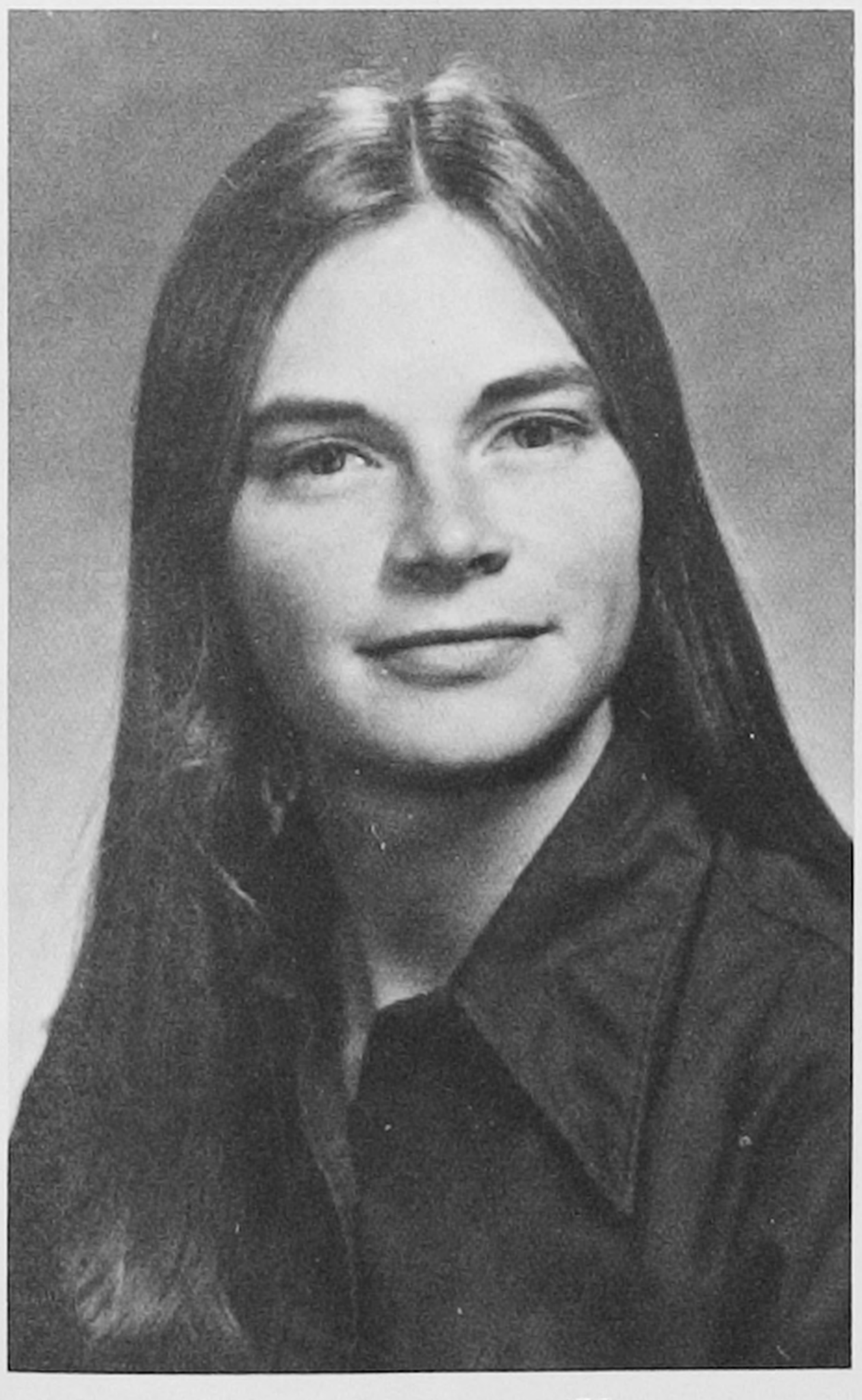


Dr. Peel is Director of the Language Schools and Dean of Foreign Languages at the College. He is also Jean Thomas Fulton Professor of Spanish.

Inevitably some aspects of this trend have been felt at Middlebury, but the fact that they have been recognized is in itself a first step in defining a more complete rationale for our cause. It is easy enough to point out that there are now fewer students enrolled in some courses than in the past, but this is offset by the new opportunities open to students and the innovative attitude towards a more imaginative curriculum. Enrollments in the summer are at the highest level in the College's history, and the number of Middlebury undergraduates studying at the schools abroad continues to grow each year. Some students no longer assume automatically that the summer months will be spent working or traveling: instead they prefer to remain at the College to take advantage of a second curriculum now open to them at the Language Schools. Such courses may be counted towards the B.A. degree, sometimes serving as the necessary preparation for study abroad (a third curriculum) or quite possibly as an extension of their chosen major in language, literature or even art history, political science, geography or sociology. It is in this last area that we see much hope for the future — in the use of the Language Schools to offer courses in a whole range of areas in the humanities and social sciences. A political science course in French, an anthropology course in Spanish, an art history course in Italian or a philosophy course in German are all immediately possible as obvious counter-

Trustees, Officers

New officers and directors of the Alumni Association are (left to right): Susan Handy Burdick '63, Director; Gordon C. Perine '49, former Director of Alumni Relations and now Director of Bequests; Patricia Judah Palmer '57, Vice President; Norman Armour '53, National President; Rachel Adkins Platt '49, Director; Jon Groetzinger, Jr. '71, Director, and Bobbie Weeks Miner, newly appointed Director of Alumni Relations. (Peter Steinle '62, Director, is not shown in photo.)



Catherine Conant '75
Alumni Trustee

William Craig '37
Alumni Trustee

The second oldest organization of its kind in the nation, the Association also announced a new slate of officers and directors. Normal E. Armour '53, Simsbury, Conn., was named national president, and Mrs. Patricia Judah Palmer '57, Wellesley Hills, Mass., national vice-president. New directors chosen were: Mrs. Susan Handy Brudick '63, Milton, Mass.; Jon Groetzinger, Jr. '71, Manchester, N.H.; Mrs. Rachel Adkins Platts, Pittsford, N.Y., and Peter Steinle '62, West Hartford, Conn.

Bill Craig '37, who was nominated for alumni trustee by the classes from 1901 to 1973, is the former Chancellor of the Vermont State Colleges. He received his doctorate from Harvard and served in key positions in Government and higher education until 1968 when he became Academic Vice-President at the University of Montana. Bill became President of Johnson State College in 1970 and was Chancellor of the Vermont State Colleges from 1974 until June of this year. Presently, he is a candidate for Governor of Vermont on the Republican ticket.

Kathy Conant, nominated by the classes of 1974, is a customer engineer at IBM's Office Products Division in Bridgeport, Conn. A 1975 cum laude graduate, she majored in American Studies and served as intern for two years in the Dean of Students office at the College. She also was a member and co-conductor of the College Concert Band, served on the staffs of both the college radio station and the *Campus,* and was director of the coordination center for student service programs.

The new national president, Norm Armout '53, is senior vice-president of the Connecticut Bank and Trust Co., and holds an LLB degree from the University of Connecticut and is a member of the Connecticut Bar Association. He has long been active in Middlebury alumni activities having served as president of the Connecticut-Rhode Island Alumni Association, a director of the national organization and vice-president for the past two years. Norm was also the major gifts chairman in Southern New England and Hartford area committeeman in the College's recent 175th Anniversary Fund.

Pat Palmer '57, vice-president, is a past president of the Boston Alumnae Association and has served as a supervisor and teacher at the Brookline (Mass.) Music School. A past president of the League of Women Voters of Wellesley, Mass., a trustee of the Wellesley Scholarship Foundation, she recently completed a two-year term as a director of the Middlebury Alumni Association. ☐

Alumni Cite Three For Service / Elect New

Award of an engraved sterling silver tray to Gordon C. Perine '49, Director of Alumni Relations, for 20 years of loyal and unselfish service to the Alumni of the College was made at the Alumni Luncheon in May. The surprised recipient, who moved to the position of Director of the College's Bequest Program on July 1, received a standing ovation when the award was announced by Constance Sherman Patrick '53, President of the Alumni Association.

Gordie joined the Middlebury staff in 1951 as Assistant Director of Admissions, and in 1953 he was made Director of Placement. In 1956 he became Director of Alumni Relations and Placement. Gordie is married to the former Alice Neef '47. They have four children, and one grandchild.

Two other distinguished alumni were also honored by the Association at the luncheon with awards of Alumni Plaques for meritorious service to Middlebury College. Mrs. Barbara Wishart Erickson '36 of Windsor, Conn. and W. Kyle Prescott '49 of Montreal, received their special alumni awards for their continued loyalty and service to the College.

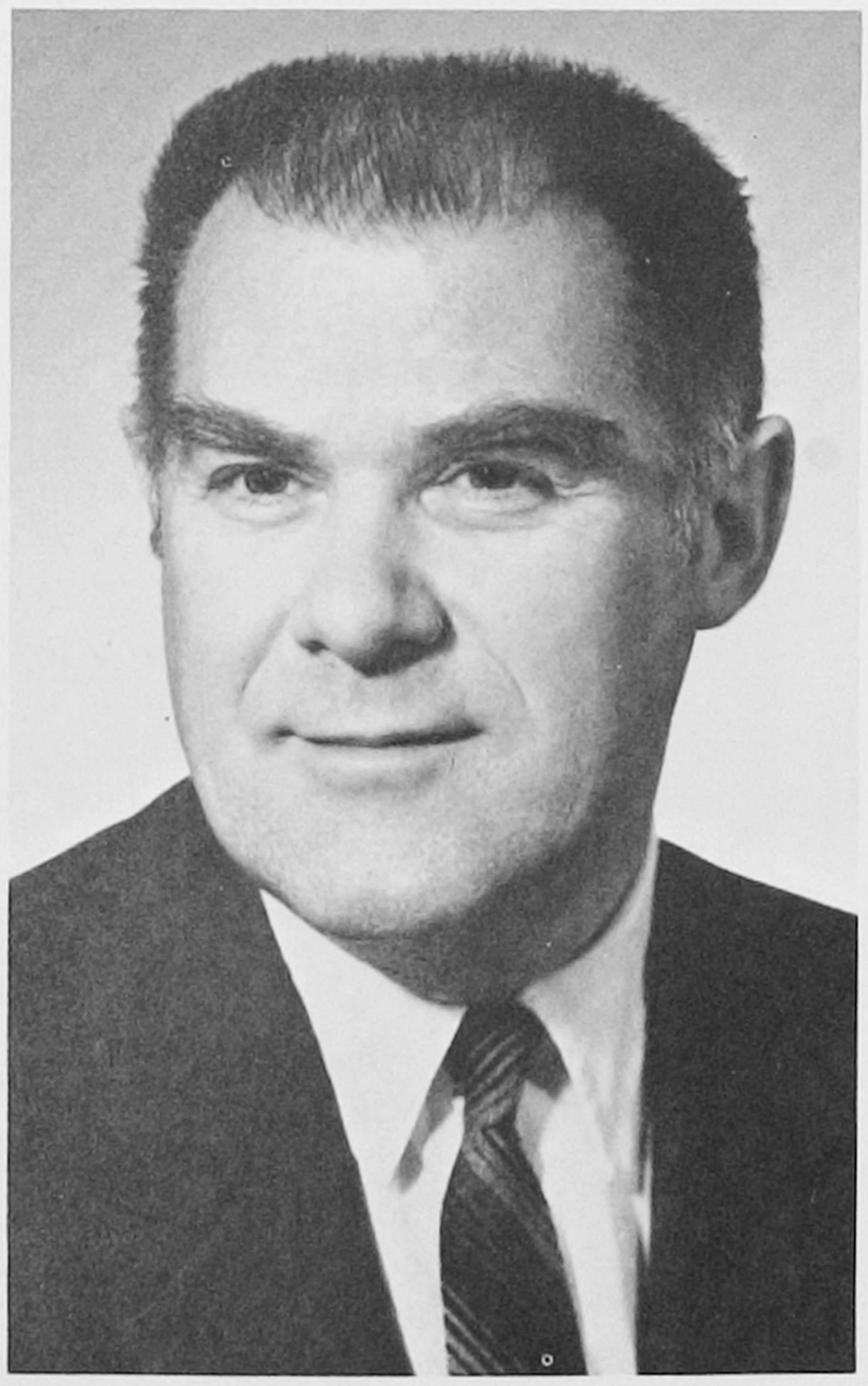
Mrs. Erickson was honored by the Alumni Association for her many contributions to the College. In addition to serving as headmistress of Chaffee School for the past 21 years, she has served Middlebury as an alumni trustee, Hartford area chairman for the Middlebury Challenge Fund, class secretary and class fund chairman. She was recognized for her many contributions to education and her college in 1969 when she received an honorary Doctor of Laws from Middlebury.

Kyle Prescott was designated a distinguished alumnus and received a plaque for meritorious achievement and outstanding support of the College. Despite the great demands of his own business, he has served Middlebury in many ways. Kyle is one of the founders of the Canadian-Middlebury Alumni Association. He was elected a director of the Alumni Association in 1974 and played a major part in revitalizing the organization. Kyle Prescott has traveled thousands of miles for the College helping organize alumni admissions and athletic committees.

The Middlebury College Alumni Association announced the election of Miss Katherine Conant '75, of Westport, Conn., to a two-year term and William G. Craig '37, of Ripton, Vt., to a four-year term as alumni trustees of the College.

Gordie Perine '49 (right) following presentation of an engraved silver tray honoring his 20 years of service as Director of Alumni Relations. Holding tray are his wife, Alice Neef Perine '37, and John M. Kirk '39, a member of the College's Board of Trustees.

Barbara Wishart Erickson '36
Distinguished Alumna



Kyle Prescott '49
Distinguished Alumnus

ing back a good Tufts squad, 9-5, the Panthers nailed down their second ECAC title to cap a fine season.

Middlebury team records eclipsed were best season record, 16-1; most goals, 227; most assists, 145; most total points, 372, and most shots, 1,016. Sophomore Greg Wheeler set a new scoring mark of 44 goals in a season, and Peter Boucher established the record for points in a season at 63 on 32 goals and 31 assists.

The B lacrosse team nearly kept pace by posting a solid 5-1 record with its only loss also coming at the hands of Dartmouth.

Maintaining the winning lacrosse tradition at Middlebury, Gretchen Adsit's A and B women's teams were again highly successful completing their third-straight undefeated seasons. The A squad was tied by a rugged New Hampshire club, but posted impressive victories over such powers as Vermont, Williams and Dartmouth. Equally tough in allowing just 8 goals in three games, the Blue B team rolled over Williams, Dartmouth and Colby-Sawyer.

Nearly overshadowed by all of the lacrosse successes, the Panther baseball nine also turned in a solid 8-4 season record after a shaky start. Needing some time to develop a predominantly young pitching staff, Middlebury got off to a slow start by dropping slugfests to Vermont and R.P.I.

Once freshman hurler Greg Birsky and sophomore Bob Race began to develop and joined with Andy MacLean, the only senior, the team began to move. It downed Castleton, Union and St. Michael's in order.

Hampered by the weather, which washed out a second Castleton game, and one with St. Lawrence, and Norwich dropping the sport shortly before the season started, the Panthers had to face an abbreviated schedule. Another game with Lyndon State was rained out later in the season.

Middlebury entered the new UVM tournament, featuring four Vermont schools, and downed St. Michael's and Vermont to take the title. Birsky's outstanding five-hit shutout against UVM was the highlight of the two games.

Following back-to-back losses to Williams and St. Michael's, the Panthers made good use of some key hitting and clutch pitching to finish the season with consecutive wins over Union, Plattsburgh State and Plymouth State.

While their pitching was developing, the Panthers had problems at the other end of the battery with the loss of veteran receiver Dave Nelson early in the season with an arm injury. Freshman Skip Daliso stepped in to do a solid job behind the plate.

Supplying the offensive punch at the plate were sophomore Dan Franczek, who led the team with a lusty .367 average. Close behind him were juniors Steve Scheufele and Joe Robitaille and senior Steve Bouchard, who all hit .333. Bob Carroll, a junior, was the slugger belting 3 homers and a triple.

In tennis action, the varsity developed its young team as the season progressed winning the last four of five to emerge with a successful 5-4 record. The B squad started well and then faded in the finish to wind up with a 3-3 mark. The women's B court squad made a better showing by going undefeated in three matches with Trinity, New England College and Dartmouth.

Lacking experience and depth and faced with a fluctuating squad during the season, the track and golf teams had less than a successful time of it recordwise. The Panther tracksters went 2-7 despite some good individual efforts, and the linksmen wound up 1-7 in one of their poorest showings in years.

Steven R. Bouchard '76, is the winner of the John P. Stabile Memorial Cup as the best athlete exemplifying the Middlebury spirit, and Todd R. Wadsworth '76, is the recipient of the Hazeltine-Klevenow Cup for excellence in athletics. Both presentations were made at the Alumni Luncheon in the Memorial Field House during Commencement Weekend. Steve, an outstanding member of the football team, received All-New England honors and the Richard C. Rapp Memorial Award as the best lineman of the 1975 season. Todd, a three-year letterman, was one of the most reliable linebacks of the Panther football team. ☐

Scoreboard

Baseball (8-4)
Vermont 18, Middlebury 8
R.P.I. 10, Middlebury 9
Middlebury 16, Castleton 13
Middlebury 5, St. Michael's 2
Middlebury 14, Union 11
Middlebury 4, Vermont 0
Middlebury 14, St. Michael's 5
St. Michael's 10, Middlebury 9
Williams 8, Middlebury 6
Middlebury 9, Union 0
Middlebury 9, Plattsburgh 4
Middlebury 10, Plymouth 9

Lacrosse (16-1)
Middlebury 16, Wesleyan 3
Middlebury 9, Tufts 4
Middlebury 15, Boston State 12
Middlebury 13, Bowdoin 9
Middlebury 11, UNH 9
Middlebury 18, Springfield 3
Middlebury 11, Amherst 4
Dartmouth 14, Middlebury 9
Middlebury 11, Union 10
Middlebury 19, Norwich 3
Middlebury 14, Hamilton 3
Middlebury 18, New England College 5
Middlebury 13, Castleton 3
Middlebury 14, Williams 10
Middlebury 11, Plymouth 3
ECAC Tournament
Middlebury 13, Boston State 7
Middlebury 9, Tufts 5

B Lacrosse (5-1)
Middlebury 12, Amherst 2
Dartmouth 8, Middlebury 3
Middlebury 12, Union 1
Middlebury 14, Vermont B Club 5
Middlebury 8, Holderness 2
Middlebury 13, Williams 0

Track (2-7)
R.P.I. 98, Middlebury 55
Williams 115, Middlebury 39
State Meet
Vermont 113, Middlebury 55
Lyndon 13, Norwich 10
W.P.I. 111, Middlebury 44
Plymouth 63, Middlebury 56
Plattsburgh 59, Middlebury 56
Union 106, Middlebury 39

Tennis (5-4)
Vermont 8, Middlebury 1
Middlebury 6, R.P.I. 2
Amherst 7, Middlebury 2
Vermont 8, Middlebury 1
Middlebury 7, Clarkson 2
Middlebury 6, Skidmore 2
Middlebury 6, St. Lawrence 3
Dartmouth 9, Middlebury 0
Middlebury 9, Union 0

B Tennis (3-3)
Middlebury 5, Vermont 4
Middlebury 6, Mt. Herman 3
St. Michael's 5, Middlebury 4
Middlebury 9, R.P.I. 0
Vermont 6, Middlebury 3
Dartmouth 9, Middlebury 0

Golf (1-7)
Amherst 392, Middlebury 424
Albany 422, R.P.I. 428
Middlebury 433, Union 437
Plattsburgh 318, Middlebury 342
Dartmouth 370, Springfield 396
Dartmouth 370, Middlebury 419
Springfield 396, Middlebury 419

WOMEN'S SPORTS

Lacrosse (5-0-1)
Middlebury 9, Vermont 5
Middlebury 21, Union 0
Middlebury 6, Castleton 3
Middlebury 5, New Hampshire 5
Middlebury 7, Williams 3
Middlebury 15, Dartmouth 0

B Lacrosse (3-0)
Middlebury 7, Colby-Sawyer B 3
Middlebury 12, Williams 4
Middlebury 10, Dartmouth B 2

B Tennis (3-0)
Middlebury 8, Burlington 0
Middlebury 7, N.E. College 0
Middlebury 4, Dartmouth B 3

Sports

BY MAX PETERSEN

The powerhouse of New England college lacrosse, Middlebury's Panthers highlighted what was an otherwise mediocre spring sports season by breezing to their second straight ECAC Regional Lacrosse title, setting several records on the way.

Deep in talent, the defending New England college division champs were however an unknown factor under new head Coach Dennis Daly. They not only had to adjust to a new coach, but also a new style of play.

Making the adjustments almost as easily as they disposed of opponents during the season, the Panthers posted their best season mark ever, finishing 16-1, and set several new records.

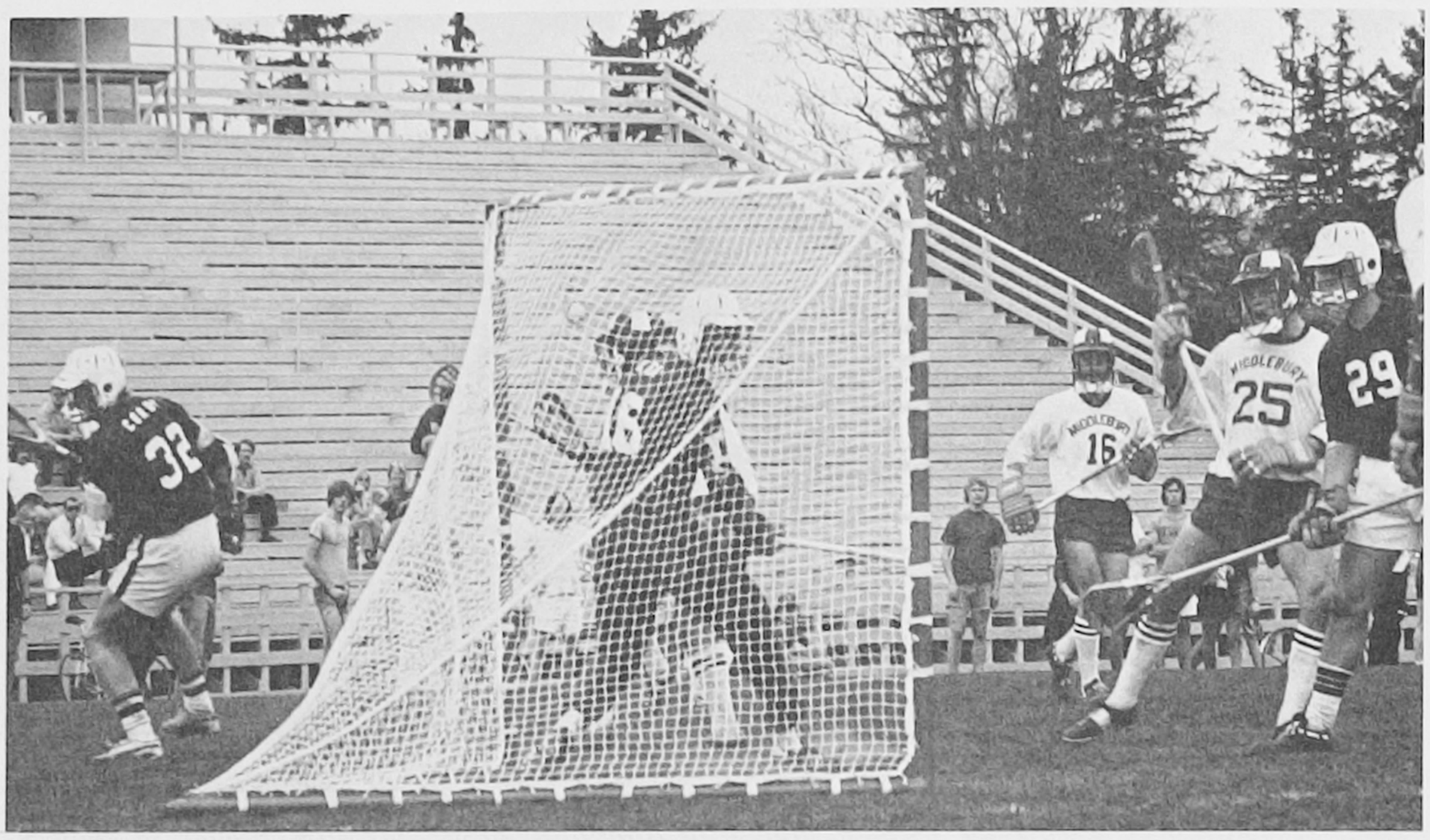
When first year Coach Daly said his goal was to make sure the team was ready to play the season opener, he meant it. His club not only defeated Wesleyan 16-3 in the opener, but went on to dispose of Tufts, Boston State, Bowdoin and the University of New Hampshire in the first week of action.

Following two more decisive wins over Springfield and Amherst, the 7-0 Panthers, ranked 15th nationally and fifth in New England, prepared to host one of the best Dartmouth teams in years. The Big Green, fresh from an upset of seventh ranked Penn, proved to be awesome in the first half of action at Porter Field.

Impressed, but not overwhelmed, Middlebury came storming back to dominate play and make a real game of it before losing 14-9. The fast breaking, high scoring game was called one of the best ever seen here.

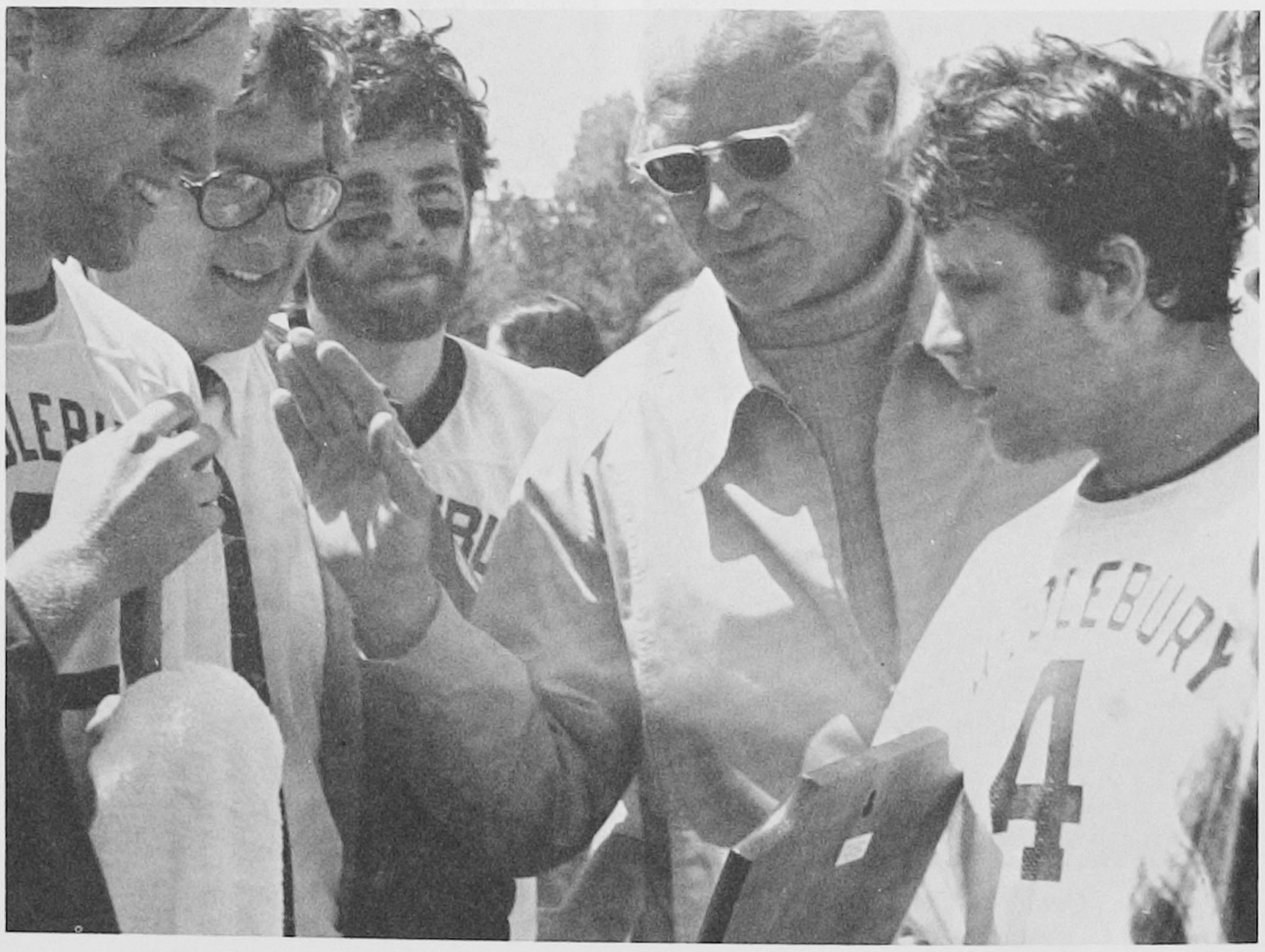
The Panthers were somewhat slow in recovering their composure as was obvious in the narrow one goal win over a good Union squad in the next contest. From there on out it was no contest for the Blue who scored an average of 13.2 per game in disposing of Norwich, Hamilton, New England College, Castleton, Williams and Plymouth in order.

The impressive 14-1 regular season record earned the Panthers the Snively Division title and the right to host their first ECAC lacrosse tourney. Continuing to play with the precision of a well oiled machine, Middlebury posted a 13-7 win over Boston State in the opening round while Tufts was upsetting second seeded Williams 7-6. Beat-



Above: Roy Heffernan '78 — No. 25 — scores against Dartmouth as ball in top left of net makes its mark. Despite this fine scoring, nationally ranked Dartmouth gave Middlebury its only lacrosse loss of the season.

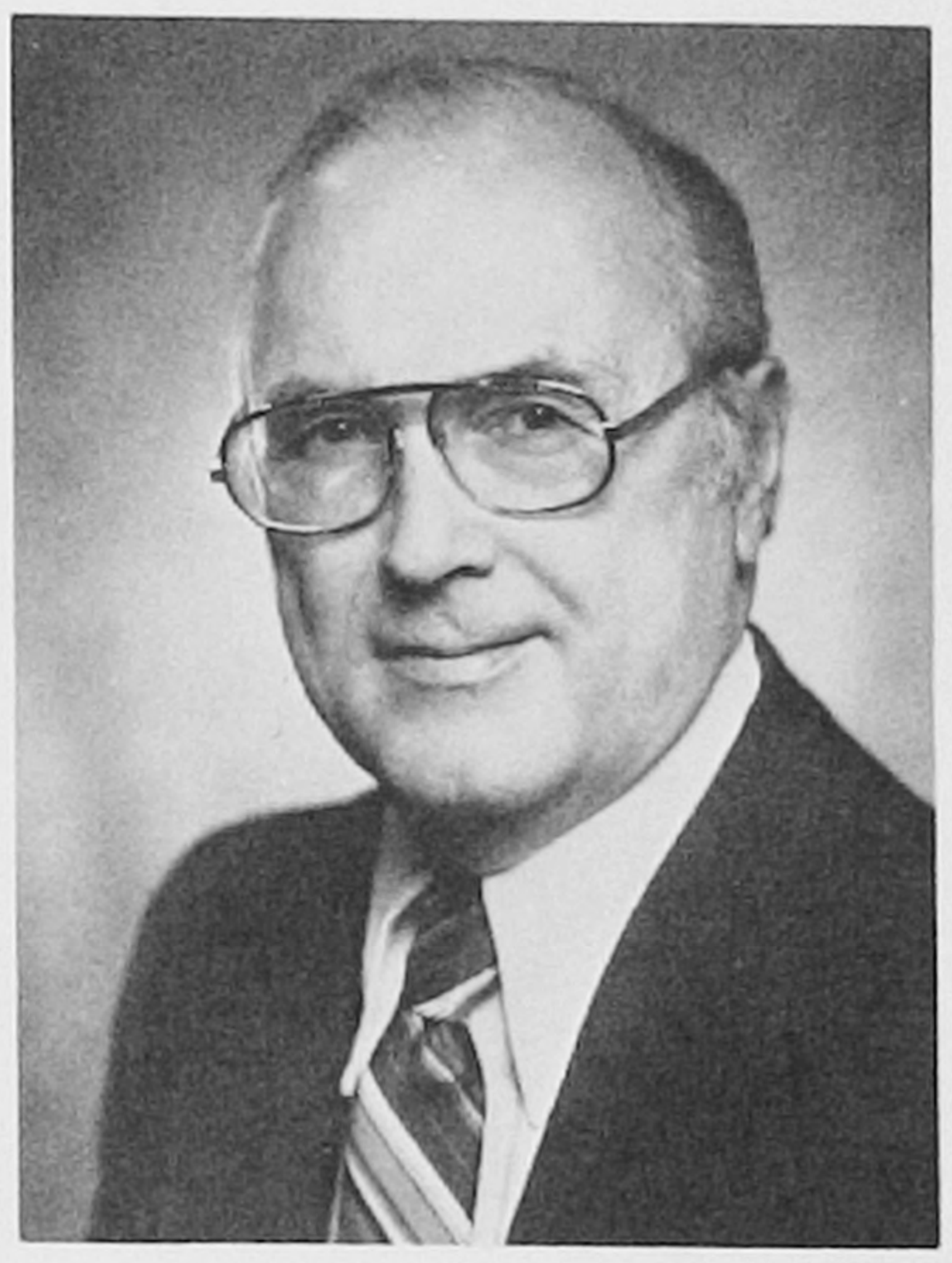
Below: Eastern Collegiate Association Conference Championship plaque, noting second straight Middlebury regional college division title, is presented by College's Athletic Director Richard Colman, Jr. (center) to Coach Dennis Daly (second from left). Looking on, left to right, are Panther players Will Graham '76, Tom Callanan '77, and Peter Boucher '76.



Panther Cane: Fifty years ago the panther was adopted as the sports symbol of the College, and that year the Class of 1926 adopted a cane with a hand-carved head of a panther as a class tradition. Each member of the class graduated with a Panther Cane and many members returned for their 50th reunion with their cane. Left, W. Ransom Rice '26 displays his cane.

Charles F. Baird '44

Richard J. McGarry '44


Emilio P. Ferrari '47

1920

Elsa Holmstrom Kroeck has sold her Sarasota home and she is now living with her daughter and family at 376 Central St., Acton, Mass. 01720.

1922

Durward and **Madelene Fletcher Yates** of West Palm Beach, Florida visited their son, David, and family in Darien, Conn. Their daughter, Susan Johnston '60, and three children of Glastonbury, Conn. spent several days with them in Florida a few weeks later. **Dave Morey** (Honorary '22), former varsity football coach at Middlebury, Auburn, and Bates was tendered a surprise birthday party by his former Bates College football teams at the Coonamesett Inn in Falmouth, Mass. "Swede" Nelson, former Harvard great and well-known master-of-ceremonies presided. Dave resides with his wife, Mildred, in Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard Island. **Hadley** and **Priscilla Spear** of Worcester, Mass. recently met with **Earle** and **Marie Haskins** of Malden, Mass. for a delightful noon luncheon at the Concord, Mass., Colonial Inn. **Madeleine Gaylor** is the Conservation Commission Chairman in Fitchburg, Mass., and has done a great deal to preserve areas around the city for passive recreational use.

1932

Eva T. Walsh and husband Chad are co-authors of *Twice Ten:* An Introduction to Poetry, recently published by John Wiley & Sons (1976, 435 pp. $6.95). The Walshes live in Beloit, Wisconsin at 745 Church Street.

1937

Dr. Jean D. Andrew, professor of political science at Edinboro State College, Edinboro, Pa. was one of 120 representative authorities from various fields of national life invited to attend a seminar at the Army War College in Carlisle Barracks, Pa. to conduct seminars on domestic, international, and defense issues affecting our national security and well being. She is listed in *Who's Who Among Women, Who's Who of North America, International Women's Who's Who and Who's Who in Ecology.* **Dr. Reginald K. House,** professor of clinical pathology at Dartmouth Medical School retired in June, 1976. Dr. House was a teaching fellow in Pathology at Dartmouth in 1939-40, became an instructor in that field in 1941 and was promoted to assistant professor in 1943. In 1959 he became associate professor and, in 1974, full professor.

1938

Everett S. Allen has won a first place in the column category of the 1976 United Press International New England news writing and photo contest for "Manuel: The Groceryman" which appeared in the *New Bedford Standard-Times.* He is an author, philosopher and editor of the *Standard-Times* editorial page and author of five books, the most recent, "A Wind to Shake the World" will be published in September by Little, Brown of Boston.

1939

Norman C. Smith, who from 1964-1976 was vice president for development and planning at Emory University has been named vice president for development at the University of Delaware effective June, 1976. He will be responsible for establishing and directing a new major fund raising program at the University. In addition, the Alumni Office, Office of Public Information, and the Office of Publications will report to our classmate.

1942

Warren Miller has announced his retirement after 31 years of service with the Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, Michigan. He served as President of the Health Care Services of Upjohn Limited, a subsidiary of the Upjohn Company, since 1973. He was a Vice President in the International Division. **Robert B. Rivel,** President of the Union Dime Savings Bank, New York City, has assumed the additional duty of Chief Executive officer. He joined the bank as president in January, 1975. Before joining Union Dime, he was a general partner at Lazard Freres and Co. during 1972-74 and prior to that was an executive vice president of Chase Manhattan Bank, having joined that institution in 1946.

1943

Ellen Gundersen Wolfe is now a social worker for the West Virginia Department of Welfare in Berkley, West Virginia. Her new address: 366 Mankin Ave., Berkley, W.V. 25801. **Frederick W. Lapham, Jr.,** a Burlington, Vt., investment counselor, has been elected a director of the three mutual funds organized by National Life Insurance Company of Vermont. The president of Lapham Management, Inc., an investment counseling firm, he will fill an unexpired term on the boards of the Sentinel Growth, Income and Trustees Funds, Inc. Fred is also a director of Chittenden Trust Company, of Burlington, a Statewide banking company; vice president and a director of Lapham and Dibble Galleries, Inc., Shoreham; a general partner of Prospect Realty, Inc., a Burlington real estate holding and development concern; a charter trustee of his alma mater, Middlebury College, and just last year finished a five-year term as a governor of the Medical Center Hospital, Burlington.

1944

Dr. George S. Harris is a pediatrician at the Laconia, New Hampshire Clinic. He was in private practice in Scarsdale, N.Y. for 10 years, and was medical director at Sarah Lawrence College from 1955-62. He has been chairman of the Lakes Region Mental Health Clinic (New Hampshire) and has been on the staff of the Lakes Region General Hospital since 1962. **Richard J. McGarry** has joined Badger America, Inc., a Raytheon company, as business development manager. He will be responsible for the development of new U.S. business for the Cambridge, Mass. based engineering firm. **Chuck Baird** has been elected vice chairman of the International Nickel Company of Canada Limited. He has been a director since 1974 and a senior vice president since 1972. He writes "My partner and I won our 5th consecutive National Senior Platform Tennis title. Less noteworthy but perhaps more important, last year a son graduated from Harvard, a daughter from Georgetown, a second daughter began at Princeton and a second son announced his engagement to be married in May."

1945

On May 25, 1975 one of **Dottie Robinson Foster's** dreams came true: the first concert of The Maine Boys Choir in Rockport, Maine. Dottie's dedicated and devoted perseverance as its founder brought the choir to a highly acclaimed reality. She dedicated the Maine Boys Choir as a living memorial to her father and mother Theodore Adams Robinson and Irene Jordan Robinson.

1946

MARRIAGE

Thaddeus C. Jones and **Mary Caswell Ingalls,** Feb. 22; address: 9 Gatewood Lane, Muncie, Indiana 47304.

1947

Emilio P. Ferrari has been promoted to national sales manager for the food industry of Takeda, U.S.A., Inc. and will be based in New York City. He has been a sales representative for Takeda for the past ten years. Before that he was a sales representative for the Food Products Division of Merck & Company, Inc. for 16 years. He is a member of the Institute of Food Technologists, served as secretary of the New York chapter in 1974-75 and was its "Man of the Year" in 1972. He is also a member of the American Association of Cereal Chemists.

The Classes

1966

MARRIAGES

Albert J. Dauray and **Nancy King;** address: 4430 Tillymill Road, At. 6B, Atlanta, Ga. 30340.

Douglas R. Mackintosh and Stephanie M. Heidelberg; address: 8122 Apricot St., New Orleans, LA 70118.

Mark O'Reilly has left the private practice of law and has joined the Corporate Legal Department of Forest Oil Company, 1500 Colorado National Building, 950-17th Street, Denver, Colorado 80202. **Eirik Jorgensen** and his wife Astrid are the proud parents of a second daughter, Kjersti, born December 31, 1975. Kjersti has an older sister, Ingrid, who is three years old. Eirik is clerk, assistant to the director of parks and grounds and the Church Warden in Ringerike Municipal. He was just reelected to a four year term on the City Council.

1967

BIRTHS

A son, Daniel Cornelius, to **Margaret Clark Mack** and Joseph Mack, Nov. 1.

A daughter, Gabriel Hartman, to **Gertrude Jones Wegel** and **Lawrence Wegel, '68,** May 3.

Joel Najman is in Burlington, Vt. working for WJOY as a broadcaster and engineer. He is also teaching a class in psychology at the University of Vermont while studying for his PhD degree. **Robert F. Larkin** received his MA in Liberal Studies at Wesleyan University this Spring, earning this degree at Wesleyan's Graduate Summer School for Teachers. He is currently teaching at Deerfield Academy. **Missy (Muriel Brine)** and **John Rogers** have moved from Burlington, Vermont to Charlottesville, Virginia, where John will be a resident in pediatrics at the University of Virginia Medical Center. Their new address is: 613 Shamrock Road, Charlottesville, Va. 22903. They would love to see any Middlebury alums who happen to be passing through. **Marion Boultbee Browne** has been appointed an instructor in English at Norwich University working primarily with 50 Iranian Navy cadets who will be entering Norwich in September. Husband Patrick will begin his second year at Vermont Law School in the fall. Their address: 88 South Main Street, Northfield, Vt. 05663. **Margaret Clark** was married in October, 1971 to Joseph M. Mack. She received her Master's Degree from Tufts in May, 1975. The Clarks have a son, Daniel Cornelius Mack born on November 1, 1975. **Gary Margolis,** director of Counseling Services at Middlebury, and a published poet, won a two-week residency at the Malloy Colony for the Arts in Austerlitz, N.Y. He will use his residency in the fall to complete work on his first book of poetry "Talking Away the Wind." **Wendy Singley** who is at Hofstra Law School has just been elected managing editor of the *Hofstra Law Review.*

1968

BIRTH

A son, John Paul, to **Anne Arnot Ruskiewicz** and John Ruskiewicz, Dec. 1.

Barbara Ellison received her Master's in reading at the University of Vermont last year and is now teaching at the John F. Kennedy School in Winooski. She is living in Essex, Vt. and her mailing address is Box 204 zip code 05451. **Mano Swartz** is now chief resident in Opthalmology at the University of Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary. His address: 1855 West Taylor, Chicago, Illinois 60612. **Bruce A. MacLaren** is supervisor of Microfilm Data Processing of Synergraphics (a subsidiary of Trans-America Corp.) He is living at 25 Home Place West, Apt. C, Oakland, Calif. 94610. **Ben Eklof** expects to defend his dissertation in Russian History this summer at Princeton University for the PhD degree. He is employed as an instructor in the History Department at Princeton. His wife Nadezhda is employed as a Russian Language teacher with the Princeton Language Group. Their home address is: 204 Ewing St., Princeton, New Jersey 08540. **Arthur Coolidge** writes: "I have accepted a position with the 1977 Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition as a physicist and expect to be leaving in late 1976 for a period of 12-13 months in the Antarctic or sub-Antarctic regions, returning in late 1977 or early 1978. At the present time (and for the next 10 months or so) I am employed at the Department of Science, Antarctic Division headquarters in Melbourne. The training programme is largely involved with data analysis of previous expeditions' data at the present time although specialized courses are held later in the year, prior to departure. Australia maintains three year-round bases on the Antarctic continent and one base (also year-round) on Macquarie Island and it appears likely that my year will be spent on Macquarie Island, also home to thousands of emperor penguins, adelia penguins, gentoo penguins, bull elephant seals, and interesting birdlife. The bases are normally staffed with one to two dozen people who are dropped off at the end of a calendar year and picked up by the relief ship the following year. Outside contact is limited to the wireless and once-a-year relief visits. It should be a most fascinating and worthwhile year of working on auroral and upper atmosphere physics." **R. Glen Wehrwein** recently passed his certified public accountant examination in Boston. After graduation from Middlebury, he received a masters degree in accounting from Northwestern University. He served in Vietnam from 1969-70 and was employed as a law clerk with the Ulbrich law firm of Chester, Va. He is now employed by the Arthur Anderson accounting firm in Boston and lives in Newton, Mass. **Sharon Smith,** writer-film maker, has come east from California and is now living in Canaan, Maine with photographer-film maker husband, Randy Huber. (Husband Randy did the cinematography for the film "Walter," the story of a day in the life of a paraplegic which was nominated for an Academy Award in the field of "best student film" for 1974.) Sharon and Randy have helped to organize the Maine Film Alliance, a non-profit corporation and a guild for Maine-based film makers. It provides a forum for the exchange of ideas. Their address: R.F.D. 1, Hartland, Maine 04943.

1969

MARRIAGE

David Potter and **Carol Gale Minns,** Aug. 16; address: P.O. Box 131, Vergennes, Vt. 05491.

BIRTHS

A son, Eric Lee, to **Patricia Cross Anderson** and David Anderson, Nov. 21.

A daughter, Lisa Miriam, to **Helena '70** and **Joel Klein,** Jan. 7.

Rick Minton of Trumbull, Conn. is in the private practice of law in Stratford, Conn. Rick graduated from Georgetown Law Center and for the past 2 years has been a Law Clerk in Superior Court for Fairfield County at Bridgeport. His address: 1930 Huntington Tpke., Trumbull, Ct. 06611. **Jim McGill** is now living in Boston. He graduated from Boston Univ. Business School in May 1975, and is now financial manager of the Kendall Company's Surgical Division. His address: 60 Common Street, Belmont, Mass. 02178. **Peter Nelson** has his own practice of General Dentistry in Middletown, Conn. He completed his residency at Medical Center Hospital of Vermont in 1974 after attending the Columbia University School of Dental and Oral Surgery in 1973.

1970

MARRIAGE

Richard Hassigner and **Beth Prasse,** May 29; address: 167 Kennedy drive, Apt. 512, Malden, Ma. 02148.

BIRTH

A daughter, Devon Elizabeth, to Cindy and **John Baker,** Apr. 22.

Nancy K. Roberts is a registered nurse on the staff at New York University Medical Center. She is living at: 340 E. 34th Street, Apt. 15E, New York City, 10016. **Chuck** and **Eleanor Hubbell Coffey** have moved to a new home at 5440 South Miller Street, Littleton, Colorado, 80123. Eleanor is a free-lance professional cellist in the Denver area and has helped found a thriving orchestra in Evergreen. Chuck works as a design engineer at the Adolph Coors Company and grows much of their own food in his spare time. **Jimmie N. Brown** has been named to the Hartford Board of Education. He graduated from the University of California (Berkeley) Law School in 1973 and then returned to Hartford to teach creative writing and Black Literature at Trinity College as well as to run poetry workshops in and around the Hartford area. He now teaches English at the University of Hartford and is the poet-in-residence at the Clover Elementary School in Windsor, Conn. His address: 9 Evergreen Ave., #C-8, Hartford, Ct. 06105. **Jim Schmutz** received his Ph.D. in Chemistry from Penn State University this past March. His address is: 328 East Slope, U. of Sussex, Falmer Brighton, Sussex BN1 9RP England. **Jeff Sturges** is a marketing representative for IBM and he and his wife **Karen McDonough Sturges '72** live at 1122 Girard Drive, Louisville, Kentucky 40222.

1971

MARRIAGES

M. Dickey Drysdale and **Marjorie Balgooyen,** Sept. 21; address: The Croft, Randolph, Vt. 05060.

Emory Fanning and **Diana Egbers,** Dec. 27; address: 40 High St., Middlebury, Vt. 05753.

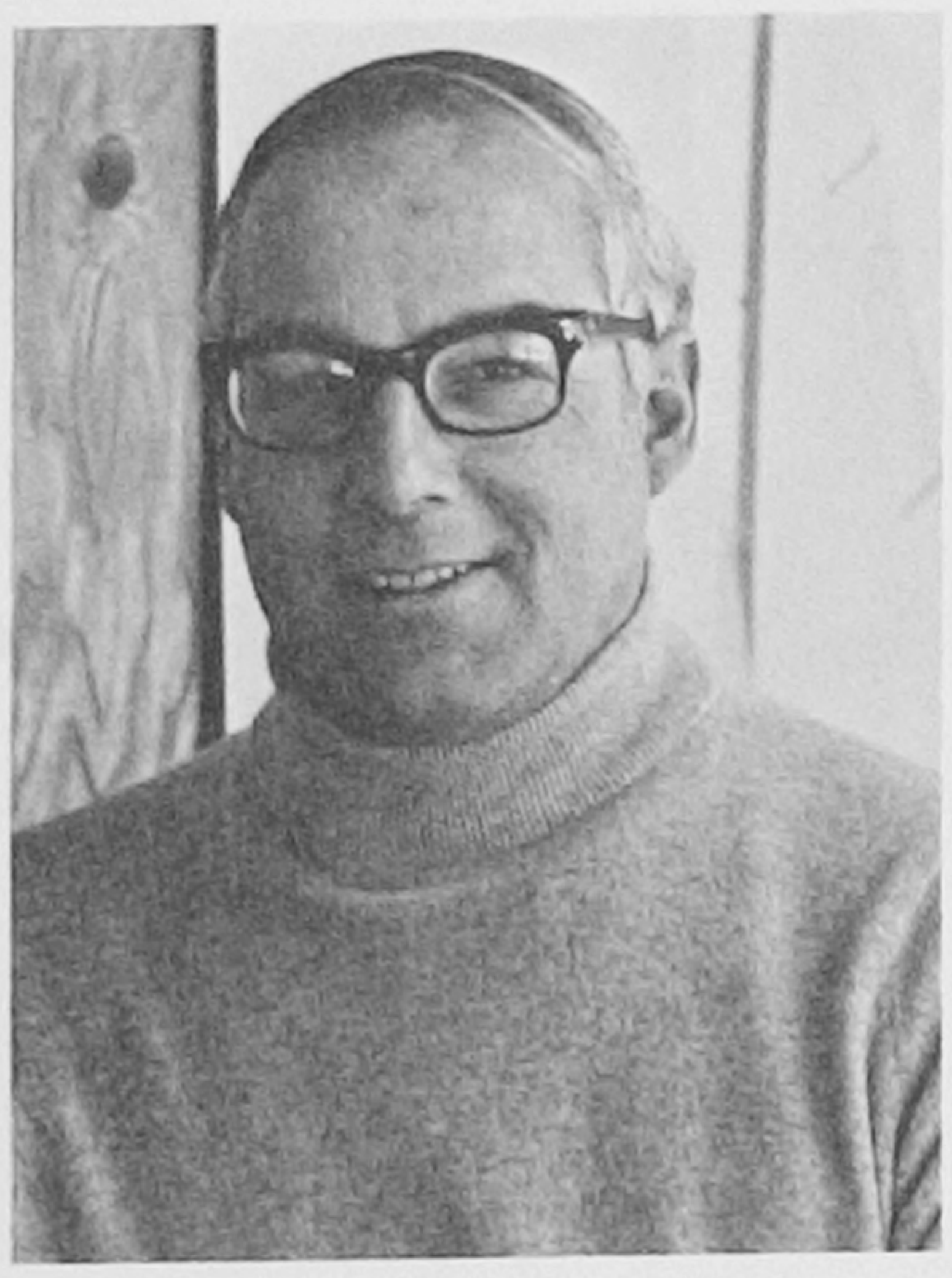
Herve Rochard and **Anne Lahey,** Jan. 24; address: 4 rue St. Antoine, 30,000 Nimes, France.

James Byron Nichols and **Alison Bielli,** Feb. 14; address: 45 State St., Augusta, Me. 04330.

BIRTH

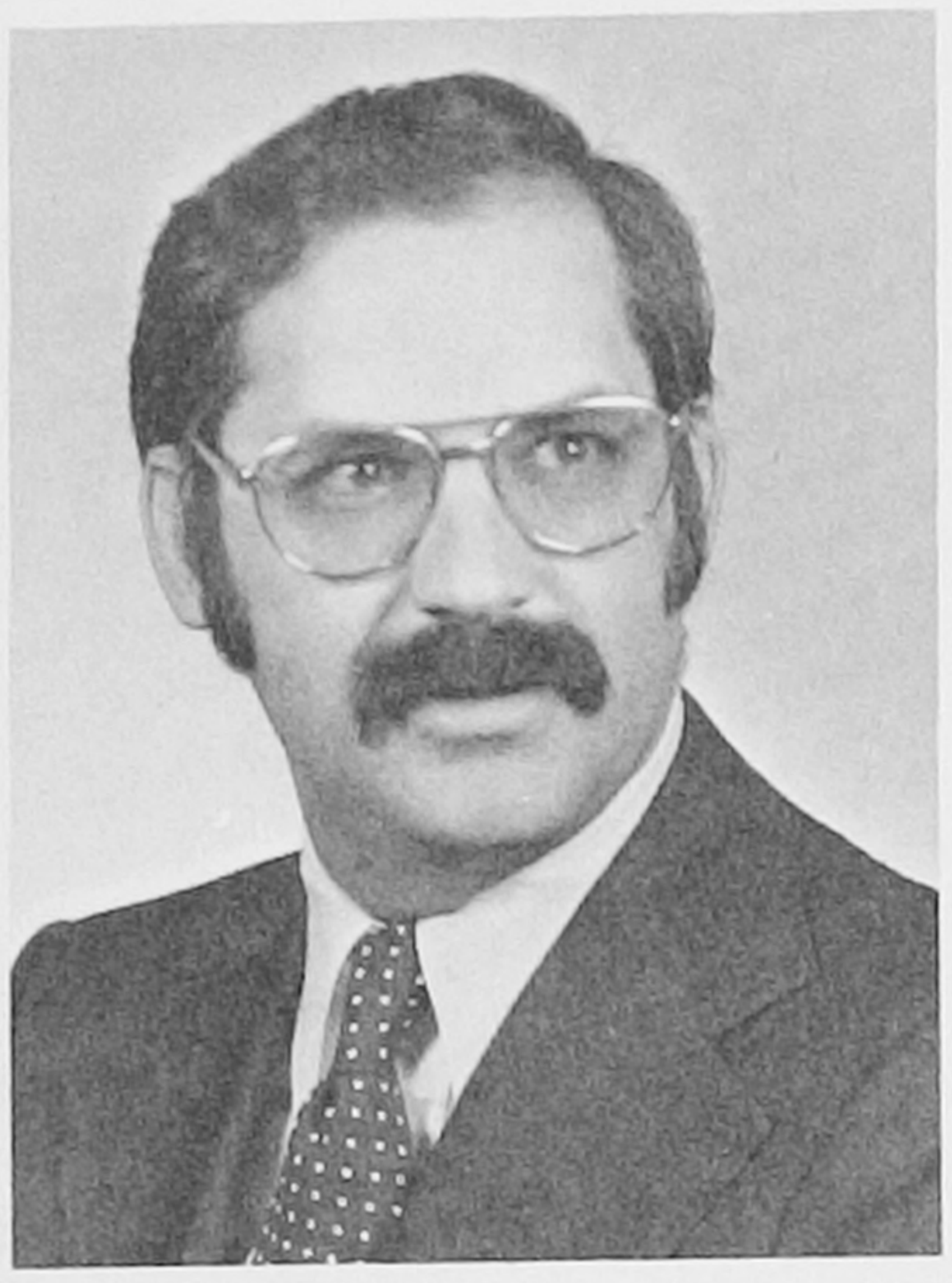
A son, Ethan Andre, to **Myrka** and **Bart Hall-Beyer,** Mar. 25.

Phil Togerson and wife Linda ('74) are living at 832 Main Street, Shrewsbury, Ma. 01545. Phil is an assistant treasurer of Home Federal Savings of Worcester, Mass. **Xenia Urban** is a third year student at Columbia School of Architecture and her address for this year is 575 West End Ave., Apt. 11C, N.Y.C. 10024. **Tom Tobin** is a graduate student in English at the University of Rhode Island. His address: c/o Tobin Cottage, Shelter Harbor, Westerly, Rhode Island. **Paul Blocklyn** has completed his graduate work at Brown University and is an instructor in English at the University of Connecticut at Stamford. He leads a workshop in Creative Writing and teaches a course in Gothic Literature. His address is Apt. #5, Bldg. 138, Woodside Village, Stamford, Conn. 06903. **Barbara J. Horiuchi** is a sales representative for Scotts and Foreman in the College Text Book Division. She lives at 7660 E. Harvard Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138. **Alexandra Haynes** works for the University Press of New England and lives in Meriden, N.H. where she is assistant manager of Blown Away Acres, a Holstein dairy farm. **Deborah Turner Hicks** is a French translator with the U.S. Army Foreign Science and Technology Center in Charlottesville, Va. Her address is: 11 Burton Court, Charlottesville, Va. 22901.

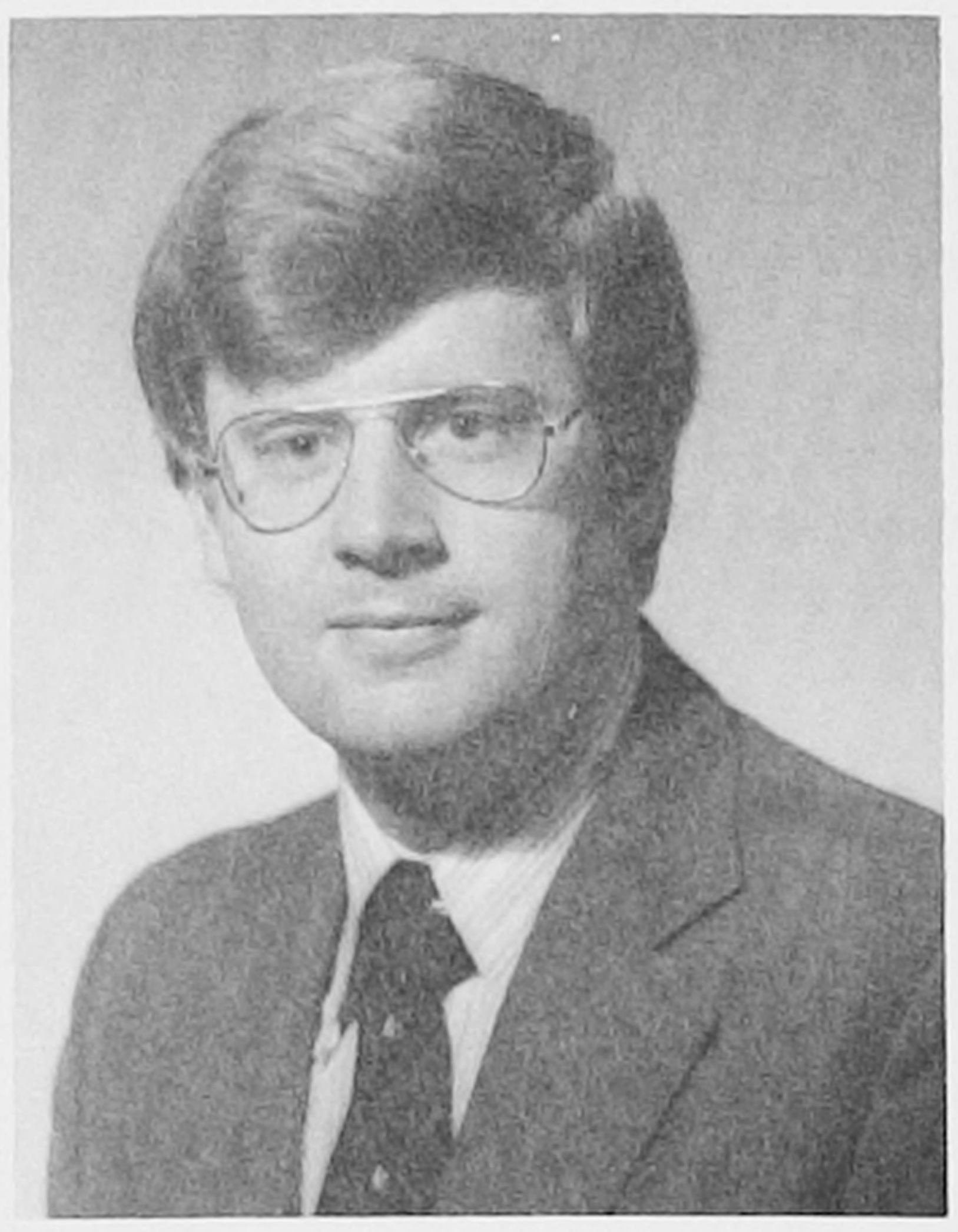


Monroe B. Hall '54

Ronald W. Vernier '57



C. Richard Hawley '64



George Cady '72

1949

John MacMurtry has been promoted to the post of vice president-secretary at the Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Quincy, Mass. He has been with the insurance company for fifteen years.

1950

"Poor **Emily McLaughlin (Hunter)** has known more tragedy than most actresses experience in a lifetime... she has married five times, has been accused of murder twice, widowed once, and one other husband was murdered." *(Los Angeles Times* April 8, 1976.) That is because she portrays Jessie Brewer on television's General Hospital soap opera series. She also has organized Ladies of the Day, a group of soap opera leading ladies — and some leading men — to produce plays in the hinterlands on weekends. **H. Allen Mapes** has been elected a director of the Northeast Bank of Sanford, Maine. And among other things, he is also a trustee of Nasson College, trustee of H.D. Goodall Hospital, director of the Milestone Foundation, vice president of the Industrial Development Corp., and past president of the Sanford-Springvale Chamber of Commerce and Sanford Little League.

1952

The *News Letter* apologizes to Dr. **William V. Kinnard** for publishing the following information in the obituary section instead of the class notes column of the Spring Issue: Dr. Kinnard, who has been associate director for professional affairs and medical director of the Albany Medical Center Hospital, has now become president of the Buffalo General Hospital. Dr. Kinnard has also been clinical assistant in the department of medicine at the Albany Medical College, a member of the board of directors of Blue Cross of Northeastern New York, and a member of many other professional and civic organizations.

1954

Monroe B. "Mike" Hall is heading up a new U.S. Corporation as vice president and general manager of Drascombe Boats, Inc. The Camden, Maine based company will take charge of importing, distributing, marketing and selling the Drascombe Flotilla, a line of daysailers and launches. All are manufactured by Honnor Marine Ltd. of Devon, England.

1955

MARRIAGE

Burt P. Flickinger, Jr. and **Mary Ewing Ryan,** Nov. 29; address: 211 Porterville Road, East Aurora, NY 14052.

John W. Tremaine is now back in the United States from Australia. He is with U.S. Steel International and his address is 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

1956

Thomas S. McKnight has been transferred from Lebanon to Brussels. He is with General Electric and his address is — c/o General Electric, Chaussee de la Hulpe 150, B-1170, Brussels, Belgium.

1957

Ronald W. Vernier has been appointed director in the group department at the Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. He is an associate of the Society of Actuaries and a member of the Hartford, Conn. Actuaries Club and the American Academy of Actuaries. His address: 86 Heywood Dr., Glastonbury, Conn.

1958

Nancy Lagergern Howe is an office manager for a group of geo-physicists. She writes "I recently went on a business trip to Algiers where I spoke only French for seven days. (My thanks still to Dr. Freeman)." Nancy's new address is: 1270-71 Gainsborough Dr., Oakville, Ontario L6H 262. **H. Langedon Bell,** president and chief operating officer of the Second New Haven Bank, has been elected to membership in the Young President's Organization. YPO is a worldwide educational association of more than 3,000 successful young chief executives who have become presidents of sizable companies before the age of forty. Lang is also a member of the Middlebury Alumni-Placement Committee in the New Haven area. His address: Sawmill Rd., RFD #5, Guilford, Conn. 06437. **Edwin Merrill** has been appointed a member of the sales staff of Houcks, Inc. REALTORS and will be in the Commercial and Industrial Division based in Amherst, New Hampshire.

1959

Ed Sommers '60 advised us that **Bruce Cameron** has a new job and is now Director of Marketing for Quality Inns. Bruce is still living in Silver Springs, Maryland. Lt. Col. **Henry H. Erbe** has returned from a year's tour with the U.S. Army in Korea. He has been assigned to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point where he will teach in the history department.

1961

MARRIAGE

Thomas J. Malmgren and **Diane Bayles,** Feb. 24, 1975; address: P.O. Box 216, Copper Mountain, Co. 80443.

1963

John Bower has been inducted into the Sports Hall of Fame of Maine, his home state. John was the first American to win an international Nordic combined title and he is now Nordic program director of the U.S. National Ski Team. John and Bonnie's address: P.O. Box 1673 Park City, Utah 84060.

1964

The *New York Times* reported on June 3 that "Betty Ford, who used American folk art on the last White House Christmas tree, invited Janet and **John Wallach** of Georgetown to set up twenty of their early American weathervanes as decorations for the state dinner given King Juan Carlos I and Queen Sophia of Spain. The sixteen used as table centerpieces included a dove — Mrs. Ford chose it for her table — a rooster and a Civil War soldier, while larger pieces were used elsewhere, such as a six-foot fish and an eagle with a five-foot wingspread. Mr. Wallach is diplomatic correspondent for the Hearst newspapers, and Mrs. Wallach is fashion director for Garfinckel's department store." **C. Richard Hawley** is branch manager of the Harrisburg, Pa. office of Crawford & Company, independent insurance adjusters. He received the designation of Associate in Claims from the Insurance Institute of America in June, 1975 for having completed the six parts of Adjusting Examinations. **David R. Villepique** has been named an assistant vice president of National Bank of North America. He joined the bank in 1972 as a banking officer in the National Division and is in charge of corporate banking and corporate loan development for the National Division's Southeastern Region. His address: 7 Columbia Drive, Bernardsville, N.J. 07924.

1965

Roth W. Tall, "T", who is presently Director of Annual Funds at Middlebury will become Director of Development and Alumni Affairs at Western Reserve Academy in Hudson, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, on July 1, 1976. **Frederick D. Woods, Jr** is finishing law school at Boston University. He lives at 132 Amory Street, Brookline, Mass., Apt. #2. **William "Wally" Lard** is now the director of and dances in his own dance company FUSION. The company is the only professional dance group in the state of Florida. He and his wife Carmen and son Phillip, aged one year, live in Coconut Grove where the company recently performed in concert at the Coconut Grove Playhouse. **Martha Saenz Stuart** is now living in the Washington area and she is attending American University Law School. Her new address is 5309 Wakefield Rd., Bethesda, Maryland 20016.

1973

MARRIAGES

Peter Arthur Lafford and **Barbara Armstrong,** Aug. 16; address: 499 No. Broadway, Apt. 171, White Plains, NY 10603.

Edward Bell Morgan and **Nancy Battles '75,** May 25, 1973; address: 158 Moulton St., Rehoboth, Ma. 02769.

Richard Taylor and **Christine Fraioli;** address: 825 Logan St., Apt. 1, Denver, Co. 80203.

BIRTHS

A son, Jared Aaron, to Charlotte and **Peter Lewis,** Apr. 27.

A son, Chandler Roch, to **Carolyn Leggett Perine** and **Kenneth Perine,** June 1.

Kirk Brennan writes that he has moved again. This time to 229 East 67th St., New York, New York 10021. Also, he has been promoted and is now broadcast supervisor of the Warwick, Walsh & Miller ad agency. He is growing a beard and waiting to hear from Stanford Business School where he will be next September if he is given the go-ahead. Kirk says he received honors at NYU Business School last fall, but that work and school at the same time was too much to handle. For New York alumni, Kirk was the mastermind behind lining up a Chorus Line Theatre party for New York alumni. **John T. Bell** is a puppeteer for the Bread and Puppet Theatre in Vermont. His address is Box 13, Glover, Vt. 05939. **Duane M. Kline** is a photographer in residence for the Vermont Council of the Arts living in Derby Center, Vermont 05829, Box 99. **Richard Taylor** is a law student at the University of Denver Law School living at 825 Logan Street, Denver, Colorado 80203. **Walter Newman's** new address is 45 Pioneer Street, Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326, **Cully Erdman** is living in East Dorset, Vermont 05253, and **Elizabeth Lloyd** is teaching first grade at Montgomery Country Day School in Wynnewood, Pa. Her address: 522 Oakley Road, Haverford, Pa. 19041. **R. Wesley Rivel** has formed a general real estate brokerage firm with one other partner (Rivel & Ryan Company, Inc.) located at 180 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. **Robin Cruise** is now an editorial assistant at Harvard University living in Arlington, Mass. at 44 Palmer St. (02174). **Jaimie Morehouse** has returned from Warsaw, Poland where she taught seven to ten year olds of 27 different nationalities. She had planned to move on to the American School and sent her belongings there when recent disturbances caused her to change her mind. She is hoping to find a teaching job somewhere in the area of Vinalhaven, Maine.

1974

MARRIAGES

Craig Sherman and **Patricia A. Cadden,** Sept. 20; address: 88 Lovell St., Worcester, Ma. 01603.

Douglas Robert Smith and **Carol Simmermacher,** May 15; address: 836 Louise Circle, Durham, NC 27705.

Mitchell P. Pulver and **Sheila Gale Bamford,** Apr. 11; address: 2219 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19130.

Miguel A. Lozano and **Lisa Jepsen,** Sept. 10; address: c/o Elwood Jepsen, 106 Woodsdale Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15237.

Robert D. Mauro and **Elizabeth MacDonald '75,** June 21; address: 40 Waterside Plaza, Apt. 2C, New York, NY 10010.

Philip and **Linda (Bogatko) Torgerson** are living in Shrewsbury, Mass. at 832 Main Street (01545). Linda is an administrative assistant of Young's Travel Service in Worcester, Mass. and Phil is an assistant treasurer of Home Federal Savings of Worcester. **Sybil J. Brigham** is studying for her MS in Library Science at Simmons College, Boston, and is working part time on the Collection of Historical Scientific Instruments at Harvard. Her address: 79 University Road, Brookline, Mass. 02146. **George Hasbrouck** is a Customer Service Representative for the New York Telephone Co. (926 W. Onondago St., Syracuse, N.Y. 13210.) **Craig Severance** is a senior credit analyst for the Central District of Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. living at 403 East 78th St., New York City, 10021, and **Gretchen Tobin** is an English teacher at the Stowe School, Stowe, Vermont 05672. From **Jack** and **Karen (Ulbrich) Kirsch** we learn that Jack is teaching at Milton High School, Vermont and is the varsity basketball coach. His team reached the finals in the Vermont Class I basketball tournament. Karen is teaching 6th grade reading in Milton and has almost completed her Masters in reading at UVM. They've just bought their first house: RD #3 Arrowhead Estates, Milton, Vermont 05468. **Carol Simmermacher** writes from a new address at 836 Louise Circle, Durham, North Carolina 27705, that she has earned her Master's Degree in Environmental Management School of Forestry and Environmental Studies at Duke University. She works at the North Carolina Office of State Planning in Raleigh and . . . she was married to Mr. Douglas Robert Smith of Wellesley, Mass. on May 15, 1976. **Bonnie J. Goodwin,** a second year med student at Dartmouth Medical School was made a member of the medical honor society, Alpha Omega Alpha, last winter. **Jill Lacy** is a second year medical student at Yale (790 Orange St., New Haven, Ct.), **Jessica Slate** is an instructor for the creative writer's workshop graduate program at the University of Arkansas, **Russell Anderson** is an underwriter for the Group Pension Operations of Connecticut General Life Insurance Company in Hartford, Conn., and **Nancy Sperco** is in New York City working as an assistant buyer at Bloomingdale's. Her address: 257 Central Park West, N.Y.C. 10029. Also in New York City are **Bob** and **Beth MacDonald Mauro** where Bob is in his second year of medical school at N.Y.U and Beth is working as a receptionist at the N.Y.U Medical Center. Their address: 40 Waterside Plaza, Apt. 2C, N.Y., N.Y. 10010. **Jim Cook** is a supervisor for computer programming at the Ravens-Alforge Co., 54 Third St., Orangeville, Ontario, Canada. **Chris Granstrom** is a student at Rutgers University, and **Susan Wagner** is a graduate student in Russian Studies at the Pushkin Institute in Moscow (U.S.S.R. Moscow 117463, Michurinsky Prospeki 8/29.) **Sandra H. Collier** has received The Israel Bernstein Memorial Scholarship at the University of Maine School of Law. The award is given each year to a second-year student who has achieved a distinguished academic record. Sandra is also a member of the Maine Law Review, a participant in the Student Bar Association's Speakers Bureau, and was recently elected president of the Student Bar Association.

The Classes continued on page 46

The ten oldest graduates

Grace James Brown '01 (Mrs. Lemuel R.)
Born June 2, 1878 / Address: 12099 County Line Rd., Chesterland, OH / Age: 98

Maude Tucker Severance '04 (Mrs. Wm. M.)
Born July 12, 1882 / Address: Oakdale Nursing Home, North Main St.,
Oakdale, MA / Age: 94

Anne F. Smith '06 (Miss)
Born October 30, 1882 / Address: 2120 Santa Barbara St.,
Santa Barbara, CA / Age: 93

Justin M. Ricker '06
Born February 2, 1885 / Address: Hollander Hotel, St. Petersburg, FL / Age: 91

Verna Child Hawkins '07 (Mrs. Paul D.A.)
Born November 11, 1884 / Address: 20 Temple St., Boston, MA / Age: 91

Mabel Stevenson Percy '07 (Mrs.)
Born November 20, 1884 / Address: 3465 Childers Rd., Rt. 1,
Roswell, GA / Age: 91

Mary Kendall Gove '08 (Mrs. Earl M.)
Born December 15, 1884 / Address: R.F.D., Bristol, VT / Age: 91

Jane Roys Murphy '08 (Mrs. John)
Born April 24, 1886 / Address: Moose Hill Rd., Livermore Falls, ME / Age: 90

Dr. Gino A. Ratti '07
Born October 9, 1885 / Address: 1619 Fourth St., Palmetto, FL / Age: 90

Henry Raymond Vaughan '08
Born December 11, 1885 / Address: 2434 Evergreen Drive,
Royal Oak, MI / Age: 90

1972

MARRIAGES

Jack E. Kollmann, Jr. and **Nancy Shields,** May 15; address: 29 Concord Ave., #104, Cambridge, Ma. 02138.

Thomas J. Rike and **Ann Helm,** Apr. 10; address: 1317 No. Jackson, Glendale, Ca. 91207.

Richard Blumberg and **Ruth Buxbaum,** Mar. 28; address: 13042 Hermitage Lane, Houston, Texas 77079.

Peter C. Sheffer and **Karen O'Donnell '73** (Karen retaining own name: Karen O'Donnell), May 31; address: 37 St. Mary's St., Apt. 3, Boston, Ma. 02215.

BIRTH

A son, Scott Beattie, to **Margaret Beattie Page** and Kenneth Page, Feb. 28.

Jennifer A. Hamlin writes: "After three years as Director of Public Relations at Greenwich House, a community settlement house in New York, I have begun a six months' leave of absence to do some exploring. I will be traveling, on and off, during the spring; and will spend June through September working at the Haystack School of Crafts (where last summer I studied graphics) in Deer Isle, Maine, on Penobscot Bay. Quite a change from summer in 'The Big Apple'. Plans for the fall are uncertain — New York again? graduate school? new job, new place? — check with me on October 1st! Meanwhile, I can best be contacted via my parents at 11 Broadview Drive, Huntington, N.Y. 11743." **Priscilla Gamble** lives at 536 West 113th St., #71 New York City 10025 and is in the Master's Program of Comparative Education at Columbia Teacher's College. **Rachel Collins** and husband Bill ('73) have left Middlebury for Madison, Wisconsin, where Rachel will be doing graduate work at the University of Wisconsin in Archives Administration: Bill will be searching for a library job. **Michael Shutt** is a library assistant and cataloguer at Ball state University (addres: 405 South Morrison Rd., Apt. 40, Muncie, Indiana 47304) and **Jordan Engel** is now a student at Columbia Teacher's College. **Morgan Hollis** was one of 86 graduates to receive his J.D. degree at the first commencement of the Franklin Pierce Law Center this Spring. **Judith Cranker MacPherson** is a 2nd and 3rd grade teacher at West Side Community School in Pittsfield, Mass. She has been elected to a three year term on the Central Berkshire Regional School Committee. Her address: Andes Rd., Peru, Mass. **Don Missildine** reports that he has moved to 1049-L Tower Blvd., Lorain, Ohio 44052 and that he is the Wire Editor for the **Lorain Journal.** Another editor is **Susan R. Thornton** who is managing editor and Community Relations Director for the *Bay State Banner* newspaper. She is living at 449 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02115. **Peter Driscoll,** who graduated from Middlebury with a joint major in English-Drama and Teacher Education, has been traveling throughout Vermont and other New England states over the past four years performing as a mime artist. During this time, he has performed in over 200 schools for more than 10,000 children and adults. His address when he is not on the road: RFD, Corinth, Vermont 05039. As you probably read in the Spring issue of the *News Letter,* **Jim Gamble** was married in August, 1975. He received his MA in music from Syracuse last year and is now teaching music in the Brookfield, N.Y. public school system. He writes that he and his wife, Denise are both involved as music teachers planning a number of concerts and related activities for our respective musical groups. Denise has an elementary band and chorus and Jim has a high school band. They also played in the first of three Spring concerts with the Colgate University Concert Orchestra — Denise as principal clarinetist and Jim as timpanist. Their address is C-1 Olde Carriage House, Olde Boorne Drive, Clinton, New York 13323. **George Cady** has been named an assistant treasurer in the U.S. Banking Department at Bankers Trust Company, New York. He received his MBA from Harvard Business School in 1974. George is also president of the New York Middlebury Alumni Association and chairman of the Middlebury Admissions Committee in Greater New York. His address: 203 East 74th Street, Apt. 7B, New York City, 10021. **Karen McDonough Sturges** has received her MA degree in Learning Disabilities and Emotional Disturbances in children from the University of Louisville. Also, the Sturgeses now have a baby girl, Sara, born in June, 1975. Address: 1122 Girard Drive, Louisville, Kentucky 40222. **Rachel Collins** and Bill ('72) will be living in Madison, Wisconsin 209C Eagle Heights (see '72 news notes).

Autumn Weekends To Remember

Sept. 3-5 Alumni College
Oct. 1-3 Reunion Weekend 1966, 1971 Classes
Oct. 8-10 Homecoming
Oct. 22-24 Parents Weekend

Class Reunion Gifts Increase Middlebury's Alumni Support

Four of this year's reunion classes, 1926, 1931, 1936 and 1951, achieved better than 70% in participation in alumni giving during this year's reunion.

Pace-setter in the participation competition was the Class of 1936 which brought in gifts from 76% of its members in their 40th Reunion Gift effort. 1936 finding it was $100 shy of $10,000 at the Alumni Luncheon passed the hat among its ranks so that **Hamilton Shea** '36, Reunion Gift Chairman, could bring word to the platform of an achieved goal at the time Class Reunion Gifts were being announced. The Class of 1936 gift was for books for Starr Library.

Close behind in the participation race was the Class of 1931 which achieved 75% participation in its 45th Reunion Gift effort under the leadership of **E. Parker Calvert** '31, Reunion Gift Chairman. 1951, the 25th Reunion Class with 72% participation and 1926, the 50th Reunion Class, achieved their other gold records by gift participation of their members.

First honors in the dollars competition went to the 55th Reunion Class, 1921, with a Reunion Gift of $42,306. This fine effort led by **Ruth Wright** '21 assisted by **Sam Davis** '21 and **Ray Noonan** '21 achieved record results with 54% participation by class members.

Next came the Class of 1926 whose 50th Reunion Gift of $34,170 earned it leadership ranking in both the participation and dollar total competition. Many ardent 26ers made these fine results possible with **Bill Rice** '26, ably supported by **Ed Reighard** '26, **Margaret Sturtevant Carboy** '26, **Ruth Mehuron McGill** '26 and **E. Carleton Moore** '26.

The 25th Reunion Class, 1951, led by **Bill Tracy** '51, 25th Reunion Chairman, won another 3rd in the dollar sweepstakes with $19,422 announced at the Alumni Luncheon. This class which includes the National Chairman for Annual Giving, **Jane Hyde Christopher** '51, took honors in both the participation and dollar total competition. Their goal was $25,000 to endow a Class of 1951 Scholarship at Middlebury. Following the luncheon they were still hard at work seeking pledges and gifts to assure attainment of their $25,000 objective.

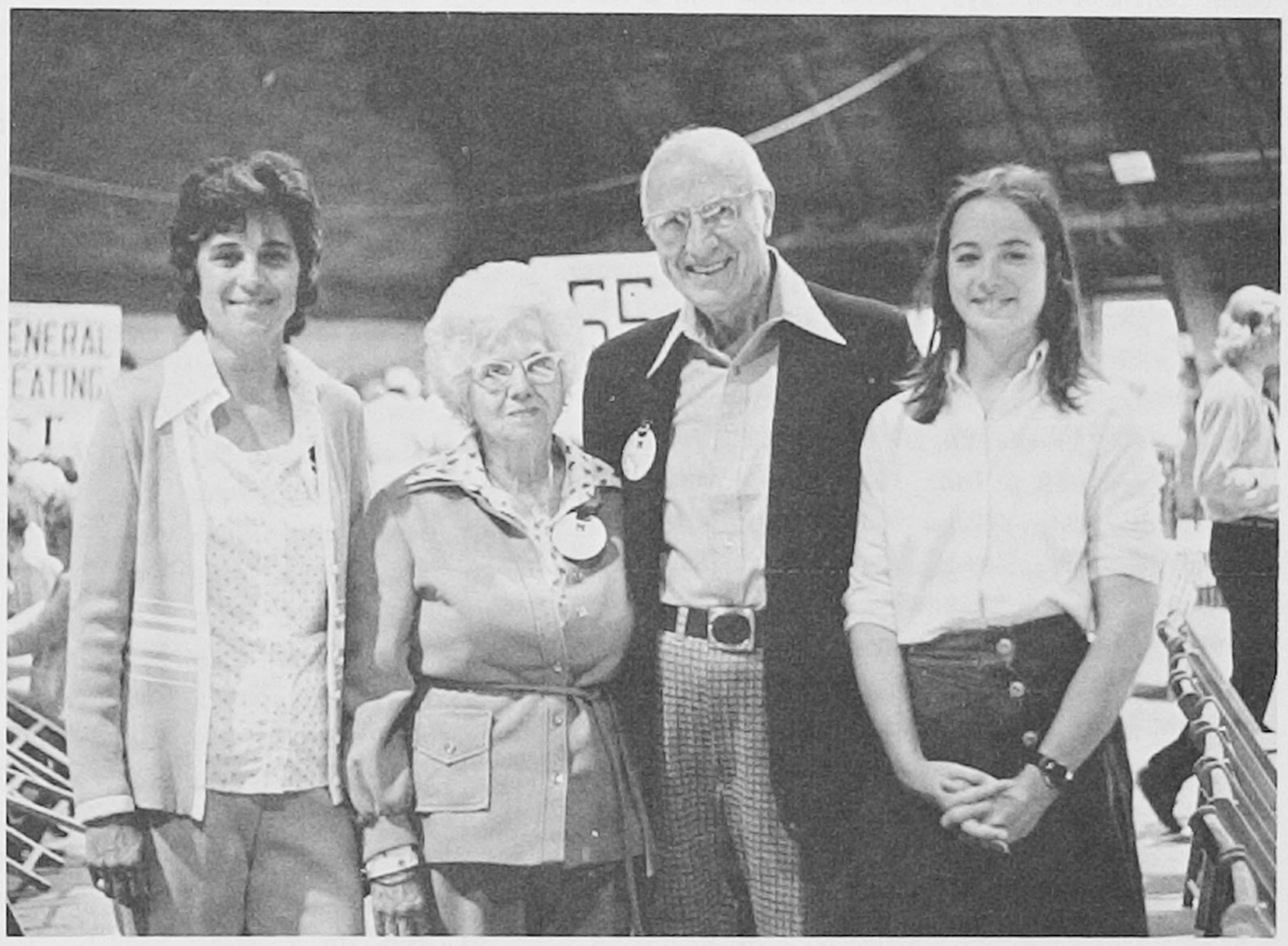
The above results as of announcement report day, Saturday, May 29th are given to indicate leaders in the Class Reunion Gift competition at that time. Final figures, including results for all Reunion Gift programs, will appear in the Annual Giving Report.

One sleeper, the Class of 1956, led by **Jerry Ocorr** '56, 20th Reunion Gift Chairman, might move into the winner's circle when the books finally close on June 30 since 1956 stood at the 66% mark in participation and had surpassed its $10,000 Reunion Gift goal at announcement time. 1956's 20th Reunion Gift is for scholarships.

Members of the Class of 1921 attending their 55th reunion were (left to right) front — Dorothy Bliss, Gertrude Bryant, Ruth Ashworth Wright; rear — Col. William Cohen, Sam Davis, and Raymond Noonan.

Glimpses

Three generations of Alumni are (left to right): Rachel Adkins Platt '49, Hazel Haseltine Adkins '16, Leon M. Adkins '19, and Holly J. Platt '78 (Holly's brother, John, is a member of the entering Class of 1980).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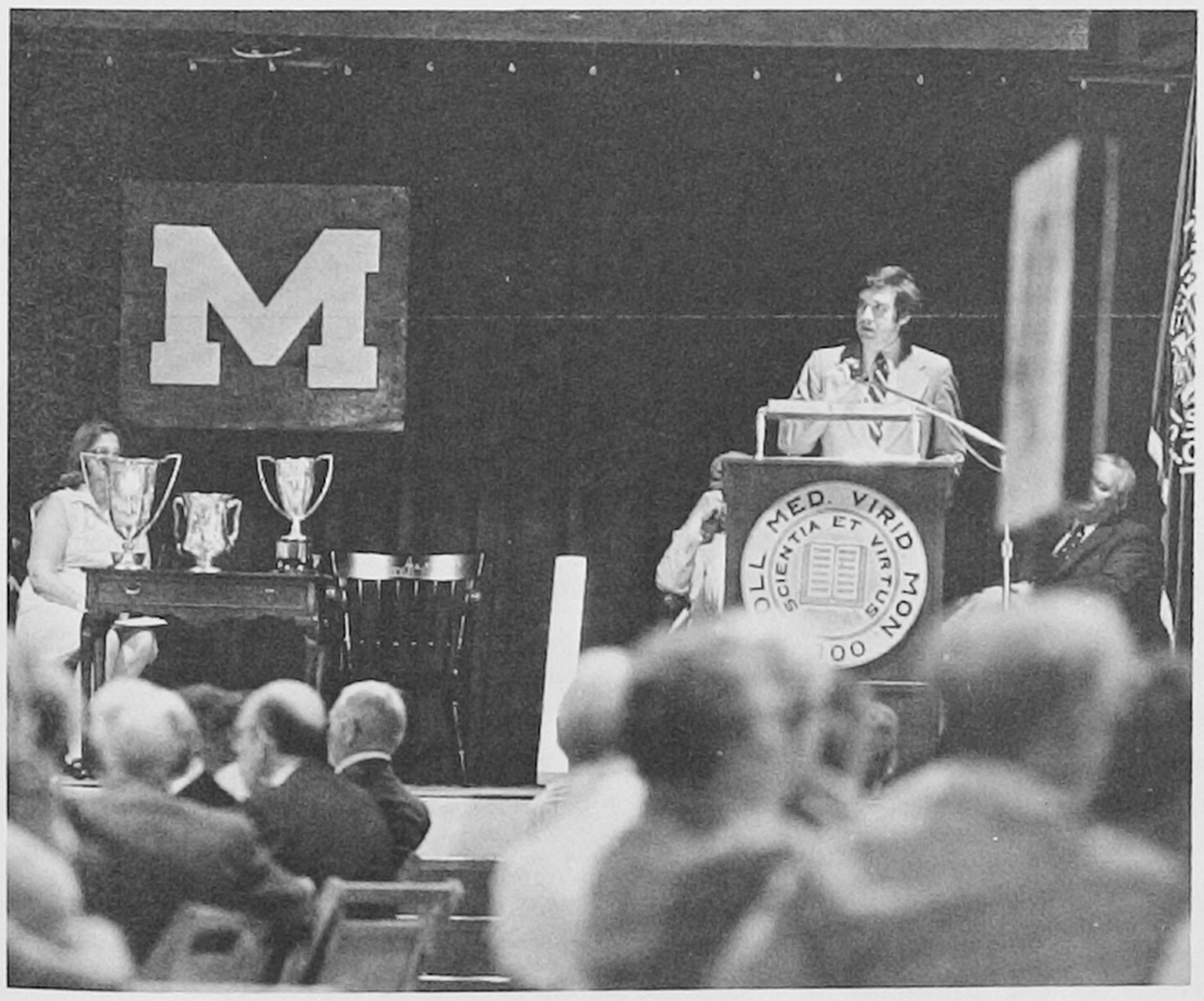
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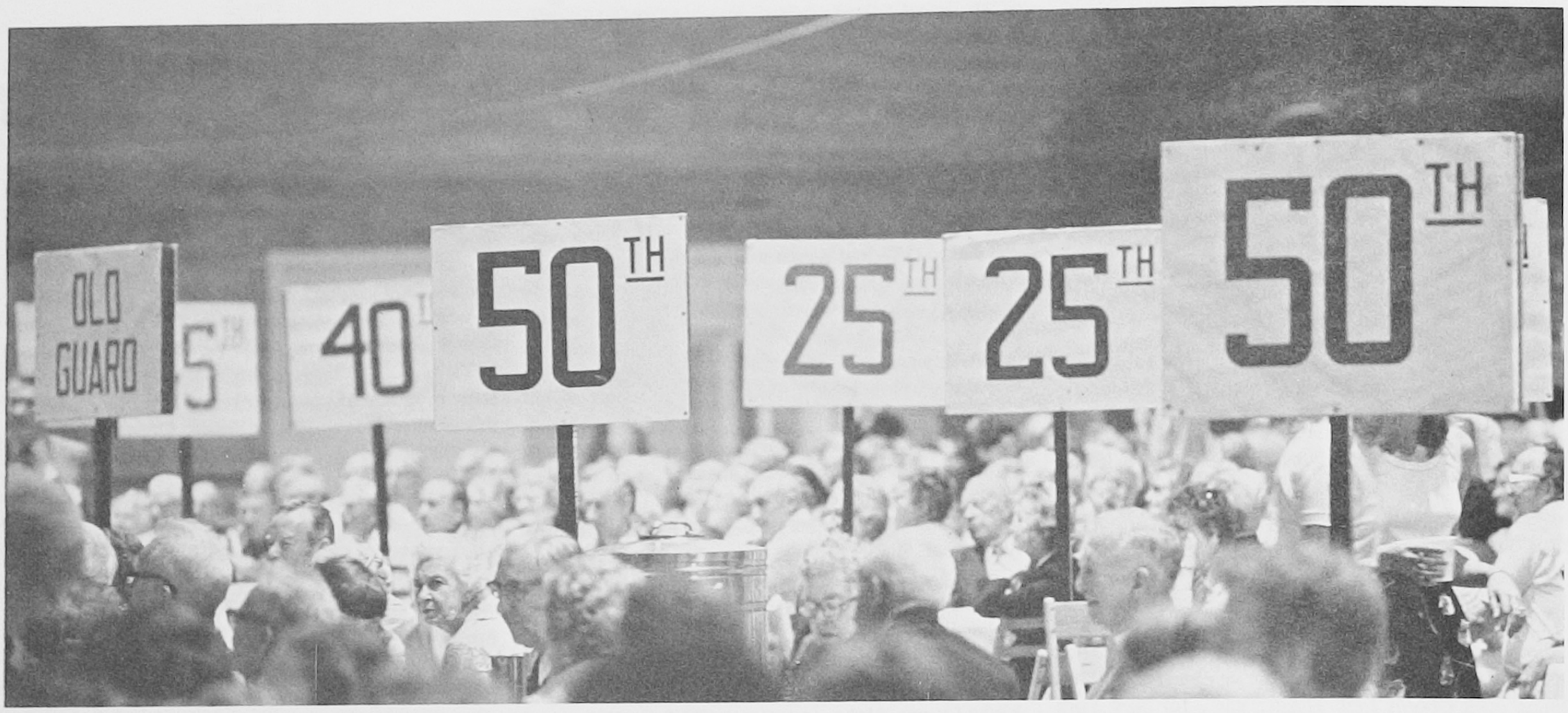
President Robison greets Alumni prior to award presentations at the Alumni Luncheon.



Reunion

Thad Jackson '29 (left) and his brother Jim '26 were among the large attendance of "Old Guard" alumni at reunions during Commencement Weekend.

Participants in the 25th Reunion Middlebury Perspectives program were (left to right): Jane Hyde Christopher '51, Reunion Chairman; Mrs. and President Robison; William Tracy '51, Chairman, Reunion Fund; H. Seely Thomas, Jr. '51, Reunion Chairman; Arnold LaForce '35, Chairman, Board of Trustees, and Paula Knight Jeffries '45, Alumni Trustee.

Obituaries

RUTH MURDOCH LAMPSON '02, of Oberlin, Ohio, died at the Allen Memorial Hospital in Oberlin on March 25. She taught at the Hudson, N.Y. High School from 1906-1907; Twinsburg from 1907-1909; and Garrettsville from 1909-1912. She was a student at Chautauqua Summer School in 1908, and Columbia Summer School in 1910. She retired from the Oberlin College faculty in 1947 as associate professor of English after having been a member of the English department since 1918 when she joined the faculty as instructor. In 1966 she received the Oberlin Alumni Association's distinguished Alumni Award for direct service to Oberlin College. Her only survivors are her daughter-in-law and two grandchildren.

FLORENCE GIDDINGS GATES '05, died May 15 in a Burlington Nursing home. She was the second oldest alumna of the college. Florence was a graduate of Bingham Academy in 1901. In 1965 she was one of two members of the class to return for the 60th reunion. She is survived by two daughters; Thelma Travers '29, and Elizabeth Tuttle '38, a son, Clark H. Gates, seven grandchildren, 5 great-grandchildren and a half-sister, Mrs. William B. Stratton. Florence was a member of Pi Beta Phi.

MINNIE B. CADWELL '07, of Pittsford, Vt., died on April 4. She attended Middlebury for one year, 1903-1904, and studied music in New York City at the Virgil School of Music from 1906-1908, the Boston School of Social Service in 1917, and the New England Conservatory of Music. She was active in community organizations and served as organist in the Congregational Church in Pittsford for more than 30 years. She was a former trustee of the Maclure Library there. Her survivors are her son, John B. Cadwell '46; a sister, Mrs. Francis Ryder; six grandsons and several nieces and nephews. Her other sister, Carrie Mason Burditt Parker, who is deceased, attended Middlebury from 1899-1901.

Word has been received of the death of VERA POWELL PALMER '08, on April 27. Upon graduation, she was a teacher in Waterbury, Vt. from 1908-1912; Vergennes from 1912-1913; and Wolfboro, N.H. from 1913-1916. She was a student of French at the Harvard Summer School in 1914. Surviving are her two children, Anna Taylor, and Edwin Hartshorn.

ALICE SEELEY FISHER '12, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, died April 21. She attended Middlebury from 1908-1909. Survivors are her husband, Ray, a 1910 graduate of Middlebury; two grandchildren, John Leidy and Ellen Leidy; and two great-grandchildren. She was a member of Phi Beta Phi.

Word has been received of the death of ARTHUR BURT KING '12, of Pompano Beach, Florida on March 2. He was an instructor of Latin at the Huntington School fom 1912-1916; Assistant to the President of Middlebury College from 1916-1917; Y.M.C.A. secretary from 1917-1920; Irving Bank-Trust Company in 1920. He was also with DeVoe & Reynolds Co., Inc., first as an accountant and then as personnel manager. Survivors include his son, Harold, and daughter-in-law. He was a member of Delta Upsilon.

KATIE MABEL SHERMAN '15, of Gales Ferry, Conn., died on February 20. She taught at the high school in Vergennes, 1915-16; Lincoln Normal School in Marion, Alabama, 1916-18 and Wilmington, North Carolina, 1918-1919. She was a librarian in Morris, Conn. in 1922 and was a justice of the peace from 1922-1926. Mrs. Sherman also taught in missionary schools in the South. Prior to moving to Gales Ferry in 1953, she lived in Norwich, where she was active in the United Congregational Church, the Girl Scouts and the College Club of Norwich. Survivors are her husband, Samuel S. Sherman '15; two sons, Samuel S. Jr. and Roger; five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

EDYTH (BOYCE) WHEELER '15, of Proctor, Vt., died March 22 at the Rutland Hospital. She attended Middlebury from 1911-1913. She was a lifelong resident of Waterbury, Vt., only living in Proctor for the last three years. Mrs. Wheeler was a member of the Waterbury Congregational Church, a 50-year member of Queen Esther Chapter 7, OES, a charter member of the Waterbury Women's Club of which she was past president. She was also an associate member of the Union Church in Proctor. She was a member of Sigma Kappa. Survivors include her husband, Alton; a daughter, Mrs. David (Evelyn) Stagg '39; a son, Gordon B. Wheeler; a sister, Mrs. Harriet Farnham '16; five grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; several nieces and nephews.

SUE SMITH PEARSON '17, of Portland, Maine, died on March 21. Besides attending Middlebury for two years, she attended Newark, New Jersey Business College. She worked as a secretary at Seaboard By-Product Coal and Coke Co., Kearney, N.J., in 1917; Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in Newark from 1917-1918; she was head clerk at the Commodity Corp. in Middlebury. During Vermont Governor Robert Stafford's administration, she was his secretary. For many years she was secretary in the offices of the president and dean of admissions at Middlebury. Mrs. Pearson was past president of the American Legion Auxiliary. She was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma and Alpha Chi. Her late brother, Pierce, graduated from Middlebury in 1929. Survivors include a daughter, Jeanne Malcom '41; a son, Keith Nelson Pearson, Jr.; six grandchildren; one great-grandchild; four sisters; Mrs. Ruth Wales, Mrs. Elizabeth Dwinell, and Mrs. Anna Townley; two brothers, Richard B. Smith, and Young Chalmers Smith; several nieces and nephews.

MARGUERITE HELON SLAYTON '18, died at the Country Haven Nursing Home in Norton, Mass. She taught at the Springfield, Vt. High School from 1918-1921, and had been head of the Home Economics Dept. She had been a student at Simmons College in 1941 and from 1941-1945 was a Red Cross Nutritionist in Mansfield. Mrs. Slayton was a 60-year member of the Orthodox Congregational Church, a member of the Women's Fellowship of the Church, a member of the Mansfield Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a member of the Mass. Society of the Daughters of the American Colonists and a 50-year member of the Mansfield Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star. Survivors include a son, Philip; a daughter, Mrs. Jean DeLong; a sister, Miss Mildred Jones '16; six grandsons, two granddaughters, and one great grandson. She was also a member of Sigma Kappa Sorority.

SYDNEY TAYLOR POLLARD '18, of Henderson Road, Clarksburg, died on May 2. He attended Middlebury from 1915-1917, and left college to serve in the Army during World War I. He received a Master's degree from New York University. Until his retirement in 1958, he was an accountant in the comptroller's office at the International Nickel Co., Staten Island, New York. Survivors include his wife; a son, Dr. Sydney T. Pollard Jr.; two daughters, Mrs. Arthur Dobson and Mrs. Karl Guthe; a brother, James W.; two sisters, Mrs. Harold M. Gore and Mrs. William Albert Gallup; and eight grandchildren.

BRUCE X. SOMERS '19, of West Barnet, died on March 14. He attended Middlebury from 1913-1914 and again from 1916-1917. In 1915 he was a student at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He joined the Navy in 1917, serving two years active duty, attaining rank of Ensign and serving as commander of a submarine chaser. Mr. Somers was with Pratt & Whitney Co. of Hartford from 1919-1920, Travelers Insurance Co., New York City, 1920-1921; Pease & Elliman, Real Estate, New York City, 1921-1934; Real Estate Supervisor, Central Hanover Bank & Trust Co., New York City, 1934-1943; and Manufacturers' Representative of Machinery & Tools in 1943. Upon retiring from Sears Roebuck and Company in St. Johnsbury in 1958, he resided with his son and daughter-in-law in Illinois and then in Germany. He was a member of Chi Psi. Survivors are his wife; his son and his family and a brother-in-law, George Seeger and his family; and two cousins, Dorothy Strobridge Stewart and family; and Frances Strobridge Walker and her family.

Word has been received of the death of CHANNING H. GREENE '20, of Bradenton, Florida, on May 5. He attended Middlebury from 1914-1915; he re-entered January 1916; left June 1916; re-entered January, 1920. He was in the U.S. Army during WWI from 1917-1918. He was a principal of Rutland, Mass. High School from 1920-1921; Hinesburg, Vt. High School from 1921-1923; Lunenberg, Mass. High School from 1923-1924; Penacook, N.H. High School from 1924-1929; and Southbridge, Mass. High School from 1929-1937. He was superintendent of schools in Southbridge, Mass. from 1937-1946. He retired in 1946, and became owner and manager of the Greenhaven Cottages, in Portsmouth, N.H. He

1975

MARRIAGES

Richard J. Bambery, Jr. and **Jane E. Brown,** Apr. 2.

Douglas L. Mason and Michelle E. Klus, Mar. 1; address: Glacier National Park, Montana.

Pierre-Etienne Cudmore and **Victoria Ann Collen,** Feb. 21; address: Syracuse, NY.

James S. Myers and **Kim Erickson,** Dec. 27; address: 3223 Cambrick St., Apt. 204, Dallas, Texas 75204.

Harlow Farmer is working for Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, Dept. of Geology and Geophysics. His mailing address is: P.O. Box 479, Woods Hole, Massachusetts 02543. **Matthew R. Oviatt** is secretary and treasurer of Aldoma Sculptural Design & Fabrication, Inc. 133 Regent St., Saratoga Springs, New York 12866. **Christine Nuquist Brown** is a cartographer for the National Survey Co. in Chester, Vermont living in Windsor, Vt. at 65 Main Street, Apt. 5, and **Henry M. Whitney** is a senior at Western Washington State College. His address: 806 Indian Street, Bellingham, Washington 98225. Mrs. **Gary Wheeler** and **Rick Hayes ('73)** were married on June 14, 1975. They are both working in Banks in Miami, Florida. Their address: 8775 Park Blvd., Apt. 514, Miami, Florida 33172. **Winthrop Smith** is living at 10 Bis Rue D'Alsace, Saint Germain En Laye, France 78100. Win is working for a French Electronics Corp., Chavvin-Arnoux, in Paris, France. **Geoffrey Knisely,** 573 Dixmyth Rd., Apt. 109, Cincinnati, Ohio 45220 — first year at the University of Cincinnati School of Medicine. **Jonathan Izant,** c/o Dept. of Molecular Cellular and Developmental Biology, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado 80309. Jon has a Biology Fellowship. He is going to graduate school at U. of Colorado plus fellowship teaching. **Marcia McCary Hurd,** 5840 N. Shore Drive West, Mound, Minnesota. Team teaching 25 first graders. **Ginger Oweno** 201 Cary Dr., Williamsburg, Va., will graduate in June, 1976 from William and Mary with a Masters in special education. **Rob Munier,** 675 Curtis Wood Dr., Key Biscayne, Fla. 33149, is working towards an MS in Ocean Engineering at Rosenstiel School of Marine and Atmospheric Science. **Chris Dal Malin,** 67 Florence Ave., Oyster Bay, N.Y. 11771, is an assistant in an Experiment in Programming Music for *Computer Output*. Chris has applied to a graduate school in biology for next year. **Louie Galbiati,** 714 Goler House, Rochester, N.Y. 14620 (phone 716-275-7345) is studying Bio-Chemistry at Univ. of Rochester Medical Center. **Jeffrey "Flash" Freundlich** went to the Celebration Mime Theatre in Maine. In the fall he worked as a folksinger, also doing mime, magic and juggling. He spent the winter with a professional Theatre Company. **Sally Kotchian** spent the past academic year teaching English at Cushing Academy. She also was yearbook advisor, coach of volleyball and downhill skiing, dorm resident, faculty representative to the student senate and a member of a student-faculty dynamics group. She enjoyed the year so much that she is going to begin work on her Master's degree in September at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. This summer she will lead a group of ten high school students on a camping-living visit to Appalachia; under the Interlochen program in New Hampshire. **Sue Ann Meyer '73** and **Steven R. Lundy '72** were married on December 23, 1975. **Anne L. Rathbone** writes: "I am currently working as a guide with the exhibit "Photography — USA," which is touring the Soviet Union from June, 1976 to January, 1977. The exhibit, which will be shown in Kiev, Alma Ata, and Novosibirsk, includes displays on the use of photography in art, scientific research, and advertising, as well as the role played by photography in the American home. I plan to spend the vacation time allowed between cities to travel in other regions of the USSR.

College's First Woman Trustee Gives $786,324 to Middlebury

From the estate of the late Gertrude Cornish Milliken '01, Middlebury has received almost $786,324 to be added to the Gertrude Cornish Milliken Fund in the unrestricted endowment of the College.

Mrs. Milliken was the founder and for 33 years the principal of House in the Pines School in Norton, Massachusetts. She was also (with Alice Guest Howson '30) one of the first two women ever elected to the Board of Trustees of the College (1948), where she served for 12 years. She had earlier chaired the advisory board of the Women's College of Middlebury in the '30s, received honorary Master's and Doctor-of-Education degrees from the College (1927 and '47), and was the first alumna to be awarded the Alumni Distinguished Service plaque (1955). In her honor the Middlebury Alumnae Association established in 1964 the Gertrude Cornish Milliken Scholarship Fund for undergraduate women. Now totaling $17,793, the Fund supports one partial scholarship grant each year.

Born in Worcester, Mass. in 1880, Mrs. Milliken received her BS at Middlebury in 1901 and was elected to PBK. She taught science and mathematics at Castleton Normal School for two years, taught at Wheaton Seminary (Norton, Mass.) for five years, and for three more years at Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn., before founding, at age 31, her own school for girls, House in the Pines, in 1911. In 1935 she married Joseph K. Milliken, a widower and textile executive. Mrs. Milliken retired her principalship in 1944. Her husband died in 1961. (His granddaughter, Helen Fitzgerald Cserr '59, is assistant professor of medical science at Brown University.)

When Mrs. Millken died, at 89, in 1969, her bequest to Middlebury of nearly $25,000 established an unrestricted endowment in her name. After 61 years of service, the House in the Pines School was closed in 1972, and under terms of the Gertrude Cornish Milliken Trust, the school's assets were sold and the proceeds have now been added to The Gertrude Cornish Milliken Fund, bringing it up to $810,955 in the permanent endowment of Middlebury College. Official records of the School have been transferred to Middlebury College to serve the needs of House in the Pines alumnae. As a result of Mrs. Milliken's wise foresight in providing for future contingencies, the School's long tradition of educational service will be continued by its resources joining those of Middlebury College.

Masters

Peter C. Barnard '54, a graduate of the Bread Loaf School of English, is Director of Development at the Maine Medical Center, Portland, Maine. He has recently been elected to a two-year term as President of the New England Association for Hospital Development.

Tereze Michelsons '61, associate professor of foreign languages at Iowa State University has been named one of the top teachers at the University for the 1975-76 academic year.

Rene Torres-Delgado '70 has been selected by Historical Preservations of America to figure in *Notable Americans.* A faculty member at the University of Puerto Rico, Rio Piedras Campus, he is a former instructor in the Humanities and Chairman of Classics at U.P.R. Ponce College.

Melinda Siegel '75 is now Melinda Siegel Frisch (married December, 1975). She is a graduate of the Spanish School now teaching Spanish and French at Catonsville Junior High in Baltimore, Maryland. Her address: 1101 N. Calvert St., Apt. 902, Baltimore, Maryland 21202.

Melanie Bateman '75, also a graduate of the Spanish School, is presently teaching Spanish and living at the Glencoe School in Glencoe, Maryland.

Letters

To the Editor:

. . . Since the whole nation is stewing over the apparent decline in linguistic skill among today's students, the *English Journal* has been running a bonehead English forum on the subject. In my following forum contribution, published by the *Journal,* I have left the standards debate to others and have taken an appreciative glimpse instead at the exciting potential in what we see happening. We are in a transition period in language. The confusion of "old-things-lost-new-things-not-yet found" is a prod to discovery and growth.

CAN WE VEREET ABOUT "STANDARDS"?

Fail, bonehead, fail, bonehead, blah, blah, blah. Something is happening to the English language which is big and noticeable and funny.

Our ways of saying things are crumbling like our old ways of doing things—who wears shoes or underwear anymore, goes to the barber, marries the girl he thinks he loves, or does his bit for the birth rate?

The signs are everywhere. Take the movie, "A Clockwork Orange," where you can't understand what anyone's saying but there's sure no doubt what they're *vareeting* in that film. or charly the loveable moron in *flowers of algernon,* who wrote with such style that even writers in english journals have adopted his i's without capitals. Then there are four-letter words, which, thanks to Lenny Bruce, are tough-shitting up our sissy vocabulary. And black English, it also fixin to give us some unexpected salads of words that am green, sugar, with no fatback to 'em.

We're in a Renaissance—or better, Naissance—since there is no exact precedent for what's happening, of "take it apart", "who says we can't?", "pitch it out" and "let's give it a whirl" attitudes. We've wiggled at last out of one grammatical straitjacket and although the linguists are chasing us about holding it by the shoulders trying to coax us back in, we're taking our sweet time before we shop around for a new one. It's Interim Time in English. We're peeling off the word layers and streaking our communication. Everyone's having fun but the wordyworts. It's the era of experimentation, and why shouldn't our speaking and writing be ripped apart along with every other tradition?

Writers are trying too hard to understand everything. I suppose it's an honest search, but give it up. Take a walk. Don't try to figure the world out—that's the new movement. Who cares if we need bonehead English. Vanity, vanity, everything is vanity. The world is growing more honest. No one cares much any more if he can write with correct syntax. There will always be some who love to write a perfect sentence. Or are born poets with so much to say people will read it if it's upside down and backward.

Who knows, the young generation may discover we don't even need word languages. Maybe this is the first stage toward vibratory communication. Music says it simpler. And TV body language. If you've ever watched a film on a plane without paying for the sound track you know how much of acting is the twitching eye, the ear scratch, the tongue in the cheek. Marcel Marceau speaks everybody's language. We all have to admit that words hinder as often as aid understanding.

Words are a weapon of the pedant's ego. Once I went to a conference for teachers and after five minutes I was phobic because of the oily tone and sheer number of the syllables the speaker gushed forth. There was no way to shut the geyser off. "The poor kids trapped in such classes day after day," I thought miserably. No wonder we've been upstaged by rock concerts. *Blah, blah, blah.* Words:

They're heavy, too slanted, too
loaded, too ranted
They've all lost their meaning, we
take them for granted
Oh death unto words, give us
music enchanted.

But words can be musical too. We've got to let the old forms go awhile so new vitality can bubble up from the image interior. It's happening. Maybe we'll find a way for words to convey feeling rather than hide it. One thing for sure, the new language will be directer. Fewer words will say more, better. We're entering an economy of scarcity and don't think we won't all be better off for it. Writers can no longer stuff words down peoples' throats to get a message across. Printers can't afford to print them; paper is too expensive to bear them; readers haven't time to read them. We're being forced toward the Silence within.

But what about the poor English teachers, pulled this way and that, in all this ere of transition? Never underestimate those characters. They're on on the front line facing the battle and the first to sense how to make changes for their own survival. In fact, the English teachers are probably the ones who are crystallizing this whole linguistic revolution. They're a sensitive and imaginative bunch of people. I'm not even sure but what English teachers *are* the revolution. They'll find a way to a new grammar that has give to it. That will end *fail, bonehead, fail, bonehead, blah, blah, blah.*

JULIE PARKER '54
Altadena, California

* * *

To the Editor:

Having enjoyed the high level of writing and reporting characteristic of recent *News Letters,* I was disappointed to discover an omission in your research on women faculty at Middlebury. Your list of nine alumnae who have served on the faculty is incomplete. I served as Lecturer in German from 1960-1962. *Perhaps there are more omitted from your list. In recognition of Prof. Lamberti's promotion, some student might choose to fully research the history of Middlebury faculty women as a Women's Studies project.

DOROTHY STEINMETZ '59
South San Francisco
California

**We regret that Mrs. Marjory Johnson Lewis '24 was also omitted in the listing of women faculty at Middlebury. Mrs. Lewis was Instructor in Home Economics, 1928-1933 - Ed.*

was a former director of education in the Naval Prison in Portsmouth. His only survivor is his wife, Ruth Temple Greene.

EMILY M. BRACKETT '20, of Charleston, West Virginia, died in an automobile accident on February 10. Survivors include her son, William S. Brackett, Jr. '53; a daughter, Mrs. James L. McVey; and a sister, Mrs. Grace M. Field.

BERNICE C. KIMBALL '22, died on June 15. She had been a summer resident of Enosburg Falls, Vt. for many years and a resident of Deerfield Beach, Florida. Mrs. Kimball was a student at Bread Loaf School of English during the summer of 1925, and she attended Oxford the summer of 1926. She taught English in Richford, Vt. from 1922-1923, Turners Falls, Mass. from 1923-1925, Brattleboro, Vt. from 1925-1927, Mac Duffie School for Girls from 1927-1930, in Springfield, Mass., and in 1930 she taught in Westfield, New Jersey. She was a member of Phi Betta Kappa. Mrs. Kimball is survived by several cousins.

LILY AXTON PITTS '24, died on January 20 in Winter Haven, Florida. She attended Middlebury and Mt. Holyoke, receiving an AB in 1924. She was a cryptanalyst with the Signal Corps., U.S. Army, from 1942-1945, breaking enemy codes. As a resident of Winter Park in her later years, she was a member of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Orlando, and was also a member of the Floridians local civic group. She was a member of Pi Beta Phi. Survivors include her husband, Col. Frederick Pitts; two sons, Frederick Pitts, Jr., and John W. Pitts; two sisters, Matilda F. Axton '23, and Mrs. Richard O. Daugherity; six grandchildren and two great-grandsons.

MILLER FRANKLIN NAYLOR '27, of Somerville, New Jersey, died on March 12. He was employed by Foster and Adams, Brokers in N.Y.C. from 1928-1939; Somerville N.J. Trust Co. from 1939-1941; and supervisor of Johns-Manville Co. in 1941. At the time of his retirement in 1960, he was manager of industrial relations. Mr. Naylor also served as a member of the Somerville Board of Education; was a former trustee of Somerset Hospital and a former member of Somerville Rotary Club. He was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon. Survivors include his wife, Mrs. Vera Davis Naylor; two daughters, Mrs. David Villepique (Beth '64), and Mrs. George Travis; and four grandchildren.

CEDRIC R. FLAGG '31, died February 26. He did graduate studies at Columbia from 1931-1932, receiving a degree in library service in 1932. He also attended Monmouth Junior College, Monmouth, New Jersey, from 1945-1946. He was assistant librarian at Middlebury from 1932-1937, he worked at the National Lead Company Research Laboratory from 1937-1940; Squier Signal Laboratory in Monmouth, New Jersey from 1940-1947. He became Chief of Lib. Sec. U.S. Research and Development Board in Washington, D.C. in 1947. Until most recently, he had been employed by the American Pharmaceutical Association in Washington, D.C. Survivors include his wife, Helen; his mother, Florence Flagg; three daughters, Mrs. Bryan Novak, Mrs. John Brooks, and Mrs. Daniel Howland; a brother, Allen '34, a sister, Mrs. Archibald Tilford '35; and one granddaughter.

RAYMOND T. COE '35, died in May in Schenectady, N.Y. Upon leaving Middlebury he was a salesman for a sporting goods concern, Harold's Athletic Equipment Co., Inc. In 1940 he became a salesman for Richardson Luggage Co. and at the time of his death he was the owner and President of the company. He is survived by a son, Peter Trask Coe '58. Raymond was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon.

HENRY F. MACLEAN '36, of Norfolk, Conn., died on March 27. He studied at Bread Loaf in 1940, 1941 and 1946. Before attending Columbia in 1946, he was a teacher at the American College in Athens, Greece from 1936-1939, and an instructor in English at Wooster College from 1940-1941. After leaving Columbia, he was at Rutgers from 1946-1947. In 1947 he was an analyst for the C.I.G. in Washington, D.C. He was a Lieutenant in the U.S.N.R. from 1942-1946, serving in the OSS, U.S. Naval Group, China. After his discharge, he served as Foreign Service reserve officer in the government. He has been awarded the Silver Star and the Legion of Merit. He leaves his widow, Mrs. Alison MacLean; two daughters, Mrs. David Stiller and Miss Frederica MacLean; and a brother, Donald MacLean '33. Mr. MacLean was a member of DKE.

MARGARET DOUBLEDAY TANDY '39, of Orange, Mass., died on March 14. She was a substitute teacher in the Athol Junior and Senior High Schools in Athol, Mass. from 1939-1942, and as a second grade teacher at the Dexter Park School in Orange, Mass. In 1960 she was appointed to the position of special assistant to teachers, including clerical work and supervisory duties. She was also a member of the Order of Eastern Star in Orange, Themis Chapter, Athol, and Athena Chapter, Orange, Grand Dorians, West Highlanders, Square and Compass Club. She was treasurer of the Dana Vespers. Survivors include a daugter, Mrs. Ferne C. Nawrocki; three sons, John R. Tandy, Dana M. Tandy and Richard D. Tandy; three grandchildren; a nephew, Norman E. Tandy, whom she raised; and a brother, Warren Doubleday.

Word has been received of the death of DORIS BRANDT O'DONNELL '46, of Apalachin, N.Y. on January 31, 1975. She attended Middlebury from 1942-1943, and studied at Barnard from 1943-1947. She was a policy rater for Liberty Mutual Life Ins. Co. in N.Y. from 1947-1948. She is survived by her husband, John and four daughters.

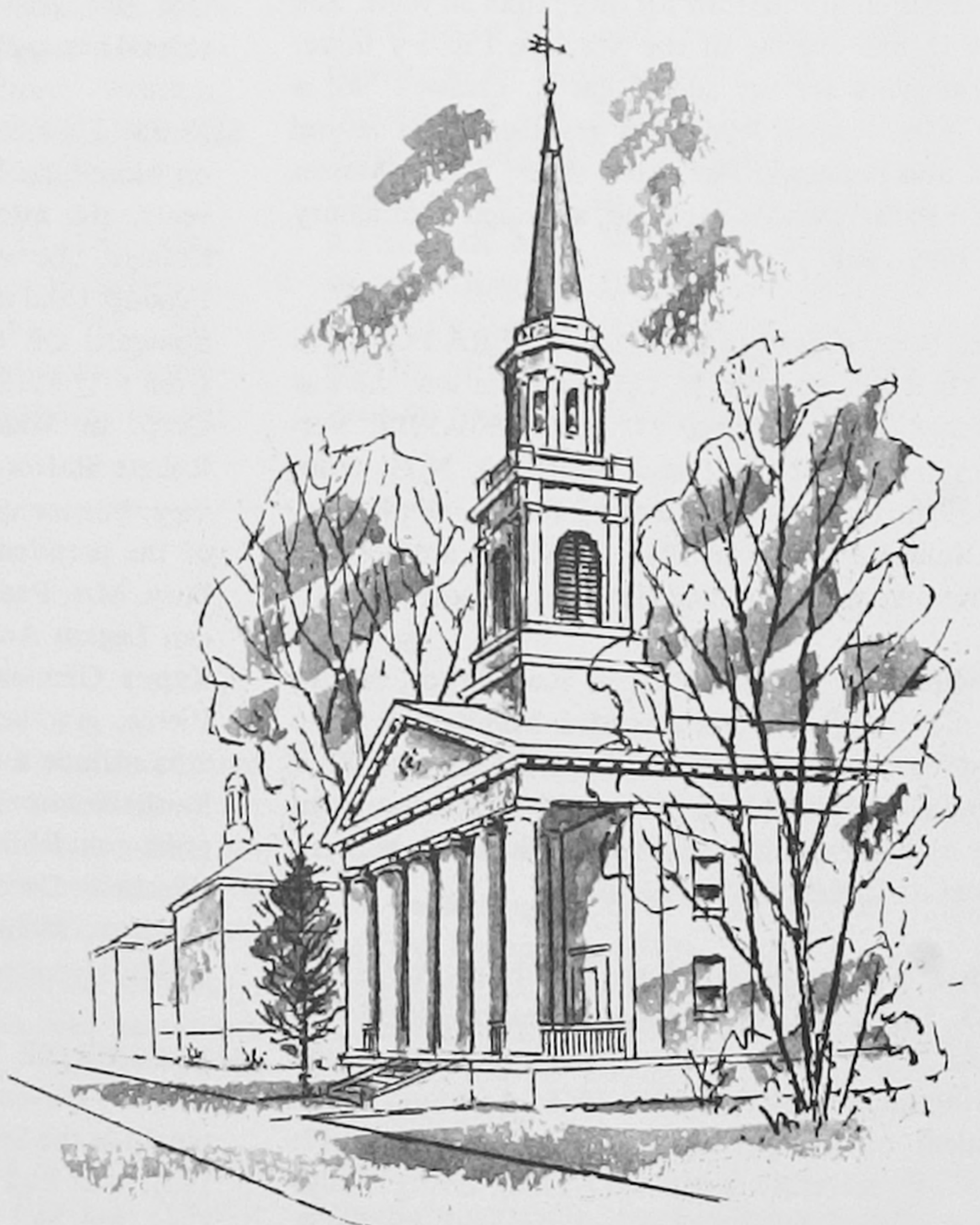
. . . by will to the College on the Hill

From the estate of Charles H. Wright '16 $1,000 to establish The Charles H. Wright '16 Memorial in the Alumni Endowment. Annual income in support of Middlebury Annual Giving.

From the estate of Adam G. Aitchison $247,463.63 as an addition to The Betty Jean Aitchison '45 Scholarship Fund bringing the total for this named scholarship fund to $260,696.13.

From the estate of May B. Severy $7,648.30 as an addition to The Harold A. Severy '08 Library Fund in the permanent endowment bringing the total to $11,761.46. Annual income to support Egbert Starr Library.

From the estate of Pearl E. June '23, $4,197.47 to establish The Pearl Blackburn June '23 Fund in the permanent endowment of Middlebury College. Annual income unrestricted in support of the College.

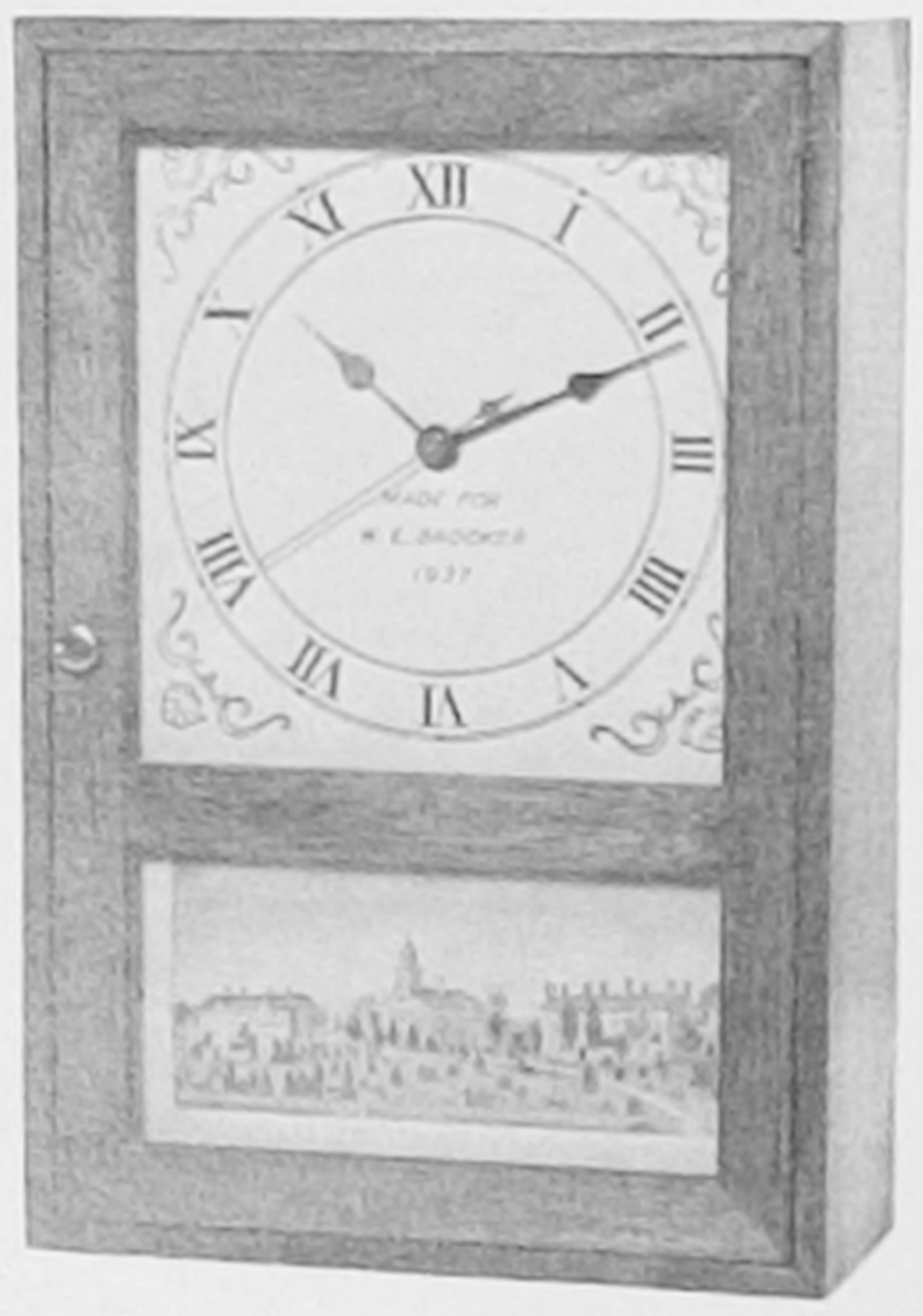


Middlebury
COLLEGE NEWS LETTER

Second-class postage paid at Middlebury, Vt.,
and at additional mailing office.

Three Middlebury Chairs Available

Three different Middlebury College chairs are now available for purchase. They are made of selected northern hardwoods and feature a silk screen replica of the College seal in gold, or a sketch of Old Stone Row on the armchair. The arms of the armchair are cherry and those of the rocker are black. Price of the armchair is $65. The rocker is $60, and the side chair $38. The chairs may be picked up in Gardner, Mass., or shipped with transportation charges "collect." Please allow six to nine weeks for delivery. Chairs purchased for Christmas gifts should be ordered in early September.



The Middlebury Clock

Eli Terry (1771-1852) was one of America's outstanding Colonial clockmasters. Among his many beautiful designs, is one of the year 1816 called "Presentation." The clock pictured recaptures the lines and spirit of Mr. Terry's masterpiece. Clocks ordered arrive with dial enscribed with name and class of recipient; and in the lower panel an early 1800 print of Old Stone Row is shown. "The Presentation," measuring 14" x 9" x 4", entirely hand-crafted in New England, is a rich honey pine, hand rubbed to a warm antique glow. It has *a guaranteed electric movement* of the best quality for long, quiet and trouble-free dependability. Since these clocks are handmade to individual order, please allow about three weeks for delivery — postpaid in the U.S. *(Please print clearly on order, the inscription, exactly as you want it to appear on dial.)* Cost: $59.50.

Orders and payment for chairs and the Middlebury Clock should be sent to:

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE STORE
PROCTOR HALL / MIDDLEBURY, VT 05753
Checks should be made payable to Middlebury College.